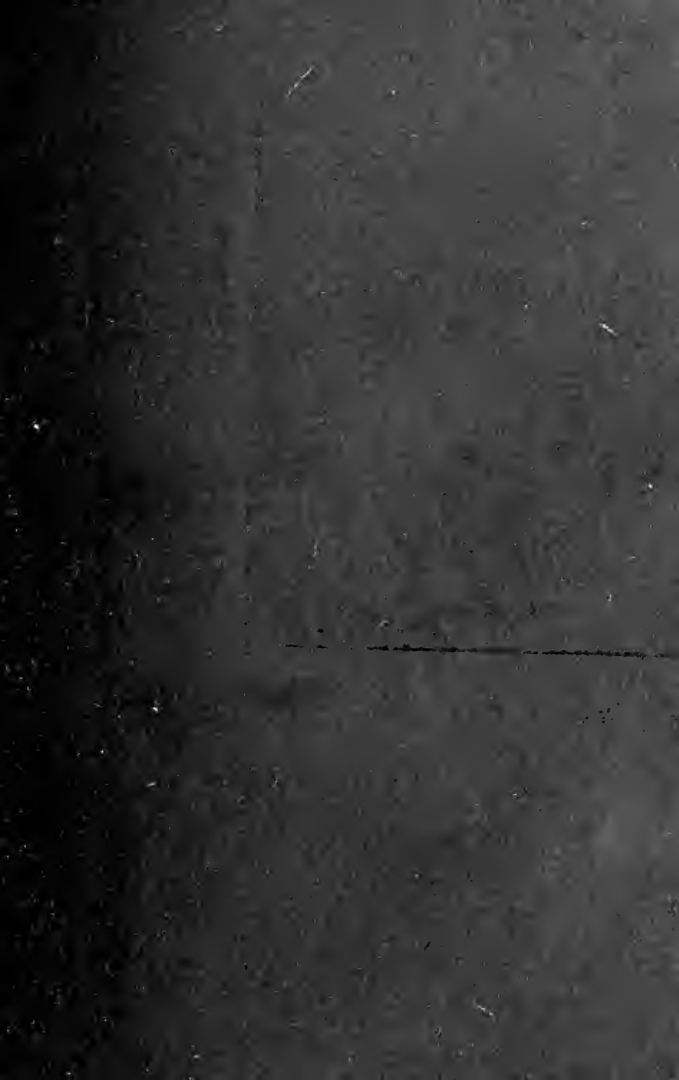


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POEMS OF PLACES

MAP OF ENGLAND



POEMS OF PLACES

EDITED BY

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

||

It is the Soul that sees ; the outward eyes
Present the object, but the Mind describes.

CRABBE.

ENGLAND AND WALES

VOL. II.

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1877





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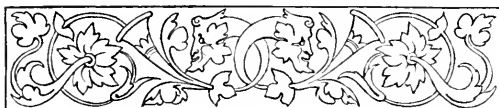
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ENGLAND.



Nettlestead.

VERSES ON THE GATEWAY STILL STANDING AT NETTLESTEAD, SUFFOLK.

THOU art noble yet, for thy ruins recall
The remembrance of vanished glory ;
And Time, which has levelled the ancient hall,
Still spares thee to tell of its story.

O'er thy crumbling arch the sculptured shield,
In spite of spoil's bereavement,
Is left as a relic, on which are revealed
The insignia of a bold achievement.

When first they were graven, to honour's eye
There emblazonment shone forth brightly ;
But now the rustic passes them by,
And thinks of their legend lightly.

It boots but little. To rise, and fall,
And leave but a wreck to outlive them,
Is, as it should be, the lot of all
Who trust in what pride can give them

There are thoughts more touching than those which rise
From pride's departed splendour ;
And thine is connected with countless ties,
Which waken ideas more tender.

The heart, with its griefs, joys, hopes, and fears,
Changes little in passions and powers ;
And theirs, who sojourned here in distant years,
Cherished feelings the same as ours !

For they lived, and they loved like us ; and this
Was their home, in pain and pleasure ;
And the best of them hoarded here their bliss.
As the miser his hidden treasure.

And now, when the trappings of glory fade,
And its sunniest heights are shrouded,
The beams of affection, that brightened its shade,
Are to Memory's eye unclouded.

To the heart, to the heart, we must turn at last,
For all that endures the longest ;
Its better feelings no blight can blast,
For their strength is in storms the strongest.

But in storm or sunshine 'tis theirs alone
To leave that enchantment behind them
Which gives them an influence all must own,
By Nature herself assigned them.

Thou art noble yet, thou desolate pile
For the trophies of fame enwreath thee ;
But that fame is not worth one tear or smile
Of some who have passed underneath thee.

BERNARD BARTON.

Newbury.

FOR A COLUMN AT NEWBURY.

CALL'ST thou thyself a patriot? On this field
Did Falkland fall, the blameless and the brave,
Beneath the banners of that Charles whom thou
Abhorrest for a tyrant. Dost thou boast
Of loyalty? The field is not far off
Where, in rebellious arms against his king,
Hampden was killed,—that Hampden at whose name
The heart of many an honest Englishman
Beats with congenial pride. Both uncorrupt,
Friends to their common country both, they fought,
They died, in adverse armies. Traveller!
If with thy neighbour thou shouldst not accord,
Remember these, our famous countrymen,
And quell all angry and injurious thoughts.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

New Forest.

FOR A MONUMENT IN THE NEW FOREST.

THIS is the place where William's kingly power
Did from their poor and peaceful homes expel,
Unfriended, desolate, and shelterless,
The inhabitants of all the fertile tract
Far as these wilds extend. He levelled down
Their little cottages, he bade their fields
Lie waste, and forested the land, that so
More royally might he pursue his sports.
If that thine heart be human, Passenger!
Sure it will swell within thee, and thy lips
Will mutter curses on him. Think thou then
What cities flame, what hosts unsepulchred

Pollute the passing wind, when raging Power
 Drives on his bloodhounds to the chase of Man ;
 And, as thy thoughts anticipate that day
 When God shall judge aright, in charity
 Pray for the wicked rulers of mankind.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

RUFUS'S TREE.

O'ER the New Forest's heath-hills bare,
 Down steep ravine, by shaggy wood,
 A pilgrim wandered ; questing where
 The relic-tree of Rufus stood.

Whence in our England's day of old,
 Rushing on retribution's wing,
 The arrow—so tradition told—
 Glanced to the heart of tyrant-king.

Some monument he found, which spoke
 What erst had happened on the spot ;
 But for that old avenging oak,
 Decayed long since, he found it not.

Yet aye, where tyrants grind a land,
 Let trees like this be found to grow ;
 And never may a Tyrrel's hand
 Be lacking there to twang the bow !

JOHN KENYON.

THE RED KING.

THE King was drinking in Malwood Hall,
 There came in a monk before them all ;
 He thrust by squire, he thrust by knight,
 Stood over against the dais aright ;
 And, " The word of the Lord, thou cruel Red King,
 The word of the Lord to thee I bring.

A grimly sweven I dreamt yestreen ;
I saw thee lie under the hollins green,
And thorough thine heart an arrow keen ;
And out of thy body a smoke did rise,
Which smirched the sunshine out of the skies ;
So if thou God's anointed be
I rede thee unto thy soul thou see.
For mitre and pall thou hast y-sold,
False knight to Christ, for gain and gold ;
And for this thy forest were digged down all,
Steading and hamlet and churches tall ;
And Christés poor were ousten forth,
To beg their bread from south to north.
So tarry at home, and fast and pray,
Lest fiends hunt thee in the judgment-day."

The monk he vanished where he stood ;
King William sterte up wroth and wod ;
Quod he, " Fools' wits will jump together ;
The Hampshire ale and the thunder weather
Have turned the brains for us both, I think ;
And monks are curst when they fall to drink.
A lothly sweven I dreamt last night,
How there hoved anigh me a griesly knight,
Did smite me down to the pit of hell ;
I shrieked and woke, so fast I fell.
There's Tyrrel as sour as I, perdie,
So he of you all shall hunt with me ;
A grimly brace for a hart to see."

The Red King down from Malwood came ;
His heart with wine was all aflame,
His eyne were shotten, red as blood,
He rated and swore, wherever he rode.

They roused a hart, that grimly brace,
A hart of ten, a hart of grease,
Fled over against the kingés place.

The sun it blinded the king's ee,
A fathom behind his hocks shot he :
 "Shoot thou," quod he, "in the fiend's name,
To lose such a quarry were seven years' shame,"
And he hove up his hand to mark the game.
Tyrrel he shot full light, God wot ;
For whether the saints they swerved the shot,
Or whether by treason, men known not,
But under the arm, in a secret part,
The iron fled through the king's heart.
The turf it squelched where the Red King fell ;
And the fiends they carried his soul to hell,
Quod, "His master's name it hath sped him well."

Tyrrel he smiled full grim that day,
Quod, "Shooting of kings is no bairns play ;"
And he smote in the spurs, and fled fast away.
As he pricked along by Fritham plain,
The green tufts flew behind like rain ;
The waters were out, and over the sward :
He swam his horse like a stalwart lord ;
Men clepen that water Tyrrel's ford.
By Rhinefield and by Osmondsleigh,
Through glade and furze-brake fast drove he,
Until he heard the roaring sea ;
Quod he, "Those gay waves they call me."
By Mary's grace a seely boat
On Christchurch bar did lie afloat ;
He gave the shipmen mark and groat,
To ferry him over to Normandie,
And there he fell to sanctuarie ;
God send his soul all bliss to see.

And fend our princes every one,
From foul mishap and trahison ;
But kings that harrow Christian men,
Shall England never bide again.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

RHINEFIELD.

A LODGE IN THE NEW FOREST.

RHINEFIELD ! as through thy solitude I rove,
Now lost amid the deep wood's gloomy night,
Doubtful I trace a ray of glimmering light ;
Now where some antique oak, itself a grove,
Spreads its soft umbrage o'er the sunny glade,
Stretched on its mossy roots at early dawn,
While o'er the furze with light bound leaps the fawn,
I count the herd that crops the dewy blade :
Frequent at eve list to the hum profound
That all around upon the chill breeze floats,
Broke by the lonely keeper's wild, strange notes ;
At distance followed by the browsing deer ;
Or the bewildered stranger's plaintive sound
That dies in lessening murmurs on the ear.

WILLIAM SOTHEY.

THE DEATH OF RUFUS.

THE wood in the calm fair sunset
Blazed with a fiery light,
O'er ruined church and hamlet
Came slowly on the night.

Fair as the last sad parting
The sun will take of earth,
All silent rode the hunters,—
It seemed no place for mirth.

Deep lay the giant shadows,
Dark, dark, on every side,
Like a countless host of spirits
Stood the forest spreading wide.

High o'er the rest, like monarchs,
The oaks, hoar monsters, stood,

No eye may pierce the stillness,
The blackness of the wood.

Like the roof of some great temple
Their old mossed boughs were spread,
Scarce could the sun's last glory
Stream through the shade o'erhead.

A deer burst forth in panic
At the savage laugh and song.
Hounds from the leash are parted,
The hunters sweep along.

In a forest glade stands Rufus,
Intent on sylvan prize ;
From the parting rays of sunlight
The monarch veils his eyes.

“ Shoot, Tyrrel, shoot ! ” he thunders :
Swift came the glancing dart ;
It has pierced the crownéd hunter,
It quivers in his heart.

* * * * *

To the gate of the fair White City
Comes the charcoal-burner's wain ;
It brings no hart for abbot's board,
It bears the royal slain.

WALTER THORNBURY.

Newstead Abbey.

ELEGY ON NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

NEWSTEAD ! fast-falling, once resplendent dome !
Religion's shrine ! repentant Henry's pride !
Of warriors, monks, and dames the cloistered tomb,
Whose pensive shades around thy ruins glide,

Hail to thy pile ! more honoured in thy fall,
Than modern mansions in their pillared state ;
Proudly majestic frowns thy vaulted hall,
Scowling defiance on the blasts of fate.

No mail-clad serfs, obedient to their lord,
In grim array the crimson cross demand ;
Or gay assemble round the festive board
Their chief's retainers, an immortal band :

Else might inspiring Fancy's magic eye
Retrace their progress through the lapse of time,
Marking each ardent youth, ordained to die,
A votive pilgrim in Judæa's clime.

But not from thee, dark pile ! departs the chief ;
His feudal realm in other regions lay :
In thee the wounded conscience courts relief,
Retiring from the garish blaze of day.

Yes ! in thy gloomy cells and shades profound,
The monk abjured a world he ne'er could view ;
Or blood-stained guilt repenting solace found,
Or innocence from stern oppression flew.

A monarch bade thee from that wild arise,
Where Sherwood's outlaws once were wont to prowl ;
And superstition's crimes, of various dyes,
Sought shelter in the priest's protecting cowl.

Where now the grass exhales a murky dew,
The humid pall of life-extinguished clay,
In sainted fame the sacred fathers grew,
Nor raised their pious voices but to pray.

Where now the bats their wavering wings extend,
Soon as the gloaming spreads her waning shade,
The choir did oft their mingling vespers blend,
Or matin orisons to Mary paid.

Years rolled on years ; to ages ages yield ;
Abbots to abbots, in a line, succeed ;
Religion's charter their protecting shield,
Till royal sacrilege their doom decreed.

One holy Henry reared the Gothic walls,
And bade the pious inmates rest in peace ;
Another Henry the kind gift recalls,
And bids devotion's hallowed echoes cease.

Vain is each threat or supplicating prayer ;
He drives them exiles from their blest abode,
To roam a dreary world in deep despair,—
No friend, no home, no refuge but their God.

Hark how the hall, resounding to the strain,
Shakes with the martial music's novel din !
The heralds of a warrior's haughty reign,
High crested banners wave thy walls within.

Of changing sentinels the distant hum,
The mirth of feasts, the clang of burnished arms,
The braying trumpet and the hoarser drum,
Unite in concert with increased alarms.

* * * *

Newstead ; what saddening change of scene is thine !
Thy yawning arch betokens slow decay !
The last and youngest of a noble line
Now holds thy mouldering turrets in his sway.

Deserted now, he scans thy gray worn towers ;
Thy vaults, where dead of feudal ages sleep ;
Thy cloisters, pervious to the wintry showers :
These, these he views, and views them but to weep.

Yet are his tears no emblem of regret ;
Cherished affection only bids them flow.
Pride, hope, and love forbid him to forget,
But warm his bosom with impassioned glow.

Yet he prefers thee to the gilded domes
Or gewgaw grottos of the vainly great ;
Yet lingers 'mid thy damp and mossy tombs,
Nor breathes a murmur 'gainst the will of fate.

Haply thy sun, emerging, yet may shine,
Thee to irradiate with meridian ray ;
Hours splendid as the past may still be thine,
And bless thy future as thy former day.

LORD BYRON.

ON LEAVING NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

THROUGH thy battlements, Newstead, the hollow winds
whistle ;

Thou, the hall of my fathers, art gone to decay ;
In thy once smiling garden the hemlock and thistle
Have choked up the rose which late bloomed in the
way.

Of the mail-covered barons who proudly to battle
Led their vassals from Europe to Palestine's plain,
The escutcheon and shield, which with every blast rattle,
Are the only sad vestiges now that remain.

No more doth old Robert, with harp-stringing numbers,
Raise a flame in the breast for the war-laurelled wreath ;
Near Askalon's Towers John of Horiston slumbers,
Unnerved is the hand of his minstrel by death.

Paul and Hubert, too, sleep in the valley of Cressy ;
For the safety of Edward and England they fell :
My fathers ! the tears of your country redress ye ;
How you fought ! how you died ! still her annals can
tell.

On Marston, with Rupert 'gainst traitors contending,
Four brothers enriched with their blood the bleak field ;
For the rights of a monarch, their country defending,
Till death their attachment to royalty sealed.

Shades of heroes, farewell ! your descendant departing
 From the seat of his ancestors bids you adieu !
 Abroad or at home, your remembrance imparting
 New courage, he'll think upon glory and you.

Though a tear dim his eye at this sad separation,
 'Tis nature, not fear, that excites his regret ;
 Far distant he goes, with the same emulation,
 The fame of his fathers he ne'er can forget.

That fame and that memory still will he cherish,
 He vows that he ne'er will disgrace your renown ;
 Like you will he live, or like you will he perish ;
 When decayed, may he mingle his dust with your own.

LORD BYRON.

NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

To Norman Abbey whirled the noble pair,
 An old, old monastery once, and now
 Still older mansion, of a rich and rare
 Mixed Gothic, such as artists all allow
 Few specimens yet left us can compare
 Withal : it lies perhaps a little low,
 Because the monks preferred a hill behind,
 To shelter their devotion from the wind.

It stood embosomed in a happy valley,
 Crowned by high woodlands, where the Druid oak
 Stood like Caractacus in act to rally
 His host, with broad arms 'gainst the thunder-stroke ;
 And from beaneath his boughs were seen to sally
 The dappled foresters,—as day awoke,
 The branching stag swept down with all his herd,
 To quaff a brook which murmured like a bird.

Before the mansion lay a lucid lake,
 Broad as transparent, deep, and freshly fed

By a river, which its softened way did take
In currents through the calmer water spread
Around ; the wild-fowl nestled in the brake
And sedges, brooding in their liquid bed ;
The woods sloped downwards to its brink, and stood
With their green faces fixed upon the flood.

Its outlet dashed into a deep cascade,
Sparkling with foam, until again subsiding
Its shriller echoes—like an infant made
Quiet—sank into softer ripples, gliding
Into a rivulet ; and, thus allayed,
Pursued its course, now gleaming, and now hiding
Its windings through the woods ; now clear, now blue,
According as the skies their shadows threw.

A glorious remnant of the Gothic pile
(While yet the church was Rome's) stood half apart
In a grand arch, which once screened many an aisle.
These last had disappeared,—a loss to art :
The first yet frowned superbly o'er the soil,
And kindled feelings in the roughest heart,
Which mourned the power of time's or tempest's march,
In gazing on that venerable arch.

Within a niche, nigh to its pinnacle,
Twelve saints had once stood sanctified in stone ;
But these had fallen, not when the friars fell,
But in the war which struck Charles from his throne,
When each house was a fortalice,—as tell
The annals of full many a line undone,—
The gallant cavaliers, who fought in vain
For those who knew not to resign or reign.

But in a higher niche, alone, but crowned,
The Virgin Mother of the God-born child,
With her son in her blessed arms, looked round,
Spared by some chance when all beside was spoiled ;

She made the earth below seem holy ground.

This may be superstition, weak or wild,
But even the faintest relics of a shrine
Of any worship wake some thoughts divine.

A mighty window, hollow in the centre,
Shorn of its glass of thousand colourings,
Through which the deepened glories once could enter,
Streaming from off the sun like seraph's wings,
Now yawns all desolate : now loud, now fainter,
The gale sweeps through its fretwork, and oft sings
The owl his anthem, where the silenced choir
Lie with their hallelujahs quenched like fire.

But in the noontide of the moon, and when
The wind is wingéd from one point of heaven,
There moans a strange unearthly sound, which then
Is musical,—a dying accent driven
Through the huge arch, which soars and sinks again.
Some deem it but the distant echo given
Back to the night-wind by the waterfall,
And harmonised by the old choral wall ;

Others, that some original shape or form,
Shaped by decay perchance, hath given the power
(Though less than that of Memnon's statue, warm
In Egypt's rays, to harp at a fixed hour)
To this gray ruin, with a voice to charm.
Sad, but serene, it sweeps o'er tree or tower :
The cause I know not, nor can solve ; but such
The fact ;—I've heard it, —once perhaps too much.

Amidst the court a Gothic fountain played,
Symmetrical, but decked with carvings quaint,—
Strange faces, like to men in masquerade,
And here perhaps a monster, there a saint :
The spring rushed through grim mouths, of granite made,
And sparkled into basins, where it spent
Its little torrent in a thousand bubbles,
Like man's vain glory and his vainer troubles.

The mansion's self was vast and venerable,
With more of the monastic than has been
Elsewhere preserved ; the cloisters still were stable,
The cells too and refectory, I ween :
An exquisite small chapel had been able,
Still unimpaired, to decorate the scene ;
The rest had been reformed, replaced, or sunk,
And spoke more of the baron than the monk.

Huge halls, long galleries, spacious chambers, joined
By no quite lawful marriage of the arts,
Might shock a connoisseur ; but, when combined,
Formed a whole, which, irregular in parts,
Yet left a grand impression on the mind,
At least of those whose eyes are in their hearts.
We gaze upon a giant for his stature,
Nor judge at first if all be true to nature.

LORD BYRON.

A PICTURE AT NEWSTEAD.

WHAT made my heart, at Newstead, fullest swell ?
'T was not the thought of Byron, of his cry
Stormily sweet, his Titan agony ;
It was the sight of that Lord Arundel
Who struck, in heat, the child he loved so well,
And the child's reason flickered, and did die.
Painted (he willed it) in the gallery
They hang ; the picture doth the story tell.
Behold the stern, mailed father, staff in hand !
The little fair-haired son, with vacant gaze,
Where no more lights of sense or knowledge are !
Methinks the woe which made that father stand
Baring his dumb remorse to future days
Was woe than Byron's woe more tragic far.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Nore, The.

THE BOY AT THE NORE.

I SAY, little Boy at the Nore,
 Do you come from the small Isle of Man !
 Why, your history a mystery must be,—
 Come tell us as much as you can,
 Little Boy at the Nore !

You live, it seems, wholly on water,
 Which your Gambier calls living in clover ;
 But how comes it, if that is the case,
 You're eternally half-seas over,—
 Little Boy at the Nore ?

While you ride, while you dance, while you float,—
 Never mind your imperfect orthography ;
 But give us, as well as you can,
 Your watery autobiography,
 Little Boy at the Nore !

BOY AT THE NORE, LOQUITUR.

I'm the tight little Boy at the Nore,
 In a sort of sea negus I dwells ;
 Half and half 'twixt salt-water and Port,
 I'm reckoned the first of the swells,—
 I'm the Boy at the Nore !

I lives with my toes to the flounders,
 And watches through long days and nights ;
 Yet, cruelly eager, men look
 To catch the first glimpse of my lights,—
 I'm the Boy at the Nore.

I never gets cold in the head,
 So my life on salt water is sweet ;

I think I owes much of my health
To being well used to wet feet—
As the Boy at the Nore.

There's one thing, I'm never in debt ;
Nay !—I liquidates more than I oughter ;
So the man to beat Cits as goes by,
In keeping the head above water,
Is the Boy at the Nore.

I've seen a good deal of distress,
Lots of Breakers in Ocean's Gazette ;
They should do as I do,—rise o'er all ;
Ay, a good floating capital get,
Like the boy at the Nore !

I'm a'ter the sailor's own heart,
And cheers him, in deep water rolling ;
And the friend of all friends to Jack Junk,
Ben Backstay, Tom Pipes, and Tom Bowling,
Is the Boy at the Nore !

Could I e'er but grow up, I'd be off
For a week to make love to my wheedles ;
If the tight little Boy at the Nore
Could but catch a nice girl at the Needles,
We'd have two at the Nore !

They thinks little of sizes on water,
On big waves the tiny one skulks,—
While the river has Men of War on it,—
Yes, the Thames is oppressed with Great Hulks,
And the Boy's at the Nore ?

But I've done,—for the water is heaving
Round my body, as though it would sink it !
And I've been so long pitching and tossing,
That sea-sick—you'd hardly now think it—
Is the Boy at the Nore !

THOMAS HOOD.

Norham Castle.

NORHAM CASTLE.

DAY set on Norham's castled steep,
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,
And Cheviot's mountains lone :
The battled towers, the donjon keep,
The loop-hole grates where captives weep,
The flanking walls that round it sweep,
In yellow lustre shone.
The warriors on the turrets high,
Moving athwart the evening sky,
Seemed forms of giant height :
Their armour, as it caught the rays,
Flashed back again the western blaze
In lines of dazzling light.

St. George's banner, broad and gay,
Now faded, as the fading ray,
Less bright, and less, was flung ;
The evening gale had scarce the power
To wave it on the donjon tower,
So heavily it hung.
The scouts had parted on their search,
The castle gates were barred ;
Above the gloomy portal arch,
Timing his footsteps to a march,
The warder kept his guard ;
Low humming, as he paced along,
Some ancient border gathering-song.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Nottingham.

CLIFTON GROVE.

Lo ! in the west fast fades the lingering light,
And day's last vestige takes its silent flight.
No more is heard the woodman's measured stroke
Which with the dawn from yonder dingle broke ;
No more, hoarse clamouring o'er the uplifted head,
The crows, assembling, seek their wind-rocked bed.
Stilled is the village hum,—the woodland sounds
Have ceased to echo o'er the dewy grounds,
And general silence reigns, save when below
The murmuring Trent is scarcely heard to flow ;
And save when, swung by 'nighted rustic late,
Oft on its hinge rebounds the jarring gate ;
Or when the sheep-bell, in the distant vale,
Breathes its wild music on the downy gale.

Now, when the rustic wears the social smile,
Released from day and its attendant toil,
And draws his household round their evening fire,
And tells the oft-told tales that never tire ;
Or where the town's blue turrets dimly rise,
And manufacture taints the ambient skies,
The pale mechanic leaves the labouring loom,
The air-pent hold, the pestilential room,
And rushes out, impatient to begin
The stated course of customary sin :
Now, now, my solitary way I bend
Where solemn groves in awful state impend,
And cliffs, that boldly rise above the plain,
Bespeak, blest Clifton ! thy sublime domain.
Here, lonely wandering o'er the sylvan bower,
I come to pass the meditative hour ;
To bid awhile the strife of passion cease,
And woo the calms of solitude and peace.

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This gloomy alcove, darkling to the sight,
 Where meeting trees create eternal night,
 Save when from yonder stream the sunny ray
 Reflected gives a dubious gleam of day,
 Recalls endearing to my altered mind
 Times when beneath the boxen hedge reclined
 I watched the lapwing to her clamorous brood,
 Or lured the robin to its scattered food,
 Or woke with song the woodland echo wild,
 And at each gay response, delighted, smiled.
 How oft, when childhood threw its golden ray
 Of gay romance o'er every happy day,
 Here would I run, a visionary boy,
 When the hoarse tempest shook the vaulted sky,
 And, fancy-led, beheld the Almighty's form
 Sternly careering on the eddying storm ;
 And heard, while awe congealed my inmost soul,
 His voice terrific in the thunders roll.
 With secret joy, I viewed with vivid glare
 The volleyed lightnings cleave the sullen air ;
 And, as the warring winds around reviled,
 With awful pleasure big, I heard and smiled.

* * * * *

Now as I rove where wide the prospect grows,
 A livelier light upon my vision flows.
 No more above the embracing branches meet,
 No more the river gurgles at my feet,
 But seen deep down the cliff's impending side,
 Through hanging woods now gleams its silver tide.
 Dim is my upland path ; across the Green
 Fantastic shadows fling, yet oft between
 The checkered glooms the moon her chaste ray sheds
 Where knots of bluebells droop their graceful heads
 And beds of violets blooming 'mid the trees
 Load with waste fragrance the nocturnal breeze.

* * * * *

How lovely from this hill's superior height
 Spreads the wide view before my straining sight !

O'er many a varied mile of lengthening ground,
E'en to the blue-ridged hills' remotest bound,
My ken is borne, while o'er my head serene
The silver moon illumines the misty scene,
Now shining clear, now darkening in the glade,
In all the soft varieties of shade.

Behind me, lo! the peaceful hamlet lies.
The drowsy god has sealed the cotter's eyes.
No more, where late the social fagot blazed,
The vacant peal resounds, by little raised :
But locked in silence, o'er Orion's star
The slumbering night rolls on her velvet car ;
The church-bell tolls, deep sounding down the glade,
The solemn hour, for walking spectres made ;
The simple plough-boy, wakening with the sound,
Listens aghast, and turns him startled round,
Then stops his ears, and strives to close his eyes,
Lest at the sound some grisly ghost should rise.
Now ceased the long, the monitory toll,
Returning silence stagnates in the soul ;
Save when disturbed by dreams, with wild affright,
The deep-mouthed mastiff bays the troubled night,
Or, where the village alehouse crowns the vale,
The creaking sign-post whistles to the gale.
A little onward let me bend my way,
Where the mossed seat invites the traveller's stay.
That spot, O yet it is the very same !
That hawthorn gives it shade, and gave it name ;
There yet the primrose opes its earliest bloom,
There yet the violet sheds its first perfume,
And in the branch that rears above the rest
The robin unmolested builds its nest.

* * * * *

Now passed whate'er the upland heights display,
Down the steep cliff I wind my devious way ;
Oft rousing, as the rustling path I beat,
The timid hare from its accustomed seat.

And O how sweet this walk o'erhung with wood,
That winds the margin of the solemn flood !
What rural objects steal upon the sight !
What rising views prolong the calm delight !
The brooklet branching from the silver Trent,
The whispering birch by every zephyr bent,
The woody island, and the naked mead,
The lowly hut half hid in groves of reed,
The rural wicket, and the rural stile,
And frequent interspersed the woodman's pile.
Above, below, where'er I turn my eyes,
Rocks, waters, woods, in grand succession rise.
High up the cliff the varied groves ascend,
And mournful larches o'er the wave impend.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

Oakley.

ON THE AGED OAK AT OAKLEY, SOMERSET.

I WAS a young fair tree :
Each spring with quivering green
My boughs were clad ; and far
Down the deep vale a light
Shone from me on the eyes
Of those who past,—a light
That told of sunny days,
And blossoms, and blue sky ;
For I was ever first
Of all the grove to hear
The soft voice under ground
Of the warm-working spring ;
And ere my brethren stirred
Their sheathed buds, the kine,
And the kine's keeper, came
Slow up the valley-path,

And laid them underneath
My cool and rustling leaves ;
And I could feel them there
As in the quiet shade
They stood, with tender thoughts
That past along their life
Like wings on a still lake,
Blessing me ; and to God,
The blessed God, who cares
For all my little leaves,
Went up the silent praise ;
And I was glad, with joy
Which life of labouring things
Ill knows,—the joy that sinks
Into a life of rest.

Ages have fled since then :
But deem not my pierced trunk
And scanty leafage serves
No high behest ; my name
Is scounded far and wide ;
And in the Providence
That guides the steps of men,
Hundreds have come to view
My grandeur in decay ;
And there hath passed from me
A quiet influence
Into the minds of men :
The silver head of age,
The majesty of laws,
The very name of God,
And holiest things that are,
Have won upon the heart
Of humankind the more,
For that I stand to meet
With vast and bleaching trunk
The rudeness of the sky.

HENRY ALFORD.

Olney.

ON VISITING COWPER'S GARDEN AND SUMMER-
HOUSE AT OLNEY.

ARE these the trees ? is this the place ?
These roses, did they bloom for him ?
Trode he these walks with thoughtful pace ?
Passed he amid these borders trim ?

Is this the bower ?—a humble shed
Methinks it seems for such a guest !
Why rise not columns, dome bespread,
By art's elaborate fingers drest ?

Art waits on wealth ; there let her roam,—
Her fabrics rear, her temples gild ;
But Genius, where he seeks a home,
Must send for Nature's self to build.

This quiet garden's humble bound,
This homely roof, this rustic fane,
With playful tendrils twining round,
And woodbines peeping at the pane ;

That tranquil, tender sky of blue,
Where clouds of golden radiance skim,
Those ranging trees of varied hue,
These were the sights that solaced him.

We stept within : at once on each
A feeling steals, so undefined ;
In vain we seek to give it speech,—
'Tis silent homage paid to mind.

They tell us here he thought and wrote,
On this low seat, reclining thus ;
Ye garden breezes, as ye float
Why bear ye no such thoughts to us ?

Perhaps the balmy air was fraught
With breath of heaven ; or did he toil
In precious mines of sparkling thought
Concealed beneath the curious soil ?

Did zephyrs bear on golden wings
Rich treasures from the honeyed dew ?
Or are there here celestial springs
Of living waters, whence he drew ?

And here he suffered !—this recess
Where even Nature failed to cheer,
Has witnessed oft his deep distress,
And precious drops have fallen here !

Here are no richly sculptured urns
The consecrated dust to cover ;
But Nature smiles and weeps, by turns,
In memory of her fondest lover.

JANE TAYLOR.

Otter, the River.

SONNET TO THE RIVER OTTER.

DEAR native brook ! wild streamlet of the West !
How many various-fated years have past,
What happy and what mournful hours, since last
I skimmed the smooth thin stone along thy breast,
Numbering its light leaps ! yet so deep imprest
Sink the sweet scenes of childhood, that mine eyes
I never shut amid the sunny ray,
But straight with all their tints thy waters rise,
Thy crossing-plank, thy marge with willows gray,
And bedded sand that, veined with various dyes,
Gleamed through thy bright transparence ! On my way,
Visions of childhood ! oft have ye beguiled
Lone manhood's cares, yet waking fondest sighs :
Ah ! that once more I were a careless child !

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Otterburn.

THE BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE.

IT fell about the Lammas-tide,
When the muir-men win their hay,
The doughty Douglas bound him to ride
Into England, to drive a prey.

He chose the Gordons and the Græmes,
With them the Lindesays, light and gay ;
But the Jardines wald not with him ride,
And they rue it to this day.

And he has burned the dales of Tyne,
And part of Bambrough shire ;
And three good towers on Reidswire fells,
He left them all on fire.

And he marched up to Newcastle,
And rode it round about ;
“ O, wha’s the lord of this castle,
Or wha’s the lady o’t ? ”

But up spake proud Lord Percy then,
And O but he spake hie !
“ I am the lord of this castle,
My wife’s the lady gay.”

“ If thou’rt the lord of this castle,
Sae weel it pleases me !
For, ere I cross the Border fells,
The tane of us shall dee.”

He took a lang spear in his hand,
Shod with the metal free,
And for to meet the Douglas there
He rode right furiously.

But O how pale his lady looked,
 Frae aff the castle wa',
 When down before the Scottish spear
 She saw proud Percy fa'.

“ Had we twa been upon the green,
 And never an eye to see,
 I wad hae had you, flesh and fell ;
 But your sword sall gae wi' me.

“ But gae ye up to Otterbourne,
 And wait there dayis three ;
 And if I come not ere three dayis end,
 A fause knight ca' ye me.”

* * * * *

They lighted high on Otterbourne,
 Upon the bent sae brown ;
 They lighted high on Otterbourne,
 And threw their pallions down.

And he that had a bonnie boy
 Sent out his horse to grass ;
 And he that had not a bonnie boy
 His ain servant he was.

But up then spake a little page,
 Before the peep of dawn,—
 “ O, waken ye, waken ye, my good lord,
 For Percy's hard at hand.”

“ Ye lie, ye lie, ye liar loud !
 Sae loud I hear ye lie :
 For Percy had not men yestreen
 To dight my men and me.

“ But I have dreamed a dreary dream,
 Beyond the Isle of Sky ;
 I saw a dead man win a fight,
 And I think that man was I.”

He belted on his guid braid sword,
 And to the field he ran ;
 But he forgot the helmet good,
 That should have kept his brain.

When Percy wi' the Douglas met,
 I wat he was fu' fain ;
 They swakkt their swords, till sair they swat,
 And the blood ran down like rain.

But Percy with his good broad sword,
 That could so sharply wound,
 Has wounded Douglas on the brow,
 Till he fell to the ground.

* * * * *

This deed was done at the Otterbourne,
 About the breaking of the day ;
 Earl Douglas was buried at the braken bush,
 And the Percy led captive away.

OLD BALLAD.

Ouse, the River.

THE DOG AND THE WATER LILY.

THE noon was shady, and soft airs
 Swept Ouse's silent tide,
 When, 'scaped from literary cares,
 I wandered on his side.

My spaniel, prettiest of his race,
 And high in pedigree
 (Two nymphs adorned with every grace
 That spaniel found for me).

Now wantoned lost in flags and reeds,
 Now starting into sight,
 Pursued the swallow o'er the meads
 With scarce a slower flight.

It was the time when Ouse displayed
 His lilies newly blown ;
 Their beauties I intent surveyed,
 And one I wished my own.

With cane extended far I sought
 To steer it close to land ;
 But still the prize, though nearly caught,
 Escaped my eager hand.

Beau marked my unsuccessful pains
 With fixed, considerate face,
 And puzzling set his puppy brains
 To comprehend the case.

But with a cherup clear and strong
 Dispersing all his dream,
 I thence withdrew, and followed long
 The windings of the stream.

My ramble ended, I returned ;
 Beau, trotting far before,
 The floating wreath again discerned,
 And plunging left the shore.

I saw him with that lily cropped
 Impatient swim to meet
 My quick approach, and soon he dropped
 The treasure at my feet.

Charmed with the sight, "The world," I cried,
 "Shall hear of this thy deed ;
 My dog shall mortify the pride
 Of man's superior breed :

"But chief myself I will enjoin,
 Awake at duty's call,
 To show a love as prompt as thine
 To Him who gives me all."

WILLIAM COWPER.

Oxford.

OXFORD.

YE fretted pinnacles, ye fanes sublime,
 Ye towers that wear the mossy vest of time ;
 Ye massy piles of old munificence,
 At once the pride of learning and defence ;
 Ye cloisters pale, that, lengthening to the sight,
 To contemplation, step by step, invite ;
 Ye high-arched walks, where oft the whispers clear
 Of harps unseen have swept the poet's ear ;
 Ye temples dim, where pious duty pays
 Her holy hymns of ever-echoing praise ;—
 Lo ! your loved Isis, from the bordering vale,
 With all a mother's fondness, bids you hail !—
 Hail, Oxford, hail ! of all that's good and great,
 Of all that's fair, the guardian and the seat ;
 Nurse of each brave pursuit, each generous aim,
 By truth exalted to the throne of fame !
 Like Greece in science and in liberty,
 As Athens learned, as Lacedemon free !

Even now, confessed to my adoring eyes,
 In awful ranks thy gifted sons arise.
 Tuning to knightly tale his British reeds,
 Thy genuine bards immortal Chaucer leads :
 His hoary head o'erlooks the gazing choir,
 And beams on all around celestial fire.
 With graceful step see Addison advance,
 The sweetest child of Attic elegance :
 See Chillingworth the depths of doubt explore,
 And Selden ope the rolls of ancient lore :
 To all but his beloved embrace denied,
 See Locke lead Reason, his majestic bride :
 See Hammond pierce Religion's golden mine,
 And spread the treasured stores of truth divine.

THOMAS WARTON.

OXFORD.

O OXFORD ! let delivered Britain know
From thy famed seats her several blessings flow.
The accoutred barons and assisting knights
In thee prepared for council or for fights,
Planned and obtained her civil liberty :
Truth found her fearless witnesses in thee ;
When, tried as gold, saints, from thy tottering pyres,
Rose up to heaven, Elijah-like, in fires !
Peace to thy walls ! and honour to thy name !
May age to age record thy gathering fame !
While thy still favoured seats pour forth their youth,
Brave advocates of liberty and truth !
In fair succession rise to bless the realm !
Fathers in church, and statesmen at the helm !

ANONYMOUS.

OXFORD, MAY 30, 1820.

YE sacred nurseries of blooming youth !
In whose collegiate shelter England's flowers
Expand, enjoying through their vernal hours
The air of liberty, the light of truth ;
Much have ye suffered from Time's gnawing tooth,
Yet, O ye spires of Oxford ! domes and towers !
Gardens and groves ! your presence overpowers
The soberness of reason ; till, in sooth,
Transformed, and rushing on a bold exchange,
I slight my own beloved Cam, to range
Where silver Isis leads my stripling feet ;
Pace the long avenue, or glide adown
The stream-like windings of that glorious street,—
An eager novice robed in fluttering gown !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

ON REVISITING OXFORD.

I NEVER hear the sound of thy glad bells,
Oxford! and chime harmonious, but I say
(Sighing to think how time has worn away),
“Some spirit speaks in the sweet tone that swells,
Heard after years of absence, from the vale
Where Cherwell winds.” Most true it speaks the tale
Of days departed, and its voice recalls
Hours of delight and hope in the gay tide
Of life, and many friends now scattered wide
By many fates. Peace be within thy walls!
I have scarce heart to visit thee; but yet,
Denied the joys sought in thy shades,—denied
Each better hope, since my poor——died,
What I have owed to thee my heart can ne’er forget!

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

FOR A MONUMENT AT OXFORD.

HERE Latimer and Ridley in the flames
Bore witness to the truth. If thou hast walked
Uprightly through the world, just thoughts of joy
May fill thy breast in contemplating here
Congenial virtue. But if thou hast swerved
From the strait path of even rectitude,
Fearful in trying seasons to assert
The better cause, or to forsake the worse
Reluctant, when perchance therein enthralled
Slave to false shame, O, thankfully receive
The sharp, compunctious motions that this spot
May wake within thee, and be wise in time,
And let the future for the past atone!

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

MEMORIES OF MERTON.

I.

THE GATEWAY.

Not with that breathless haste and startling knock
 With which, old Gateway, in the days of yore
 I thundered nightly at your wicket door,
 Rousing the sleepy porter with the shock,
 While midnight chimes rang out from many a clock,
 If e'er from India's plains returning home,
 Before thy venerable arch I come,
 Shall I make clank thy chains, and hinges rock :
 But should my footfall be no longer bold,
 My hand strike weakly, my thin locks be gray,
 My eye shine dim, my weary heart feel old
 In the long path to wealth, a weary way,
 Dear porch, still on thee shall I fondly gaze,
 With all the love, not dread, of earlier days.

II.

THE HALL.

HALL ! where an Emperor deigned to feast, I see
 Thy lofty roof, thy giant hearth, where blazed
 Too liberal flame : thy haughty dais, raised
 O'er the stone floor with proud distinction, free
 Only for social foot of high degree :
 Thy polished tables, and the Tutor's chair,
 This for long lecture, those for simple fare,
 Thy portraits, all are present ; but for me
 Gone is thy magic with the vanished crowd
 Who met light-hearted at the daily board,
 When thou didst ring with jest and laughter loud.
 Far parted now, we toil no more to meet—
 What care I though through thee light laugh be poured,
 And thou dost echo still to youthful feet ?

III.

THE LIBRARY,

QUAINT gloomy chamber, oldest relic left
Of monkish quiet ; like a ship thy form,
Stranded keel upward by some sudden storm,
Now that a safe and polished age hath cleft
Locks, bars, and chains, that saved thy tomes from
theft,
May Time, a surer robber, spare thine age,
And reverence each huge black-lettered page,
Of real boards and gilt-stamped leather reft.
Long may ambitious student here unseal
The secret mysteries of classic lore ;
Though urged not by that blind and aimless zeal
With which the Scot within these walls of yore
Transcribed the Bible without breaking fast,
Toiled through each word, and perished at the last.

IV.

THE BUTTERY.

FILL high the tankard ; crown the silver bowl
With bright October's foaming amber ; spread
The ashen board with manchets white of bread ;
For hark ! the hour of noon ; and forth the whole
Dry Lecture rushes with a thirsty soul.
Up the hall-stairs the merry youths draw near,
And throng the buttery for noontide cheer.
See Charon comes to claim his weekly dole :
O grim old ferryman,¹ how oft my boat,
Through the long summer eve, on Isis' wave,
Beside thy fearful barge would careless float,
While thou o'er thy kind-cruel weapons sate,

¹ An old man, a servant of the Humane Society, stationed on the river, for the prevention of accidents. His punt was filled with horrid-looking implements, —the drags, hooks, etc., of his calling.

And, with an artist's fondness, didst relate
Of drowning youths saved from a watery grave.

V.

THE RIDE.

OUR steeds are ready ; whither shall we ride ?
To Woodstock, where a woman's jealous hate
Gave her frail rival horrid choice of fate,
And Blenheim rises in majestic pride ?
Or to Old Cumnor, where false Leicester's bride,
Like a fair falcon by the hawker lured,
Was in the shades of that grim place immured,
Till, trusting to Love's well-feigned note, she died ?
Or shall we slowly saunter to the wood
Of Bagley, there explore each sylvan glen ;
Or to the Quentin, sport of ages rude,
On the green heights of open Bullenden ?
Lead where you will ; I follow, friend, to-night :
All ways are equal to a spirit light.

VI.

THE WALK.

NOT through the Queen of Cities' lordliest street,
Although all passing beautiful its sweep
Of gray old colleges and gables steep,
Where spire and dome and bridge and gateway meet,
Let us now turn our fashionable feet ;
But unobserved, not unobserving, creep
Down by the bank, where the green willows weep
For Cherwell drowned in Isis : there a seat
Courts us awhile, till from the farther shore
The ferryman is hailed to punt us o'er.
Now through the summer fields, away, away,
The grass beside the path brushing our knees ;
Haste ! for the chapel bell, swung on the breeze,
Pealing too quick return, forbids delay.

VII.

THE CHAPEL.

How richly mellowed through the painted glass
 The tranquil flood of solemn light pours down
 Upon each oaken stall's time-polished brown,
 On marble checkered floor and desk of brass.
 Along the aisle, in spotless surplice, pass
 Student and Fellow, while yet lingering swell
 The last faint echoes of the vesper bell,
 With the same tones that summoned erst to mass.
 Spirit of Unity ! keep fast the bands
 That bind to thee thy Church ! here chiefly rule !
 For this thy primal sanctuary : here stands
 True Doctrine's very fountain-head and school ;
 Yet here blind Schism is threatening to divide
 Those who should teach thy gospel side by side.

VIII.

OXFORD, FROM THE CHAPEL TOWER.

PEACE, silence, slumber, triple crown of night,
 Circle the queenlike city. Dim the shower
 Of moonbeams falls on every hoary tower,
 And steeps each gabled roof in silver light.
 Hushed is the latest shout of revel rite
 Through the gray quadrangle ; while faintly gleams
 The lamp of some pale student o'er the dreams
 Of Plato, or old Homer's sounding fight.
 Forth from below the mass superior stand
 The tall, gaunt steeples, like a faithful guard,—
 O, may it be so !—keeping watch and ward
 Above the weary world fast locked in sleep.
 Hark ! even now their voices through the band
 Pass on their hourly signal, clear and deep.

IX.

COLLEGE ROOMS : THE ORIEL WINDOW.

My dear old Window, wherethrough summer's air
 Wafted the sweet scents of the garden flowers,
 Whilst the broad elms beat off the sultry hours,
 And thy deep-painted glass toned down the glare
 With mellowed golden lights that used to share
 My couch, with shade that fell in purple showers ;
 O choicest and best loved of all rest's bowers,
 How oft, amid my busiest toil and care,
 Retreating fancy brings thee to my sight,
 As some still vision of the peaceful night ;
 Magician's wand-waved circle ; halcyon nest,
 Floating in calm upon the billow's crest.
 To me these sonnets, with their lights and glooms,
 Are my Life's Oriel of old Merton rooms.

X.

COLLEGE ROOMS : STUDY.

FLING wide the casement, for the morning breeze
 Already curls the mist upon the stream,
 And o'er their half-built nests with welcome scream
 The busy rooks fill all the neighbouring trees.
 Be labour lightened by luxurious ease ;
 Up to the oriel window wheel the chair
 (Sweet aid to study the fresh morning air),
 And ponder tasks which please, or ought to please ;
 Gaze happy round upon your pictured room,—
 Your own ; for swiftly may the time draw nigh,
 When homeless thou, in stifling city pent,
 With spirit lustreless, and body bent,
 Shalt rise each morning unrefreshed, and sigh
 Daily o'er real toil with hopeless gloom.

XI.

MERTON MEADOWS.

GAY with June's livery of liveliest green,
 By daisies crimson-edged and cowslip-dyed,
 Smile Merton meadows in their summer pride,
 While far-off Isis glints back steely sheen
 Yon stately avenue's tall trees between,
 Like flash of casque and spear when warriors ride.
 Sweet Cherwell's waters edge the nearer side.
 The sleepy cattle seek a shady screen,
 For 'tis still sultry noon ; the martin wheels,
 Like a black spirit of night haunting the day,
 His phantom circles high in the upper blue ;
 Shrill grasshopper clacks loud his whirring peals ;
 Proud dragonflies glance by in armour new ;
 And the bee hums her homeward roundelay.

XII.

THE TERRACE WALL.

"POOR Windebank was shot by sudden court-martial, so enraged were they at Oxford ; for Cromwell had not even foot-soldiers, still less a battering gun. It was his poor young wife, they said, she and other ladies on a visit there, at Bletchington House, that confounded poor Windebank. He set his back to the wall of Merton College, and received his death-volley with a soldier's stoicism."—CARLYLE'S *Cromwell*.

SURE man's heart-anguish ne'er hath broken here
 This smiling air of natural repose,
 Which over Merton's meadowed landscape glows ?
 Yes, on this spot where the gray stone walls rear
 Their hoary height, fell that poor cavalier
 Who gave his post up to his monarch's foes,
 At iron Cromwell's summons, without blows,
 Through gentle courtesy, not coward fear.

Perchance beneath where now I stand he stood :
 Setting his back against the College wall,
 Baring his breast, not dabbled yet with blood,
 A bold, unflinching mark for many a ball,
 His young wife's name borne on his latest breath ;—
 Short trial his, brief shrift, and soldier's death.

XIII.

THE WALK OF THE TWO TOWERS.

THERE was in Merton Gardens a broad, straight walk, where a beautifully picturesque effect was produced by introducing at either end of the vista the chapel towers of Magdalene and Merton.

SURELY this walk, straight, simple in its line,
 Was fashioned by some holy-hearted man,
 That, at each limit turning, he might scan
 Thy tower, dear Merton, or, fair Magdalene, thine,
 Point skyward with solemnity divine ;
 So, while he walked, were his reflections given
 In ceaseless meditation to the heaven
 Of which his eyes beheld the earthly sign ;—
 Thus, while slow-pacing, often pausing, there,
 I loved, perchance erroneously, to dream ;
 And O, methought, with an unuttered prayer,
 May my life's pathway, level, straight, and true,
 Like this, with cause for holy breathings teem,
 Begin and end with God, him always view.

XIV.

“ TOM ” OF CHRIST CHURCH.

ONE hundred and one times the mighty sound,
 Such as when Vulcan forged the war-god's shield,
 Startled the Lemnian shepherd in his field,
 Hath Christ Church giant bell swung out around,
 And the night songster's voice melodious drowned ;

Yet on mine ear did the tone's volume fall
 Not fearful, but sad, solemn, musical,
 Though frightened air yet shakes with the rebound ;—
 Nor strange ; for my note-stricken memory
 Hath wandered to the village¹ where I spent
 Some of youth's happiest days, where yet the proud
 Old Norman law had not to fashion bent,
 And curfew nightly woke the silent sky,
 With sounds as slow, as solemn, though less loud.

JOHN BRUCE NORTON.

THE CHESTNUT OF BRAZENOSE.

DOCTORS from Radcliffe's dome look down on thee,
 Unconscious chestnut with the leafy crown !
 And so on unpruned nature, fresh and free,
 Learning too often looks complacent down,—
 Learning decorous in her cap and gown,
 And feasting on the brains of men long dead,
 What should she see in all this stately town
 To make her bend the knee or veil the head ?
 And yet not Plato, not the Stagyrte,
 Could teach a bud to expand into a flower ;
 Take then thy pen, book-worshipper, and write,
 Learning is but a secondary power,—
 And look not down, but reverently look up
 To every blossomed spray that rears its dewy cup !

HENRY GLASSFORD BELL.

SMITH OF MAUDLIN.

My chums will burn their Indian weeds
 The very night I pass away,
 And cloud-propelling puff and puff,
 As white the thin smoke melts away ;

¹ Sleaford, in Lincolnshire.

Then Jones of Wadham, eyes half closed,
 Rubbing the ten hairs on his chin,
 Will say, "This very pipe I use
 Was poor old Smith's of Maudlin."

That night in High Street there will walk
 The ruffling gownsmen three abreast,
 The stiff-necked proctors, wary-eyed,
 The dons, the coaches, and the rest ;
 Sly "Cherub Sims" will then purpose
 Billiards, or some sweet ivory sin ;
 Tom cries, "He played a pretty game,—
 Did honest Smith of Maudlin."

The boats are out ! the arrowy rush,
 The mad bull's jerk, the tiger's strength ;
 The Balliol men have wopped the Queen's,—
 Hurrah ! but only by a length.
 Dig on, ye muffs ; ye cripples, dig !
 Pull blind, till crimson sweats the skin ;
 The man who bobs and steers cries, "O
 For plucky Smith of Maudlin !"

Wine-parties met,—a noisy night,
 Red sparks are breaking through the cloud ;
 The man who won the silver cup
 Is in the chair erect and proud ;
 Three are asleep,—one to himself
 Sings, "Yellow jacket's sure to win."
 A silence ;—"Men, the memory
 Of poor old Smith of Maudlin !"

The boxing-rooms,—with solemn air
 A freshman dons the swollen glove ;
 With slicing strokes the lapping sticks
 Work out a rubber,—three and love ;
 With rasping jar the padded man
 Whips Thompson's foil, so square and thin,
 And cries, "Why, zur, you've not the wrist
 Of Muster Smith of Maudlin."

But all this time beneath the sheet
 I shall lie still, and free from pain,
 Hearing the bed-makers sluff in
 To gossip round the blinded pane ;
 Try on my rings, sniff up my scent,
 Feel in my pockets for my tin ;
 While one hag says, " We all must die,
 Just like this Smith of Maudlin."

Ah ! then a dreadful hush will come,
 And all I hear will be the fly
 Buzzing impatient round the wall,
 And on the sheet where I must lie ;
 Next day a jostling of feet,—
 The men who bring the coffin in :
 " This is the door,—the third-pair back, —
 Here's Mr. Smith of Maudlin ! "

WALTER THORNBURY.

OXFORD.

So went he playing on the watery plaine :
 Soone after whom the lovely bridegroom came,
 The noble Thames, with all his goodly traine.
 But him before there went, as best became,
 His auncient parents, namely th' auncient Thame ;
 But much more aged was his wife then he,
 The Ouze, whom men doe Isis rightly name ;
 Full weake and crooked creature seemed shee,
 And almost blind through eld, that scarce her way could
 see.

Therefore on either side she was sustained
 Of two smal grooms, which by their names were hight
 The Churne and Charwell, two small streames, which
 pained
 Themselves her footing to direct aright,
 Which fayled oft through faint and feeble plight :

But Thame was stronger, and of better stay ;
 Yet seem'd full aged by his outward sight,
 With head all hoary, and his beard all gray,
 Deawed with silver drops that trickled down alway :

And eke he somewhat seemed to stoupe afore
 With bowed backe, by reason of the lode
 And auncient heavy burden which he bore
 Of that faire City, wherein make abode
 So many learned impes, that shoote abroad,
 And with their braunches spred all Britany,
 No lesse then do her elder Sisters broode.
 Ioy to you Both, ye double Nourserie
 Of Arts ! but, Oxford, thine doth Thame most glorify.
 EDMUND SPENSER.

VERSES ON SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS' PAINTED
 WINDOW AT NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD.

AH, stay thy treacherous hand, forbear to trace
 Those faultless forms of elegance and grace !
 Ah, cease to spread the bright transparent mass,
 With Titian's pencil, o'er the speaking glass !
 Nor steal, by strokes of art with truth combined,
 The fond illusions of my wayward mind !
 For long, enamoured of a barbarous age,
 A faithless truant to the classic page,—
 Long have I loved to catch the simple chime
 Of minstrel-harps, and spell the fabling rhyme ;
 To view the festive rites, the knightly play,
 That decked heroic Albion's elder day ;
 To mark the mouldering halls of barons bold,
 And the rough castle, cast in giant mould ;
 With Gothic manners Gothic arts explore,
 And muse on the magnificence of yore.
 But chief, enraptured have I loved to roam,
 A lingering votary, the vaulted dome,

Where the tall shafts, that mount in massy pride,
Their mingling branches shoot from side to side ;
Where elfin sculptors, with fantastic clew,
O'er the long roof their wild embroidery drew ;
Where Superstition, with capricious hand,
In many a maze the wreathéd window planned,
With hues romantic tinged the gorgeous pane,
To fill with holy light the wondrous fane ;
To aid the builder's model, richly rude,
By no Vitruvian symmetry subdued ;
To suit the genius of the mystic pile :
Whilst as around the far-retiring aisle,
And fretted shrines, with hoary trophies hung,
Her dark illumination wide she flung,
With new solemnity, the nooks profound,
The caves of death, and the dim arches frowned.
From bliss long felt unwillingly we part :
Ah, spare the weakness of a lover's heart !
Chase not the phantoms of my fairy dream,
Phantoms that shrink at reason's painful gleam !
That softer touch, insidious artist, stay,
Nor to new joys my struggling breast betray !

Such was a pensive bard's mistaken strain.—
But, O, of ravished pleasures why complain ?
No more the matchless skill I call unkind,
That strives to disenchant my cheated mind.
For when again I view thy chaste design,
The just proportion, and the genuine line ;
Those native portraitures of Attic art,
That from the lucid surface seem to start ;
Those tints, that steal no glories from the day,
Nor ask the sun to lend his streaming ray ;
The doubtful radiance of contending dyes,
That faintly mingle, yet distinctly rise ;
'Twixt light and shade the transitory strife ;
The feature blooming with immortal life ;
The stole in casual foldings taught to flow,
Not with ambitious ornaments to glow ;

The tread majestic, and the beaming eye,
 That lifted speaks its commerce with the sky ;
 Heaven's golden emanation, gleaming mild
 O'er the mean cradle of the Virgin's child :
 Sudden the sombrous imagery is fled
 Which late my visionary rapture fed ;
 Thy powerful hand has broke the Gothic chain,
 And brought my bosom back to truth again,—
 To truth, by no peculiar taste confined,
 Whose universal pattern strikes mankind ;
 To truth, whose bold and unresisted aim
 Checks frail caprice, and fashion's fickle claim ;
 To truth, whose charms deception's magic quell,
 And bind coy Fancy in a stronger spell.

Ye brawny prophets, that in robes so rich,
 At distance due, possess the crispéd niche ;
 Ye rows of patriarchs, that, sublimely reared,
 Diffuse a proud, primeval length of beard ;
 Ye saints, who, clad in crimson's bright array,
 More pride than humble poverty display ;
 Ye virgins meek, that wear the palmy crown
 Of patient faith, and yet so fiercely frown ;
 Ye angels, that from clouds of gold recline,
 But boast no semblance to a race divine ;
 Ye tragic tales of legendary lore,
 That draw devotion's ready tear no more ;
 Ye martyrdoms of unenlightened days ;
 Ye miracles, that now no wonder raise ;
 Shapes, that with one broad glare the gazer strike,
 Kings, bishops, nuns, apostles, all alike !
 Ye colours, that the unwary sight amaze,
 And only dazzle in the noontide blaze !
 No more the sacred window's round disgrace,
 But yield to Grecian groups the shining space.
 Lo, from the canvas Beauty shifts her throne,
 Lo, Picture's powers a new formation own !
 Behold, she prints upon the crystal plain,
 With her own energy, the expressive stain !

The mighty master spreads his mimic toil
 More wide, nor only blends the breathing oil ;
 But calls the lineaments of life complete
 From genial alchymy's creative heat ;
 Obedient forms to the bright fusion gives,
 While in the warm enamel nature lives.

Reynolds, 'tis thine, from the broad window's
 height,
 To add new lustre to religious light :
 Not of its pomp to strip this ancient shrine,
 But bid that pomp with purer radiance shine ;
 With arts unknown before, to reconcile
 The willing Graces to the Gothic pile.

THOMAS WARTON.

Peel Castle.

ELEGIAC STANZAS

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF PEEL CASTLE IN A
 STORM, PAINTED BY SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT.

I WAS thy neighbour once, thou rugged pile !
 Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of thee :
 I saw thee every day ; and all the while
 Thy form was sleeping on a glassy sea.

So pure the sky, so quiet was the air !
 So like, so very like, was day to day !
 Whene'er I looked, thy image still was there ;
 It trembled, but it never passed away.

How perfect was the calm ! it seemed no sleep ;
 No mood, which season takes away, or brings :
 I could have fancied that the mighty deep
 Was even the gentlest of all gentle things.

Ah ! then, if mine had been the painter's hand,
 To express what then I saw ; and add the gleam,

The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream ;

I would have painted thee, thou hoary pile !
Amid a world how different from this !
Beside a sea that could not cease to smile ;
On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss.

A picture had it been of lasting ease,
Elysian quiet, without toil or strife ;
No motion but the moving tide, a breeze,
Or merely silent nature's breathing life.

Such, in the fond illusion of my heart,
Such picture would I at that time have made :
And seen the soul of truth in every part,
A steadfast peace that might not be betrayed.

So once it would have been,—'t is so no more ;
I have submitted to a new control :
A power is gone, which nothing can restore ;
A deep distress hath humanised my soul.

Not for a moment could I now behold
A smiling sea, and be what I have been :
The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old ;
This, which I know, I speak with mind serene.

Then, Beaumont, friend ! who would have been the
friend,
If he had lived, of him whom I deplore,
This work of thine I blame not, but commend ;
This sea in anger, and that dismal shore.

O, 't is a passionate work !—yet wise and well ;
Well chosen is the spirit that is here ;
That hulk which labours in the deadly swell,
This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear !

And this huge castle, standing here sublime,
I love to see the look with which it braves,
Cased in the unfeeling armour of old time,
The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling waves..

Farewell, farewell the heart that lives alone,
Housed in a dream, at distance from its kind !
Such happiness, wherever it be known,
Is to be pitied ; for 'tis surely blind.

But welcome fortitude, and patient cheer,
And frequent sights of what is to be borne !
Such sights, or worse, as are before me here.—
Not without hope we suffer and we mourn.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Penrith.

HART'S-HORN TREE, NEAR PENRITH.

HERE stood an oak, that long had borne affixed
To his huge trunk, or, with more subtle art,
Among its withering topmost branches mixed,
The palmy antlers of a hunted hart,
Whom the dog Hercules pursued,—his part
Each desperately sustaining, till at last
Both sank and died, the life-veins of the chased
And chaser bursting here with one dire smart.
Mutual the victory, mutual the defeat !
High was the trophy hung with pitiless pride ;
Say, rather, with that generous sympathy
That wants not, even in rudest breasts, a seat ;
And, for this feeling's sake, let no one chide
Verse that would guard thy memory, HART'S-HORN
TREE !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE COUNTESS' PILLAR.

ON the roadside between Penrith and Appleby there stands a pillar with the following inscription :—

“This pillar was erected, in the year 1656, by Anne Countess Dowager of Pembroke, etc., for a memorial of her last parting with her pious mother, Margaret Countess Dowager of Cumberland, on the 2d of April 1616 ; in memory whereof she hath left an annuity of £4 to be distributed to the poor of the parish of Brougham, every 2d day of April forever, upon the stone table placed hard by. *Laus Deo !*”

WHILE the poor gather round, till the end of time
May this bright flower of charity display
Its bloom, unfolding at the appointed day ;
Flower than the loveliest of the vernal prime
Lovelier transplanted from heaven's purest clime !

“Charity never faileth” : on that creed,
More than on written testament or deed,
The pious lady built with hope sublime.
Alms on this stone to be dealt out *forever !*
“*Laus Deo.*” Many a stranger passing by
Has with that parting mixed a filial sigh,
Blest its humane memorial's fond endeavour,
And, fastening on those lines an eye tear-glazed,
Has ended, though no clerk, with “God be praised !”

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES.

FROM THE ROMAN STATION AT OLD PENRITH.

How profitless the relics that we cull,
Troubling the last holds of ambitious Rome,
Unless they chasten fancies that presume
Too high, or idle agitations lull !
Of the world's flatteries if the brain be full,
To have no seat for thought were better doom,
Like this old helmet, or the eyeless skull
Of him who gloried in its nodding plume.

Heaven out of view, our wishes what are they,
 Our fond regrets tenacious in their grasp ?
 The sage's theory ? the poet's lay ?—
 Mere fibulæ without a robe to clasp ;
 Obsolete lamps, whose light no time recalls ;
 Urns without ashes, tearless lachrymals !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Penshurst.

TO PENSHURST.

THOU art not, Penshurst, built to envious show
 Of touch or marble ; nor canst boast a row
 Of poli-h'd pillars or a roofof gold :
 Thou hast no lantherne, whereof tales are told :
 Or stayre, or courts ; but stand'st an ancient pile,
 And, these grudg'd at, art reverenc'd the while,
 Thou joy'st in better marks, of soile, of ayre,
 Of wood, of water : therein thou art faire.
 Thou hast thy walkes for health, as well as sport :
 Thy Mount, to which the Dryads do resort,
 Where Pan and Bacchus their high feasts have made,
 Beneath the broad beach and the chestnut shade :
 The taller tree which of a nut was set,
 At his great birth, where all the Muses met.
 There, in the writhed barke are cut the names
 Of many a Sylvane, taken with his flames ;
 And thence the ruddy Satyres oft provoke
 The lighter Faunes, to reach thy ladie's oke.
 Thy copp's too, nam'd of Gamage, thou hast there,
 That never failes to serve thee season'd deere,
 When thou wouldst feast, or exercise thy friends.
 The lower land, that to the river bends,
 Thy sheep, thy bullocks, kine and calves do feed :
 The middle grounds thy mares and horses breed.
 Each banck doth yeeld thee coneyes ; and the topps

Fertile of wood, Ashore and Sydney's coppes,
To crown thy open table, doth provide
The purple phesant, with the speckled side :
The painted partrich lyes in every field,
And for thy messe is willing to be kill'd.
And if the high-swolne Medway faile thy dish,
Thou hast thy ponds, that pay thee tribute fish,
Fat aged carps, that run into thy net,
And pikes, now weary their own kinde to eat,
As loth the second draught or cast to stay,
Officiously at first themselves betray.
Bright eeles, that emulate them, and leape on land,
Before the fisher, or into his hand.
Then hath thy orchard fruit, thy garden flowers,
Fresh as the ayre, and new as are the houres.
The early cherry, with the later plum,
Fig, grape, and quince, each in his time doth come :
The blushing apricot and woolly peach
Hang on thy wals, that every child may reach.
And though thy wals be of the countrey stone,
They're rear'd with no man's ruine, no man's grone :
There's none that dwell about them wish them downe ;
But all come in, the farmer and the clowne :
And no one empty-handed, to salute
Thy lord and lady, though they have no sute.
Some bring a capon, some a rurall cake,
Some nuts, some apples ; some that think they make
The better cheeses bring 'hem ; or else send
By their ripe daughters, whom they would commend
This way to husbands ; and whose baskets beare
An emblem of themselves, in plum or peare.
But what can this (more than expresse their love)
Adde to thy free provisions, farre above
The need of such ? whose liberall boord doth flow
With all that hospitality doth know !
Where comes no guest but is allow'd to eat,
Without his feare, and of thy lord's owne meat :
Where the same beere and bread, and selfe-same wine,

That is his lordship's, shall be also mine.
And I not faine to sit (as some this day,
At great men's tables) and yet dine away.
Here no man tels my cups ; nor, standing by,
A waiter doth my gluttony envy :
But gives me what I call for, and lets me eate ;
He knowes, below, he shall finde plentie of meate ;
Thy tables hoord not up for the next day,
Nor, when I take my lodging, need I pray
For fire, or lights, or livorie : all is there ;
As if thou then wert mine, or I raign'd here :
There's nothing I can wish, for which I stay.
That found king James, when hunting late this way
With his brave sonne, the prince, they saw thy fires
Shine bright on every harth, as the desires
Of thy Penates had beene set on flame,
To entertayne them ; or the countrey came,
With all their zeale to warme their welcome here.
What (great, I will not say, but) sodaine cheare
Didst thou then make 'hem ! and what praise was
heap'd

On thy good lady then ! who therein reap'd
The just reward of her high huswifery ;
To have her linnen, plate, and all things nigh
When she was farre ; and not a roome, but drest,
As if it had expected such a guest !
These, Penshurst, are thy praise, and yet not all.
Thy lady's noble, fruitfull, chaste withall.
His children thy great lord may call his owne :
A fortune in this age but rarely knowne,
They are, and have beene taught religion : thence
Their gentler spirits have suck'd innocence.
Each morne, and even, they are taught to pray
With the whole houshold, and may every day
Reade in their vertuous parents' noble parts,
The mysteries of manners, armes and arts.
Now Penshurst, they that will proportion thee
With other edifices, when they see

Those proud, ambitious heaps, and nothing else,
May say, their lords have built, but thy lord dwells.
BEN JONSON.

AT PENSURST.

WHILE in this park I sing, the listening deer
Attend my passion, and forget to fear ;
When to the beeches I report my flame,
They bow their heads, as if they felt the same.
To gods appealing, when I reach their bowers
With loud complaints, they answer me in showers.
To thee a wild and cruel soul is given,
More deaf than trees, and prouder than the heaven !
Love's foe professed ! why dost thou falsely feign
Thyself a Sidney ? from which noble strain
He sprung, that could so far exalt the name
Of Love, and warm our nation with his flame,
That all we can of love or high desire
Seems but the smoke of amorous Sidney's fire.
Nor call her mother who so well does prove
One breast may hold both chastity and love.
Never can she, that so exceeds the spring
In joy and bounty, be supposed to bring
One so destructive. To no human stock
We owe this fierce unkindness, but the rock ;
That cloven rock produced thee, by whose side
Nature, to recompense the fatal pride
Of such stern beauty, placed those healing springs
Which not more help than that destruction brings.
Thy heart no ruder than the rugged stone,
I might, like Orpheus, with my numerous moan
Melt to compassion ; now my traitorous song
With thee conspires to do the singer wrong ;
While thus I suffer not myself to lose
The memory of what augments my woes,
But with my own breath still foment the fire,
Which flames as high as fancy can aspire !

This last complaint the indulgent ears did pierce
Of just Apollo, president of verse ;
Highly concerned that the Muse should bring
Damage to one whom he had taught to sing,
Thus he advised me : “ On yon aged tree
Hang up thy lute, and hie thee to the sea,
That there with wonders thy diverted mind
Some truce, at least, may with this passion find.”
Ah, cruel nymph ! from whom her humble swain
Flies for relief unto the raging main,
And from the winds and tempests does expect
A milder fate than from her cold neglect !
Yet there he'll pray that the unkind may prove
Blest in her choice ; and vows this endless love
Springs from no hope of what she can confer,
But from those gifts which Heaven has heaped on her.

EDMUND WALLER.

FOR A TABLET AT PENSHURST.

ARE days of old familiar to thy mind,
O Reader ? Hast thou let the midnight hour
Pass unperceived, whilst thou in fancy lived
With high-born beauties and enamoured chiefs,
Sharing their hopes, and, with a breathless joy
Whose expectation touched the verge of pain,
Following their dangerous fortunes ? If such lore
Hath ever thrilled thy bosom, thou wilt tread
As with a pilgrim's reverential thoughts
The groves of Penshurst. Sidney here was born,—
Sidney, than whom no gentler, braver man
His own delightful genius ever feigned,
Illustrating the vales of Arcady
With courteous courage and with loyal loves.
Upon his natal day an acorn here
Was planted ; it grew up a stately oak,
And in the beauty of its strength it stood

And flourished, when his perishable part
 Had mouldered dust to dust. That stately oak
 Itself hath mouldered now, but Sidney's fame
 Endureth in his own immortal works.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

SONNET.

WRITTEN AT PENSHURST IN AUTUMN 1788.

YE towers sublime, deserted now and drear,
 Ye woods deep sighing to the hollow blast,
 The musing wanderer loves to linger near,
 While history points to all your glorious past ;
 And, startling from their haunts the timid deer,
 To trace the walks obscured by matted fern
 Which Waller's soothing lyre were wont to hear,
 But where now clamours the discordant horn !
 The spoiling hand of time may overturn
 These lofty battlements, and quite deface
 The fading canvas whence we love to learn
 Sidney's keen look and Sacharissa's grace ;
 But fame and beauty still defy decay,
 Saved by the historic page, the poet's tender lay !

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

PENSHURST.

GENIUS of Penshurst old !
 Who saw'st the birth of each immortal oak,
 Here sacred from the stroke ;
 And all thy tenants of yon turrets bold
 Inspir'd to arts or arms ;
 Where Sidney his Arcadian landscape drew,
 Genuine from thy Doric view ;
 And patriot Algernon unshaken rose
 Above insulting foes ;
 And Sacharissa nursed her angel charms.

O, suffer me with sober tread
 To enter on thy holy shade ;
 Bid smoothly gliding Medway stand,
 And wave his sedgy tresses bland,
 A stranger let him kindly greet,
 And pour his urn beneath my feet.

* * * *

But come, the minutes flit away,
 And eager Fancy longs to stray :
 Come, friendly Genius ! lead me round
 Thy sylvan haunts and magic ground ;
 Point every spot of hill or dale,
 And tell me, as we tread the vale,
 “ Here mighty Dudley once would rove,
 To plan his triumphs in the grove :
 There looser Waller, ever gay,
 With Sachariss in dalliance lay ;
 And Philip, sidelong yonder spring,
 His lavish carols wont to sing.”
 Hark ! I hear the echoes call,
 Hark ! the rushing waters fall ;
 Lead me to the green retreats,
 Guide me to the Muses’ seats,
 Where ancient bards retirement choose,
 Or ancient lovers wept their woes.
 What Genius points to yonder oak ?
 What rapture does my soul provoke ?
 There let me hang a garland high,
 There let my Muse her accents try ;
 Be there my earliest homage paid,
 Be there my latest vigils made :
 For thou wast planted in the earth
 The day that shone on Sidney’s birth.

* * * *

Meanwhile attention loves to mark
 The deer that crop the shaven park,
 The steep-browed hill, or forest wild,
 The sloping lawns and zephyrs mild,

The clouds that blush with evening red,
 Or meads with silver fountains fed,
 The fragrance of the new-mown hay,
 And blackbird chanting on the spray ;
 The calm farewell of parting light,
 And evening saddening into night.

FRANCIS COVENTRY.

Pentridge.

PENTRIDGE BY THE RIVER.

DIALECT OF DORSET.

PENTRIDGE !—oh ! my heart's a-swellen
 Vull wi' jay to hear ye tellen

Any news o' thik wold pleace,
 An' the boughy hedges round it,
 An' the river that do bound it

Wi' his dark but glisnen feace.
 Vor there's noo land, on either hand,
 To me lik' Pentridge by the river.

Be there any leaves to quiver
 On our aspen by the river ?

Doo er sheade the water still,
 Where the rushes be a-grownen,
 Where the sullen Stour's a-flowen

Droo the meads vrom mill to mill ?
 Vor if a tree wer' dear to me,
 Oh ! 'twer' thik aspen by the river.

There, in eegrass newly shooten,
 I did run on even vooten,

Happy, awver new-mown land ;
 Or did zing wi' zingen drushes
 While I plaited, out o' rushes,
 Little baskets vor my hand ;

That, white upon the air, like a soul freed
Upward to God, climbs fearlessly alone ;
There is no need to listen for the bell
To overflow with music,—when hearts beat
As fast and full with aspirations sweet,
Doth any sweetest music sweeter story tell ?

This is God's house ; here prayers arise and praise,
And music, from its cloistered home below,
Flames in victorious symphonies, that glow
In golden strength among the windows' rays,
To claim the regal thoughts that shine enthroned
Magnificent among the lily wings
Of angels, or the purple robes of kings,
Or the sad eyes of saints by a wild world disowned.

All things the windows hold,—there is no lack
Of form or colour, or divine idea ;
And music from their contact wanders back
A thing more wondrous and more sweet to hear,
And peals its benediction to and fro,
Largesse and largesse crying as it goes,
Till even the humblest churchyard flower knows
Something of God and dreams of all that's left to know.

Here with the dreaming flowers at our feet
The soul that grieves the most might rest from grief,
Might think because of them that life is sweet,
Perforce believe, for their sake, in belief !
I would I knew, O thou divinest night,
And thou, white-browed cathedral, if the soul
May grow, as you are, calm and beautiful
By living always, as you do, with heaven in sight !

CORA KENNEDY AITKEN.

Pevensey.

PEVENSEY.

FALLEN PILE ! I ask not what has been thy fate,
 But when the weak winds, wafted from the main,
 Through each lone arch, like spirits that complain,
 Come hollow to my ear, I meditate
 On this world's passing pageant, and the lot
 Of those who once might proudly, in their prime,
 Have stood with giant port, till, bowed by time
 Or injury, their ancient boast forgot,
 They might have sunk like thee ; though thus forlorn
 They lift their heads with venerable hairs
 Bespent, majestic yet, and as in scorn
 Of mortal vanities and short-lived cares ;
 Even so dost thou, lifting thy forehead gray,
 Smile at the tempest and Time's sweeping sway !

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

Playford.

PLAYFORD.

A DESCRIPTIVE FRAGMENT.

HAST thou a heart to prove the power
 Of a landscape lovely, soft, and serene ?
 Go, when its fragrance hath left the flower,
 When the leaf is no longer glossy and green ;
 When the clouds are careering across the sky,
 And the rising winds tell the tempest nigh,
 Though the slanting sunbeams are lingering still
 On the tower's gray top and the side of the hill :
 Then go to the village of Playford, and see
 If it be not a lovely spot ;
 And if nature can boast of charms for thee,
 Thou wilt love it, and leave it not,

Till the shower shall warn thee no longer to roam,
And then thou wilt carry its picture home,
To feed thy fancy when far away,
A source of delight for a future day.
Its sloping green is verdant and fair,
 And between its tufts of trees
Are white cottages, peeping here and there,
 The pilgrim's eye to please :
A white farm-house may be seen on its brow,
And its gray old hall in the valley below,
 By a moat encircled round ;
And from the left verge of its hill you may hear,
If you chance on a Sabbath to wander near,
 A Sabbath-breathing sound :
'Tis the sound of the bell which is slowly ringing
 In that tower, which lifts its turrets above
The wood-fringed bank, where birds are singing,
And from spray to spray are fearlessly springing,
 As if in a lonely and untrodden grove ;
For the gray church-tower is far overhead ;
 And so deep is the winding lane below,
They hear not the sound of the traveller's tread,
 If a traveller there should chance to go.
But few pass there, for most who come
At the bell's last summons have left their home,
 That bell which is tolling so slow.
And grassy and green may the path be seen
 To the village church that leads ;
For its glossy hue is as verdant to view
 As you see it in lowly meads.
And he who the ascending pathway scales,
By the gate above and the mossy pales,
 Will find the trunk of a leafless tree,
 All bleak and barren and bare ;
Yet it keeps its station, and seems to be
 Like a silent monitor there :
Though wasted and worn, it smiles in the ray
Of the bright warm sun, on a sunny day ;

And more than once I have seen
The moonbeams sleep on its barkless trunk
As calmly and softly as ever they sunk

On its leaves, when its leaves were green :
And it seemed to rejoice in their light the while,
Reminding my heart of the patient smile
Resignation can wear in the hour of grief,
When it finds in religion a source of relief,
And, stript of delights which earth had given,
Still shines in the beauty it borrows from heaven !

But the bell hath ceased to ring,
And the birds no longer sing,
And the grasshopper's carol is heard no more ;
Yet sounds of praise and prayer
The wandering breezes bear,
Like the murmur of waves on the ocean shore.
All else is still ! but silence can be

More eloquent far than speech !
And the valley below, and that tower and tree
Through the eye to the heart can reach.
Could the sage's creed, the historian's tale,
Utter language like that of yon silent vale,
As it basks in the beams of the Sabbath-day,
And rejoices in nature's reviving ray ;
While its outstretched meadows and autumn-tinged
trees

Seem enjoying the sun and inhaling the breeze ?
And hath not that church a lovely look
In the page of this landscape's open book ?
Like a capital letter which catches the eye
Of the reader, and says a new chapter is nigh ;
So its tower, by which the horizon is broken,
Of prayer and of praise a beautiful token,
Lifts up its head, and silently tells
Of a world hereafter, where happiness dwells.
While that scathed tree seems a link between

The dead and the living ! 'Tis barren and bare,
But the grass below it is fresh and green,

Though its roots can find no moisture there :
 Yet still on its birthplace it loves to linger,
 And evermore points with its silent finger
 To the clouds, and the sun, and the sky so fair.

* * * * *

BERNARD BARTON.

Plumpton.

PLUMPTON.

WHO would not here become a hermit ? here
 Grow old in song ? here die, on Nature's breast,
 Hushed, like yon wild bird on the lake, to rest ?
 Then laid asleep beneath the branches sere,
 Till the Awakener in the east appear,
 And call the dead to judgment ? Quietness,
 Methinks the heart-whole rustic loves thee less
 Than the town's thought-worn smiler. O, most dear
 Art thou to him who flies from care to bowers
 That breathe of sainted calmness ! and to me
 More welcome than the breath of hawthorn flowers
 To children of the city, when delight
 Leads them from smoke to cowslips, is the sight
 Of these green shades, those rocks, this little sea.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

Plymouth.

PLYMOUTH.

CORINEUS AND GOGMAGOG.

ALL doubtful to which part the victory would go
 Upon that lofty place at Plymouth called the Hoe,
 Those mighty wrestlers met ; with many an ireful look
 Who threatened, as the one hold of the other took :

But, grappled, glowing fire shines in their sparkling eyes.
 And whilst at length of arm one from the other lies,
 Their lusty sinews swell like cables, as they strive :
 Their feet such trampling make, as though they forced to
 drive

A thunder out of earth, which staggered with the weight :
 Thus either's utmost force urged to the greatest height,
 Whilst one upon his hip the other seeks to lift,
 And the adverse (by a turn) doth from his cunning shift,
 Their short-fetched troubled breath a hollow noise doth
 make

Like bellows of a forge. Then Corin up doth take
 The giant 'twixt the grains ; and voiding of his hold
 (Before his cumbrous feet he well recover could)
 Pitched headlong from the hill ; as when a man doth
 throw

An axtree, that with slight delivered from the toe
 Roots up the yielding earth ; so that his violent fall
 Strook Neptune with such strength, as shouldered him
 withal ;

That where the monstrous waves like mountains late did
 stand,

They leaped out of the place, and left the bared sand
 To gaze upon wide Heaven : so great a blow it gave.
 For which the conquering brute on Corineus brave
 This horn of land bestowed, and marked it with his
 name ;

Of Corin, Cornwall called, to his immortal fame.

* * * * *

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

'THE SPANISH ARMADA.

ATTEND all ye who list to hear
 Our noble England's praise !
 I tell of the thrice famous deeds
 She wrought in ancient days,

When that great fleet invincible
Against her bore in vain
The richest spoils of Mexico,
The stoutest hearts of Spain.

It was about the lovely close
Of a warm summer day,
There came a gallant merchant-ship
Full sail to Plymouth Bay ;
Her crew had seen Castile's black fleet
Beyond Aurigny's Isle,
At earliest twilight on the waves
Lie heaving many a mile ;
At sunrise she escaped their van,
By God's especial grace ;
And the tall Pinta, till the moon,
Had held her close in chase.
Forthwith, a guard at every gun
Was placed along the wall ;
The beacon blazed upon the roof
Of Edgecombe's lofty hall,
And many a fishing-bark put out
To pry along the coast,
And with loose rein and bloody spur
Rode inland many a post.

With his white hair unbonneted
The stout old sheriff comes ;
Behind him march the halberdiers,
Before him sound the drums.
His yeomen round the market-cross
Make clear an ample space,
For there behoves him to set up
The standard of her grace.
And haughtily the trumpets peal,
And gaily dance the bells,
As slow upon the labouring wind
The royal blazon swells.

Look how the lion of the seas
Lifts up his ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw
Treads the gay lilies down !

So stalked he when he turned to flight,
On that famed Picard field,
Bohemia's plume, Genoa's bow,
And Cæsar's eagle shield ;
So glared he when at Agincourt
In wrath he turned to bay,
And crushed and torn beneath his claws
The princely hunters lay.
Ho ! strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knight,
Ho ! scatter flowers, fair maids,
Ho ! gunners, fire a loud salute,
Ho ! gallants draw your blades ;
Thou sun, shine on her joyously ;
Ye breezes, waft her wide ;
Our glorious *Semper eadem*,—
The banner of our pride !

The freshening breeze of eve unfurled
That banner's massy fold,—
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed
That haughty scroll of gold ;
Night sank upon the dusky beach,
And on the purple sea,—
Such night in England ne'er had been,
Nor e'er again shall be.
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds,
From Lynn to Milford Bay,
That time of slumber was as bright
And busy as the day ;
For swift to east and swift to west
The warning radiance spread ;
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone,
It shone on Beachy Head.

Far on the deep the Spaniard saw,
 Along each southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range,
 Those twinkling points of fire ;
The fisher left his skiff to rock
 On Tamar's glittering waves,
The rugged miners poured to war
 From Mendip's sunless caves.
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks
 The fiery herald flew ;
He roused the shepherds of Stonchenge,
 The rangers of Beaulieu.

Right sharp and quick the bells all night
 Rang out from Bristol town,
And ere the day three hundred horse
 Had met on Clifton down ;
The sentinel on Whitehall Gate
 Looked forth into the night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill
 The streak of blood-red light.
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar
 The death-like silence broke,
And with one start and with one cry
 The royal city woke.
At once on all her stately gates
 Arose the answering fires ;
At once the wild alarum clashed
 From all her reeling spires ;
From all the batteries of the Tower
 Pealed loud the voice of fear ;
And all the thousand masts of Thames
 Sent back a louder cheer ;
And from the farthest wards was heard
 The rush of hurrying feet,
And the broad streams of flags and pikes
 Dashed down each roaring street ;

And broader still became the blaze,
And louder still the din,
As fast from every village round
The horse came spurring in ;
And eastward straight, from wild Blackheath,
The warlike errand went,
And roused in many an ancient hall,
The gallant squires of Kent.
Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills
Flew those bright couriers forth ;
High on bleak Hempstead's swarthy moor
They started for the north ;
And on and on without a pause,
Untired they bounded still ;
All night from tower to tower they sprang—
They sprang from hill to hill,
Till the proud Peak unfurled the flag
O'er Darwin's rocky dales,—
Till like volcanoes flared to heaven
The stormy hills of Wales,—
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze
On Malvern's lonely height,
Till streamed in crimson on the wind
The Wrekin's crest of light,—
Till broad and fierce the star came forth
On Ely's stately fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms
O'er all the boundless plain,—
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces
The sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on
O'er the wide vale of Trent,—
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned
On Gaunt's embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused
The burghers of Carlisle !

LORD MACAULAY.

Pontefract (Pomfret).

KING RICHARD IN THE DUNGEON OF POMFRET
CASTLE.

I HAVE been studying how to compare
 This prison, where I live, unto the world ;
 And, for because the world is populous,
 And here is not a creature but myself,
 I cannot do it.—Yet I'll hammer it out.
 My brain I'll prove the female to my soul ;
 My soul, the father : and these two beget
 A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
 And these same thoughts people this little world
 In humours, like the people of this world,
 For no thought is contented. The better sort—
 As thoughts of things divine—are intermixed
 With scruples, and do set the Word itself
 Against the Word : as thus, *Come little ones* ; then
 again,

*It is as hard to come, as for a camel
 To thread the postern of a small needle's eye.*
 Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
 Unlikely wonders : how these vain weak nails
 May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
 Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls ;
 And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
 Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves
 That they are not the first of Fortune's slaves,
 Nor shall not be the last ; like silly beggars,
 Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame
 That many have, and others must sit there :
 And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
 Bearing their own misfortune on the back
 Of such as have before endured the like.
 Thus play I, in one person, many people,
 And none contented. Sometimes am I king ;

Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am. Then crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king ;
Then am I kinged again : and, by and by,
Think that I am unkinged by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing. But, whate'er I am,
Nor I, nor any man that but man is,¹
With nothing shall be pleased till he be eased
With being nothing.—Music do I hear ?
Ha, ha ! keep time.—How sour sweet music is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept !
So is it in the music of men's lives.
And here have I the daintiness of ear
To check time broke in a disordered string ;
But, for the concord of my state and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now doth Time waste me ;
For now hath Time made me his numbering clock.
My thoughts are minutes ; and, with sighs, they jar
Their motions unto mine eyes, the outward watch,
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
Now, sir, the sound that tells what hour it is
Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart.
Which is the bell : so sighs, and tears, and groans,
Show minutes, times, and hours ; but my time
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, his Jack-o'-the-clock.
This music mads me, let it sound no more ;
For, though it have help madmen to their wits,
In me, it seems, it will make wise men mad.
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me !
For 'tis a sign of love ; and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

RICHARD THE SECOND.

THE MORNING BEFORE HIS MURDER IN POMFRET
CASTLE.

WHETHER the soul receives intelligence,
By her near genius, of the body's end,
And so imparts a sadness to the sense,
Foregoing ruin whereto it doth tend ;
Or whether nature else hath conference
With profound sleep, and so doth warning send,
By prophetising dreams, what hurt is near,
And gives the heavy careful heart to fear :

However, so it is, the now sad king,
Tossed here and there his quiet to confound,
Feels a strange weight of sorrows gathering
Upon his trembling heart, and sees no ground ;
Feels sudden terror bring cold shivering ;
Lists not to eat, still muses, sleeps unsound ;
His senses droop, his steady eyes unquick,
And much he ails, and yet he is not sick.

The morning of that day which was his last,
After a weary rest, rising to pain,
Out at a little grate his eyes he cast
Upon those bordering hills and open plain,
Where others' liberty make him complain
The more his own, and grieves his soul the more,
Conferring captive crowns with freedom poor.

O happy man, saith he, that lo ! I see,
Grazing his cattle in those pleasant fields,
If he but knew his good. How blessed he
That feels not what affliction greatness yields !
Other than what he is he would not be,
Nor change his state with him that sceptre wields.
Thine, thine is that true life : that is to live,
To rest secure, and not rise up to grieve.

Thou sitt'st at home safe by thy quiet fire,
 And hear'st of others' harms, but fearest none :
 And there thou tell'st of kings, and who aspire,
 Who fall, who rise, who triumph, who do moan.
 Perhaps thou talk'st of me, and dost inquire
 Of my restraint, why here I live alone,
 And pitiest this my miserable fall ;
 For pity must have part,—envy not all.

Thrice happy you that look as from the shore,
 And have no venture in the wreck you see ;
 No interest, no occasion to deplore
 Other men's travels, while yourselves sit free.
 How much doth your sweet rest make us the more
 To see our misery and what we be :
 Whose blinded greatness, ever in turmoil,
 Still seeking happy life, makes life a toil.

SAMUEL DANIEL.

Porlock.

PORLOCK.

PORLOCK ! thy verdant vale so fair to sight,
 Thy lofty hills which fern and furze imbrown,
 The waters that roll musically down
 Thy woody glens, the traveller with delight
 Recalls to memory, and the channel gray
 Circling its surges in thy level bay.
 Porlock ! I also shall forget thee not,
 Here by the unwelcome summer rain confined ;
 But often shall hereafter call to mind
 How here, a patient prisoner, 't was my lot
 To wear the lonely, lingering close of day,
 Making my sonnet by the alehouse fire,
 Whilst Idleness and Solitude inspire
 Dull rhymes to pass the duller hours away.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF E. S.

WRITTEN AT WORTHY FARM, NEAR PORLOCK,
SOMERSET.

THIS side the brow of yon sea-bounding hill
There is an alley overarched with green,
Where thick-grown briers entwine themselves at will ;
There, twinkling through the under-flowers, is seen
The ever-shaking ocean far below ;
And on the upper side, a rocky wall
Where deepest mosses and lithe ivies grow,
And honeysuckle-blooms in clusters fall.
There walked I when I last remembered thee ;
And all too joyfully came o'er my mind
Moments of pleasure by the southern sea,
By our young lives two summers left behind ;
Ah, sad-sweet memory,—for that very day
The gloom came on which may not pass away.

HENRY ALFORD.

Preston.

FILIAL PIETY.

ON THE WAYSIDE BETWEEN PRESTON AND LIVERPOOL.

UNTOUCHED through all severity of cold ;
Inviolatè, whate'er the cottage hearth
Might need for comfort or for festal mirth ;
That pile of turf is half a century old :
Yes, traveller ! fifty winters have been told
Since suddenly the dart of death went forth
'Gainst him who raised it,—his last work on earth :
Thence has it, with the son, so strong a hold
Upon his father's memory, that his hands,
Through reverence, touch it only to repair

Its waste. Though crumbling with each breath of air,
In annual renovation thus it stands,—
Rude mausoleum ! but wrens nestle there,
And redbreasts warble when sweet sounds are rare.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

PRESTON MILLS.

THE day was fair, the cannon roared,
Cold blew the bracing north,
And Preston's Mills, by thousands, poured
Their little captives forth.

All in their best they paced the street,
All glad that they were free ;
And sung a song with voices sweet,—
They sung of Liberty !

But from their lips the rose had fled,
Like "death-in-life" they smiled ;
And still, as each passed by, I said,
Alas ! is that a child ?

Flags waved, and men—a ghastly crew—
Marched with them side by side :
While hand in hand, and two by two,
They moved,—a living tide.

Thousands and thousands,—all so white !—
With eyes so glazed and dull !
O God ! it was indeed a sight
Too sadly beautiful !

And O, the pang their voices gave
Refuses to depart !
This is a wailing for the grave,
I whispered to my heart !

It was as if, where roses blushed,
A sudden blasting gale

O'er fields of bloom had rudely rushed,
And turned the roses pale.

It was as if in glen and grove
The wild birds sadly sung ;
And every linnet mourned its love,
And every thrush its young.

It was as if in dungeon gloom,
Where chained despair reclined,
A sound came from the living tomb,
And hymned the passing wind.

And while they sang, and though they smiled,
My soul groaned heavily,—
O, who would be or have a child ?
A mother who would be ?

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

Ramsgate.

TO THE REV. MR. NEWTON
ON HIS RETURN FROM RAMSGATE.

THAT ocean you have late surveyed,
Those rocks I too have seen ;
But I afflicted and dismayed,
You tranquil and serene.

You from the flood-controlling steep
Saw stretched before your view,
With conscious joy, the threatening deep
No longer such to you.

To me the waves that ceaseless broke
Upon the dangerous coast
Hoarsely and ominously spoke
Of all my treasure lost.

Your sea of troubles you have past,
And found the peaceful shore ;
I, tempest-tossed, and wrecked at last,
Come home to port no more.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Ravensworth.

ALLEN-A-DALE.

ALLEN-A-DALE has no fagot for burning,
Allen-a Dale has no furrow for turning,
Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinning,
Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the winning.
Come read me my riddle ! come hearken my tale !
And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-Dale.

The Baron of Ravensworth prances in pride,
And he views his domains upon Arkindale side.
The mere for his net, and the land for his game,
The chase for the wild, and the park for the tame ;
Yet the fish of the lake, and the deer of the vale,
Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allen-a-Dale.

Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a knight,
Though his spur be as sharp, and his blade be as bright ;
Allen-a-Dale is no baron or lord,
Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his word ;
And the best of our nobles his bonnet will veil,
Who at Rere-cross on Stanmore meets Allen-a-Dale.

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing is come ;
The mother, she asked of his household and home :
" Though the castle of Richmond stand fair on the hill,
My hall," quoth bold Allen, " shows gallanter still ;
'Tis the blue vault of heaven, with its crescent so pale,
And with all its bright spangles !" said Allen-a-Dale.

The father was steel, and the mother was stone ;
 They lifted the latch, and they bade him be gone ;
 But loud, on the morrow, their wail and their cry :
 He had laughed on the lass with his bonny black eye,
 And she fled to the forest to hear a love-tale,
 And the youth it was told by was Allen-a-Dale !

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Reading.

I.

THE FORBURY, AT READING, VISITED ON A MISTY
 EVENING IN AUTUMN.

SOFT uplands, that in boyhood's earliest days
 Seemed mountain-like and distant, fain once more
 Would I behold you ! but the autumn hoar
 Hath veiled your pensive groves in evening haze ;
 Yet must I wait till on my searching gaze
 Your outline lives,—more dear than if ye wore
 An April sunset's consecrating rays,—
 For even thus the images of yore
 Which ye awaken glide from misty years
 Dream-like and solemn, and but half unfold
 Their tale of glorious hopes, religious fears,
 And visionary schemes of giant mould ;
 Whose dimmest trace the world-worn heart reveres,
 And, with love's grasping weakness, strives to hold.

II.

ON HEARING THE SHOUTS OF THE PEOPLE AT THE
 READING ELECTION, IN THE SUMMER OF 1826,
 AT A DISTANCE.

HARK ! from the distant town the long acclaim
 On the charmed silence of the evening breaks

With startling interruption ; yet it wakes
 Thought of that voice of never-dying fame
 Which on my boyish meditation came
 Here, at an hour like this ;—my soul partakes
 A moment's gloom, that yon fierce contest slakes
 Its thirst of high emprise and glorious aim :
 Yet wherefore ? Feelings that from Heaven are shed
 Into these tenements of flesh ally
 Themselves to earthly passions, lest, unfed
 By warmth of human sympathies, they die ;
 And shall—earth's fondest aspirations dead—
 Fulfil their first and noblest prophecy.

III.

VIEW OF THE VALLEY OF READING, FROM TILEHURST,
 AT THE CLOSE OF THE SAME ELECTION.

Too long have I regarded thee, fair vale,
 But as a scene of struggle which denies
 All pensive joy ; and now with childhood's eyes
 In old tranquillity, I bid thee hail ;
 And welcome to my soul thy own sweet gale,
 Which wakes from loveliest woods the melodies
 Of long-lost fancy. Never may there fail
 Within thy circlet spirits born to rise
 In honour,—whether won by Freedom rude
 In her old Spartan majesty, or wrought
 With partial, yet no base regard, to brood
 O'er usages by time with sweetness fraught ;
 Be thou their glory-tinted solitude,
 The cradle and the home of generous thought !

THOMAS NOON TALFOURD.

Repton.

REPTON.

FROM yon dark-tufted hill yet clothed in shade,
Which, like a giant helm with its black plumes,
Frowns o'er the velvet seat of its repose,
We may behold, in many a shining bend,
The silver Trent, slow wandering on and on,
Till it is lost amid the far-off vales,
Still robed in fleecy shadows of dim purple.

* * * * *

Now gaze around you,—lo ! what scenes of beauty
Spread their gay flood of transport on the eye,
And from the eye spring rapturous to the heart !
Cold, deadly cold, must be that dark-hued spirit
That burns not with delight at Nature's charms,
With grace luxuriant fraught, and softest bliss,—
Thus decked with smiles of passionate tenderness,
As if appealing to his heart's best love !

There is the village-church, serenely seated
Amidst its shadowy elms,—its lofty spire
Tapering majestic 'mid the azure skies.
Now doth a snowy cloud of gorgeous lustre
Throw its dark outline clearly on the eye ;
And we may trace the starling's wheeling flight
Round each small ventage of that slender steeple.
Near it, still shadowed in deep foliage,
A mingled grove of elms and limes and chestnuts,
The antique Priory Hall, with its gray chimneys,
Telling of other days, rears its broad pile,
Reflected in the sleeping lake below.

* * * * *

Seest thou beyond, amid that azure range
Of low-browed hills receding to the west,
The crumbling towers of ancient Tutbury,
Once the stern prison of the Scottish Queen !

Around, for many a mile, the forest-shades
Of royal Needwood spread their dusky pomp ;
Now, like that hoary ruin, stript and bare,
Yet smiling with their majesty of yore,
As in contempt of Time's oppressive hate !

Nor miss those nearer towers, of kindred grace,
Soft-rising o'er yon green hill's wooded crest ;
Reared by a hand that grouped, with skilful aim,
The frowning shadows of the feudal past
With the gay sunbeams of more modern art :
Fair, pastoral Newton,—Trent's embosomed pride !
Abode of hospitality and worth !
Still shall the hours of unreturning mirth
Oft shared, of old, amid thy festive bowers,
Live, brightly registered on Memory's page !
Now gaze upon those cottage roofs below,
From whose embowered chimneys the blue smoke
Slowly up-curles : the day is now begun ;
The cock's shrill clarion hath at length aroused
Man to his varied task of customed labour.
It is a scene of soft, sequestered beauty ;
Gently our eye descends a sunny slope
Of brightest verdure, bounded by rich meads
Through which a silvery trout-stream rippling winds ;
The hedge-rows garnished with tall, spreading elms,
Whose dark and massive foliage well contrasts
With the light poplars ranged along the brook.
Lo ! many an antique gable courts the eye,
O'erspread with vines ; and many a cloistered nook
Of sweetest shade. No habitation there
But hath its well-stored orchard, or fair croft,
Descending, in its quiet solitude,
To the clear rill that murmurs at its feet.
The hill beyond, which crowns this fairy vision,
Is one wide range of sylvan loveliness,—
Groves, orchards, mingling in confused delight !

ROBERT BIGSBY.

Restormel Castle.

RUINS OF RESTORMEL.

DAY wanes apace, and yet the sun
Looks as if he had now begun
His course, returning from the west ;
O'er Mawgan flames his golden crest,
Roughtor's dark brow is helmed with fire,
And the bluff headlands of Pentire
Like shields embossed with silver glow.
Glistening and murmuring as they flow,
Camel and Fowey seek different shores ;
And north and south the eye explores
Two spreading seas of purple sheen,
That blend with heaven's own depths serene.
Inland, from crag and bosky height
Hoar turrets spring like shafts of light,
While in the dales the deepening shades
Extend, and reach the forest glades.

Descending from the breezy down,
I turn from Bodmin's ancient town
And skirt the banks of Fowey's clear stream,
And through the osiers see the gleam
Of scales would please old Walton's eye,
Did he with baited line pass by.
From the fair, hospitable roof
Which Vivian reared I keep aloof,
And pass, though few to leave would choose,
Lanhydrock's stately avenues.
At last, as if some mystic power
Had in the greenwood built his tower,
Restormel to the gaze presents
Its range of lofty battlements :
One part in crypt-like gloom, the rest
Lit up as for a royal guest,

And crimson banners in the sky
Seem from the parapets to fly.
Where tapers gleamed at close of day
The sunset sheds its transient ray,
And carols the belated bird
Where once the vesper hymn was heard.

Slowly the sylvan mount I climb,
Like bard who toils at some tall rhyme ;
And now I reach the moat's broad marge,
And at each pace more fair and large
The antique pile grows on my sight,
Though sullen Time's resistless might,
Stronger than storms or bolts of Heaven,
Through wall and buttress rents has riven ;
And wider gaps had here been seen
But for the ivy's buckler green,
With stems like stalwart arms sustained :
Here else had little now remained
But heaps of stone, or mounds o'ergrown
With nettles, or with hemlock sown.

Under the mouldering gate I pass,
And, as upon the thick, rank grass
With muffled sound my footstep falls,
Waking no echo from the walls,
I feel as one who chanced to tread
The solemn precincts of the dead.
There stood the ample hall, and here
The chapel did its altar rear ;
All round the spacious chambers rose,
Now swept by every wind that blows.
By those stone stairs, abrupt and steep,
You reach the ramparts of the keep,
And thence may view, as I do now,
Through opening trees or arching bough
The distant town, its bridge and spire,
And hostel, which some most admire ;

The valley with its sparkling wreath
 Of ripples ; the empurpled heath
 Of downs o'er which the lark still trills ;
 The dusky underwoods ; the hills,
 Some plumed with lofty nodding trees,
 And fringed with rich embroideries
 Of clover, corn, or woodland flowers,
 Some decked with granges, halls, and bowers.
 O, not in all the Western land
 From Morwenstowe to Kynance strand,
 Can lovelier prospect charm the eye,
 Yet with each rock-bound coast so nigh
 That you can hear the billows roar,
 And see the birds of ocean soar.

* * * * *

HENRY SEWELL STOKES.

Richmond, Surrey.

RICHMOND.

SAY, shall we wind
 Along the streams ? or walk the smiling mead ?
 Or court the forest glades ? or wander wild
 Among the waving harvests ? or ascend,
 While radiant Summer opens all its pride,
 Thy hill, delightful Shene ?¹ Here let us sweep
 The boundless landscape : now the raptured eye,
 Exulting swift to huge Augusta send,
 Now to the Sister Hills that skirt her plain,
 To lofty Harrow now, and now to where
 Majestic Windsor lifts his princely brow.
 In lovely contrast to this glorious view
 Calmly magnificent, then will we turn
 To where the silver Thames first rural grows.

¹ Ancient name of Richmond.

There let the feasted eye unwearied stray :
 Luxurious, there, rove through the pendent woods
 That nodding hang o'er Harrington's retreat ;
 And, stopping thence to Ham's embowering walks,
 Beneath whose shades, in spotless peace retired,
 With her the pleasing partner of his heart,
 The worthy Queensberry yet laments his Gay,
 And polished Cornbury wooes the willing Muse,
 Slow let us trace the matchless vale of Thames ;
 Fair winding up to where the Muses haunt
 In Twit'nam's bowers, and for their Pope implore
 The healing God, to royal Hampton's pile,
 To Clermont's terraced height, and Esher's groves,
 Where in the sweetest solitude, embraced
 By the soft windings of the silent Mole,
 From courts and senates Pelham finds repose.
 Enchanting vale ! beyond whate'er the Muse
 Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung !
 O vale of bliss ! O softly swelling hills !
 On which the power of cultivation lies,
 And joys to see the wonders of his toil.

Heavens ! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
 Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
 And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
 The stretching landscape into smoke decays !
 Happy Britannia ! where the Queen of Arts,
 Inspiring vigour, Liberty abroad
 Walks, unconfined, even to thy farthest cots,
 And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.

JAMES THOMSON.

ODE ON THE GRAVE OF THOMSON.

IN yonder grave a Druid lies
 Where slowly winds the stealing wave ;
 The year's best fruits shall duteous rise
 To deck its poet's sylvan grave.

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
 His airy harp shall now be laid,
 That he whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
 May love through life the soothing shade.

Then maids and youths shall linger here,
 And while its sounds at distance swell,
 Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear
 To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
 When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,
 And oft suspend the dashing oar,
 To bid his gentle spirit rest.

And oft, as ease and health retire
 To breezy lawn or forest deep,
 The friend shall view yon whitening spire,
 And 'mid the varied landscape weep.

But thou, who own'st that earthy bed,
 Ah! what will every dirge avail?
 Or tears which love and pity shed,
 That mourn beneath the gliding sail?

Yet lives there one, whose heedless eye
 Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering near?
 With him, sweet bard, may fancy die,
 And joy desert the blooming year.

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide
 No sedge-crowned sisters now attend,
 Now waft me from the green hill's side
 Whose cold turf hides the buried friend!

And see the fairy valleys fade;
 Dun night has veiled the solemn view!
 Yet once again, dear parted shade,
 Meek Nature's child, again adieu!

Thy genial meads, assigned to bless
 Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom ;
 There hinds and shepherd-girls shall dress
 With simple hands thy rural tomb.

Long, long, thy stone and pointed clay
 Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes :
 O vales and wild woods, shall he say,
 In yonder grave a Druid lies !

WILLIAM COLLINS.

RICHMOND.

THAMES swept along in summer pride,
 Sparkling beneath his verdant edge ;
 With frolic kiss, as half denied,
 Light airs were glancing o'er the tide,
 Or whispering in the secret sedge.

Cheerful the landscape's sunny green,
 Yet still, in pensive mood reclined,
 Pondering of things to be, or been,
 I shrank at many a visioned scene
 Of fear, before ; of grief, behind.

The insect tribes, but newly born,
 Were flaunting in the awakening ray ;
 In me they woke no touch of scorn ;
 I saw them frail, but more to mourn
 The kindred doom of man's decay.

For here, of old, his booty won,
 The Dane caroused in barbarous glee,
 Or Roman veteran, toil-fordone,
 Lay stretched beneath the westering sun,
 In dreams of pleasant Italy.

Or floating by, in gallant show,
 Gay beauty glanced at monarch's jest,

Nor marked where, high above the prow,
 'Mid mirth and wine, and music's flow,
 Sat Change,—a dark and threatening guest.

Their mirth is sped ; their gravest theme
 Sleeps with the things that cease to be ;
 Their longest life, a morning gleam ;
 A bubble bursting on the stream,
 Then swept to Time's unfathomed sea.

Yes ! all, beneath or change or chance,
 And passing, like the passing river,
 The wassail shout, the dreamer's trance,
 And monarch's jest, and beauty's glance,
 Were human all, and gone forever !

JOHN KENYON.

REMEMBRANCE OF COLLINS.

COMPOSED UPON THE THAMES, NEAR RICHMOND.

GLIDE gently, thus forever glide,
 O Thames ! that other bards may see
 As lovely visions by thy side
 As now, fair river ! come to me.
 O, glide, fair stream ! forever so
 Thy quiet soul on all bestowing,
 Till all our minds forever flow
 As thy deep waters now are flowing.

Vain thought !—Yet be as now thou art,
 That in thy waters may be seen
 The image of a poet's heart,
 How bright, how solemn, how serene !
 Such as did once the poet bless,
 Who, murmuring here a later ditty,
 Could find no refuge from distress
 But in the milder grief of pity.

Now let us, as we float along,
 For him suspend the dashing oar ;
 And pray that never child of song
 May know that poet's sorrows more.
 How calm ! how still ! the only sound,
 The dripping of the oar suspended !
 The evening darkness gathers round,
 By virtue's holiest powers attended.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Richmond, Yorkshire.

STANZAS WRITTEN IN THE CHURCHYARD OF RICHMOND, YORKSHIRE.

METHINKS it is good to be here ;
 If thou wilt, let us build,—but for whom ?
 Nor Elias nor Moses appear ;
 But the shadows of eve that encompass with gloom
 The abode of the dead and the place of the tomb.

Shall we build to Ambition ? Ah, no !
 Affrighted, he shrinketh away,—
 For see, they would pin him below
 In a dark narrow cave, and, begirt with cold clay,
 To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey.

To Beauty ? Ah, no ! she forgets
 The charms which she wielded before,
 Nor knows the foul worm that he frets
 The skin that but yesterday fools could adore,
 For the smoothness it held or the tint which it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of Pride,
 The trappings which dizen the proud ?
 Alas ! they are all laid aside,
 And here's neither dress nor adornment allowed,
 Save the long winding-sheet and the fringe of the shroud.

To Riches? Alas, 'tis in vain :
 Who hide in their turns have been hid ;
 The treasures are squandered again ;
 And here in the grave are all metals forbid,
 Save the tinsel that shines on the dark coffin-lid.

To the pleasures which Mirth can afford,
 The revel, the laugh, and the jeer ?
 Ah ! here is a plentiful board !
 But the guests are all mute at their pitiful cheer,
 And none but the worm is a reveller here.

Shall we build to Affection and Love ?
 Ah, no ! They have withered and died,
 Or fled with the spirit above :
 Friends, brothers, and sisters are laid side by side,
 Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.

Unto Sorrow? The dead cannot grieve ;
 Not a sob, not a sigh, meets mine ear,
 Which compassion itself could relieve.
 Ah, sweetly they slumber, nor love, hope, or fear ;
 Peace, peace ! is the watchward,—the only one here.

Unto death, to whom monarchs must bow ?
 Ah, no ! for his empire is known,
 And here there are trophies enow !
 Beneath the cold head and around the dark stone
 Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown.

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,
 And look for the sleepers around us to rise !
 The second to Faith, which insures it fulfilled ;
 And the third to the Lamb of the great sacrifice,
 Who bequeathed us them both when he rose to the skies.

HERBERT KNOWLES.

Ribbledin, the River.

RIBBLEDIN ; OR, THE CHRISTENING.

No name hast thou, lone streamlet
That lovest Rivilin !
Here, if a bard may christen thee,
I'll call thee " Ribbledin ;"
Here, where first murmuring from thine urn,
Thy voice deep joy expresses ;
And down the rock, like music, flows,
The wildness of thy tresses.

Here, while beneath the umbrage
Of Nature's forest bower,
Bridged o'er by many a fallen birch,
And watched by many a flower,
To meet thy cloud-descended love,
All trembling, thou retirest,—
Here will I murmur to thy waves
The sad joy thou inspirest.

Dim world of weeping mosses !
A hundred years ago,
Yon hoary-headed holly tree
Beheld thy streamlet flow :
See how he bends him down to hear
The tune that ceases never !
Old as the rocks, wild stream, he seems,
While thou art young forever.

Wildest and lonest streamlet !
Gray oaks, all lichen'd o'er !
Rush-bristled Isles ! ye ivied trunks
That marry shore to shore !
And thou gnarled dwarf of centuries,
Whose snaked roots twist above me !
O for the tongue or pen of Burns
To tell you how I love ye !

Would that I were a river,
To wander all alone
Through some sweet Eden of the wild,
In music of my own ;
And bathed in bliss, and fed with dew,
Distilled o'er mountains hoary,
Return unto my home in heaven
On wings of joy and glory !

Or that I were the lichen
That in this roofless cave
(The dim geranium's lone boudoir)
Dwells near the shadowed wave,
And hears the breeze-bowed tree-top's sigh
While tears below are flowing,
For all the sad and lovely things
That to the grave are going !

O that I were a primrose,
To bask in sunny air !
Far, far, from all the plagues that make
Town-dwelling men despair !
Then would I watch the building birds,
Where light and shade are moving,
And lovers' whisper, and love's kiss,
Rewards the loved and loving !

Or that I were a skylark,
To soar and sing above,
Filling all hearts with joyful sounds,
And my own soul with love !
Then o'er the mourner and the dead,
And o'er the good man dying,
My song should come like buds and flowers,
When music warbles flying.

O that a wing of splendour,
Like yon wild cloud, were mine !

Yon bounteous cloud, that gets to give,
And borrows to resign !
On that bright wing, to climes of spring
I'd bear all wintry bosoms,
And bid hope smile on weeping thoughts,
Like April on her blossoms ;

Or like the rainbow, laughing
O'er Rivilin and Don,
When misty morning calleth up
Her mountains, one by one,
While glistening down the golden broom,
The gem-like dewdrop raineth,
And round the little rocky isles
The little wave complaineth.

O that the truth of beauty
Were married to my rhyme !
That it might wear a mountain charm
Until the death of Time !
Then, Ribbledin ! would all the best
Of Sorrow's sons and daughters
See truth reflected in my song,
Like beauty on thy waters.

No longer, nameless streamlet,
That marriest Rivilin !
Henceforth lone Nature's devotees
Would call thee " Ribbledin,"
Whenever, listening where thy voice
Its first wild joy expresses,
And down the rocks all wildly flows
The wildness of thy tresses.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

Rivilin, the River.

THE TREE OF RIVILIN.

THE lightning, like an Arab, crossed
The moon's dark path on high,
And wild on Rivilin writhed and tossed
The stars and troubled sky,
Where lone the tree of ages grew,
With branches wide and tall :
Ah ! who, when such a tempest blew,
Could hear his stormy fall ?
But now the skies, the stars are still,
The blue wave sleeps again,
And heath and moss, by rock and rill,
Are whispering in disdain,
That Rivilin's side is desolate,
Her giant in the dust !
Beware, O Power ! for God is great,
O Guilt ! for God is just !
And boast not, Pride ! while millions pine,
That wealth secures thy home :
The storm that shakes all hearths but thine
Is not the storm to come.
The tremor of the stars is pale,
The dead clod quakes with fear,
The worm slinks down o'er hill and vale,
When God in wrath draws near.
But if the Upas will not bend
Beneath the frown of Heaven,
A whisper cometh which shall rend
What thunder hath not riven.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

Rivers of England.

RIVERS OF ENGLAND.

OUR floods' queen, Thames, for ships and swans is
 crowned ;
 And stately Severn for her shore is praised ;
 The crystal Trent for fords and fish renowned,
 And Avon's fame to Albion's cliffs is raised.
 Carlegion-Chester vaunts her holy Dee ;
 York many wonders of her Ouse can tell ;
 The Peak her Dove, whose banks so fertile be,
 And Kent will say her Medway doth excel.
 Cotswold commends her Isis to the Thame ;
 Our northern borders boast of Tweed's fair flood ;
 Our western parts extol their Welly's fame,
 And the old Lea brags of the Danish blood.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

RIVERS OF ENGLAND.

RIVERS arise ; whether thou be the son
 Of utmost Tweed, or Ouse, or gulfy Dun,
 Or Trent, who like some earth-born giant spreads
 His thirty arms along the indented meads,
 Or sullen Mole that runneth underneath,
 Or Severn swift, guilty of maiden's death,
 Or rocky Avon, or of sedgy Lee,
 Or coaly Tine, or ancient hallowed Dee,
 Or Humber land that keeps the Scythian's name,
 Or Medway smooth, or royal towered Thame.

JOHN MILTON.

RIVERS OF ENGLAND.

IN that blest moment from his oozy bed
 Old father Thames advanced his reverend head.

His tresses dropped with dews, and o'er the stream
His shining horns diffused a golden gleam :
Graved on his urn appeared the moon, that guides
His swelling waters and alternate tides ;
The figured streams in waves of silver rolled,
And on their banks Augusta rose in gold.
Around his throne the sea-born brothers stood,
Who swell with tributary urns his flood ;
First the famed authors of his ancient name
The winding Isis and the fruitful Tame :
The Kennet swift, for silver eels renowned ;
The Loddon slow, with verdant alders crowned ;
Cole, whose dark streams his flowery islands lave ;
And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave :
The blue, transparent Vandalis appears ;
The gulfy Lee his sedgy tresses rears ;
And sullen Mole, that hides his diving flood ;
And silent Darent, stained with Danish blood.

ALEXANDER POPE.

RIVERS OF ENGLAND.

No common pleasure warms the generous mind,
When it beholds the labours of the loom ;
How widely round the globe they are dispersed,
From little tenements by wood or croft,
Through many a slender path, how sedulous,
As rills to rivers broad, they speed their way
To public roads, to Fosse, or Watling Street,
Or Armine, ancient works ; and thence explore,
Through every navigable wave, the sea
That laps the green earth round : through Tyne, and
Tees,
Through Weare, and Lune, and merchandising Hull,
And Swale, and Aire, whose crystal waves reflect
The various colours of the tinctured web ;
Through Ken, swift rolling down his rocky dale,

Like giddy youth impetuous, then at Wick
 Curbing his train, and, with the sober pace
 Of cautious eld, meandering to the deep ;
 Through Dart, and sullen Exe, whose murmuring wave
 Envy the Dune and Rother, who have won
 The serge and kersie to their blanching streams.

JOHN DYER.

RIVERS OF ENGLAND.

FIVE rivers, like the fingers of a hand,
 Flung from black mountains, mingle, and are one
 Where sweetest valleys quit the wild and grand,
 And eldest forests, o'er the silvan Don,
 Bid their immortal brother journey on,
 A stately pilgrim, watched by all the hills.
 Say, shall we wander where, through warriors' graves,
 The infant Yewden, mountain-cradled, trills
 Her Doric notes ? Or where the Locksley raves
 Of broil and battle, and the rocks and caves
 Dream yet of ancient days ? Or where the sky
 Darkens o'er Rivilin, the clear and cold,
 That throws his blue length, like a snake, from high ?
 Or where deep azure brightens into gold
 O'er Sheaf, that mourns in Eden ? Or where rolled
 On tawny sands, through regions passion-wild,
 And groves of love, in jealous beauty dark,
 Complains the Porter, Nature's thwarted child,
 Born, in the waste, like headlong Wiming ? Hark !
 The poised hawk calls thee, Village Patriarch !
 He calls thee to his mountains ! Up, away !
 Up, up, to Stanedge ! higher still ascend,
 Till kindred rivers, from the summit gray,
 To distant seas their course in beauty bend,
 And, like the lives of human millions, blend
 Disparted waves in one immensity !

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

RIVERS OF ENGLAND.

LIKE as the Mother of the gods, they say,
 In her great iron charet wonts to ride,
 When to Ioves pallace she doth take her way,
 Old Cybele, arrayd with pompous pride,
 Wearing a diademe embattild wide
 With hundred turrets, like a turribant ;
 With such an one was Thamis beautifide ;
 That was to weet the famous Troynovant,
 In which her kingdomes throne is chiefly resiant.

And round about him many a pretty Page
 Attended duely, ready to obay ;
 All little Rivers which owe vassallage
 To him, as to their Lord, and tribute pay :
 The chaulky Kenet ; and the Thetis gray ;
 The morish Cole ; and the soft-sliding Breane ;
 The wanton Lee, that oft doth loose his way ;
 And the still Darent, in whose waters cleane
 Ten thousand fishes play and decke his pleasant streame.

Then came his neighbor Flouds which nigh him
 dwell,
 And water all the English soile throughout ;
 They all on him this day attended well,
 And with meet service waited him about ;
 Ne none disdained low to him to lout :
 No not the stately Severne grudg'd at all,
 Ne storming Humber, though he looked stout ;
 But both him honour'd as their principall,
 And let their swelling waters low before him fall

There was the speedy Tamar, which divides
 The Cornish and the Devonish confines ;
 Through both whose borders swiftly downe it glides,
 And, meeting Plim, to Plimmouth thence declines :
 And Dart, nigh chockt with sands of tinny mines :

But Avon marched in more stately path,
 Proud of his adamants with which he shines
 And glisters wide, as als of wondrous Bath,
 And Bristow faire, which on his waves he builded hath.

And there came Stoure with terrible aspéct,
 Bearing his sixe deformed heads on hye,
 That doth his course through Blandford plains direct,
 And washeth Winborne meades in season drye.
 Next him went Wylibourne with passage slye,
 That of his wylinesse his name doth take,
 And of himselfe doth name the shire thereby :
 And Mole, that like a nousing mole doth make
 His way still under ground till Thames he overtake.

Then came the Rother, decked all with woods
 Like a wood-god, and flowing fast to Rhy ;
 And Sture, that parteth with his pleasant floods
 The Easterne Saxons from the Southerne ny,
 And Clare and Harwitch both doth beautify :
 Him follow'd Yar, soft washing Norwitch wall,
 And with him brought a present ioyfully
 Of his owne fish unto their festivall,
 Whose like none else could shew, the which they ruffins
 call.

Next these the plenteous Ouse came far from land,
 By many a city and by many a towne,
 And many rivers taking under-hand
 Into his waters, as he passeth downe,
 (The Cle, the Were, the Guant, the Sture, the Rowne)
 Thence doth by Huntingdon and Cambridge flit,
 My mother Cambridge, whom as with a crowne
 He doth adorne, and is adorn'd of it
 With many a gentle Muse and many a learned Wit.

And after him the fatall Welland went,
 That if old sawes prove true (which God forbid !)
 Shall drowne all Holland with his excrement,
 And shall see Stamford, though now homely hid,

Then shine in learning more then ever did
Cambridge or Oxford, England's goodly beames.
And next to him the Nene downe softly slid ;
And bounteous Trent, that in himselfe enseames
Both thirty sorts of fish and thirty sundry streames.

Next these came Tyne, along whose stony bancke
That Romaine monarch built a brasen wall,
Which mote the feeble Britons strongly flancke
Against the Picts that swarmed over all,
Which yet thereof Gualsever they doe call :
And Twede, the limit betwixt Logris land
And Albany : and Eden, though but small,
Yet often stainde with bloud of many a band
Of Scots and English both, that tynd on his strand.

Then came those sixe sad Brethren, like forlorne,
That whilome were, as antique fathers tell,
Sixe valiant Knights of one faire nymphe yborne,
Which did in noble deedes of armes excell,
And wonned there where now Yorke people dwell ;
Still Ure, swift Werfe, and Oze the most of might,
High Swale, unquiet Nide, and troublous Skell ;
All whom a Scythian king, that Humber hight,
Slew cruelly, and in the river drowned quite :

But past not long, ere Brutus warlicke sonne
Locrinus them aveng'd, and the same date,
Which the proud Humber unto them had donne,
By equall dome repayd on his owne pate :
For in the selfe same river, where he late,
Had drenched them,—he drowned him againe ;
And nam'd the river of his wretched fate ;
Whose bad condition yet it doth retaine,
Oft tossed with his stormes which therein still remaine.

These after came the stony shallow Lone,
That to old Loncaster his name doth lend :
And following Dee, which Britons long ygone
Did call divine, that doth by Chester tend :

And Conway, which out of his streame doth send
Plenty of pearles to decke his dames withall ;
And Lindus, that his pikes doth most commend,
Of which the auncient Lincoln men doe call :
All these together marched toward Proteus hall.

EDMUND SPENSER.

Roch Abbey.

ROCH ABBEY.

I.

PALE ruin ! no,—they come no more, the days
When thought was like a bee within a rose,
Happier and busier than the beam that plays
On this thy stream. The stream sings, as it flows,
A song of valleys, where the hawthorn blows ;
And wanderings through a world of flowery ways,
Even as of old ; but never will it bring
Back to my heart my guileless love of praise,—
The blossomy hours of life's all-beauteous spring,
When joy and hope were ever on the wing,
Chasing the redstart for its flamy glare,
The corn-craik for its secret. Who can wring
A healing balsam from the dregs of care,
And turn to auburn curls the soul's gray hair ?

II.

Yet, Abbey ! pleased, I greet thee once again ;
Shake hands, old friend, for I in soul am old.
But storms assault thy golden front in vain ;
Unchanged thou seemest, though times are changed and
cold ;
While to thy side I bring a man of pain,
With youthful cheeks in furrows deep and wide,
Ploughed up by Fortune's volleyed hail and rain ;
To truth a martyr, hated and belied ;

Of freedom's cause a champion true and tried.
O, take him to thy heart ! for Pemberton
Loves thee and thine, because your might hath died,—
Because thy friends are dead, thy glories gone,—
Because, like him, thy battered walls abide
A thousand wrongs, and smile at power and pride.

III.

O, bid him welcome then ! and let his eyes
Look on thy beauty, until blissful tears
Flood the deep channels, worn by agonies,
Which leave a wreck more sad than that of years.
Yes ; let him see the evening purpled skies
Above thy glowing lake bend down to thee ;
And the love-listening vesper-star arise,
Slowly, o'er silent earth's tranquillity ;
And all thy ruins weeping silently :
Then, be his weakness pitied and forgiven,
If, when the moon illumines her deep blue sea,
His soul could wish to dream of thee in heaven,
And, with a friend his bosomed mate to be,
Wonder through endless years by silvered arch and tree.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

Rokeby.

ROKEBY AND THE VALLEY OF THE GRETA.

STERN Bertram shunned the nearer way,
Through Rokeby's park and chase that lay,
And, skirting high the valley's ridge,
They crossed by Greta's ancient bridge ;
Descending where her waters wind
Free for a space and unconfined,
As 'scaped from Brignall's dark-wood glen,
She seeks wild Mortham's deeper den.

There, as his eye glanced o'er the mound,
Raised by that Legion long renowned,
Whose votive shrine asserts their claim,
Of pious, faithful, conquering fame,
“ Stern sons of war ! ” sad Wilfrid sighed,
“ Behold the boast of Roman pride !
What now of all your toils are known ?
A grassy trench, a broken stone ! ” —
This to himself ; for moral strain
To Bertram were addressed in vain.

Of different mood, a deeper sigh
Awoke, when Rokeby's turrets high
Were northward in the dawning seen
To rear them o'er the thicket green.
O then, though Spenser's self had strayed
Beside him through the lovely glade,
Lending his rich luxuriant glow
Of fancy, all its charms to show,
Pointing the stream rejoicing free,
As captive set at liberty,
Flashing her sparkling waves abroad,
And clamouring joyful on her road ;
Pointing where, up the sunny banks,
The trees retire in scattered ranks,
Save where, advanced before the rest
On knoll or hillock rears his crest,
Lonely and huge, the giant oak,
As champions, when their band is broke,
Stand forth to guard the rearward post,
The bulwark of the scattered host, —
All this, and more, might Spenser say,
Yet waste in vain his magic lay,
While Wilfrid eyed the distant tower,
Whose lattice lights Matilda's bower.

The open vale is soon passed o'er.
Rokeby, though nigh, is seen no more ;

Sinking 'mid Greta's thickets deep,
A wild and darker course they keep,
A stern and lone, yet lovely road,
As e'er the foot of minstrel trode !
Broad shadows o'er their passage fell,
Deeper and narrower grew the dell ;
It seemed some mountain, rent and riven,
A channel for the stream had given,
So high the cliffs of limestone gray
Hung beetling o'er the torrent's way,
Yielding, along their rugged base,
A flinty footpath's niggard space,
Where he who winds 'twixt rock and wave
May hear the headlong torrent rave,
And like a steed in frantic fit,
That flings the froth from curb and bit,
May view her chafe her waves to spray
O'er every rock that bars her way,
Till foam-globes on her eddies ride,
Thick as the schemes of human pride
That down life's current drive amain,
As frail, as frothy, and as vain !

The cliffs that rear their haughty head
High o'er the river's darksome bed
Were now all naked, wild, and gray,
Now waving all with greenwood spray ;
Here trees to every crevice clung,
And o'er the dell their branches hung ;
And there all splintered and uneven,
The shivered rocks ascend to heaven ;
Oft, too, the ivy swathed their breast,
And wreathed its garlands round their crest,
Or from the spires bade loosely flare
Its tendrils in the middle air.
As pennons wont to wave of old
O'er the high feast of baron bold,
When revelled loud the feudal rout,

And the arched halls returned their shout ;
Such and more wild is Greta's roar,
And such the echoes from her shore ;
And so the ivied banners gleam,
Waved wildly o'er the brawling stream.

Now from the stream the rocks recede,
But leave between no sunny mead,
No, nor the spot of pebbly sand,
Oft found by such a mountain strand ;
Forming such warm and dry retreat,
As fancy deems the lonely seat,
Where hermit, wandering from his cell,
His rosary might love to tell.
But here 'twixt rock and river, grew
A dismal grove of sable yew,
With whose sad tints were mingled seen
The blighted fir's sepulchral green.
Seemed that the trees their shadows cast
The earth that nourished them to blast ;
For never knew that swarthy grove
The verdant hue that fairies love ;
Nor wilding green, nor woodland flower,
Arose within its baleful bower :
The dank and sable earth receives
Its only carpet from the leaves,
That, from the withering branches cast,
Bestrewed the ground with every blast.
Though now the sun was o'er the hill,
In this dark spot 'twas twilight still,
Save that on Greta's farther side
Some straggling beams through copsewood glide ;
And wild and savage contrast made
That dingle's deep and funeral shade
With the bright tints of early day,
Which, glimmering through the ivy spray,
On the opposing summit lay.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

ROKEBY AT SUNSET.

THE sultry summer day is done,
The western hills have hid the sun,
But mountain peak and village spire
Retain reflection of his fire.
Old Barnard's towers are purple still
To those that gaze from Toller Hill ;
Distant and high, the tower of Bowes
Like steel upon the anvil glows ;
And Stanmore's ridge, behind that lay,
Rich with the spoils of parting day,
In crimson and in gold arrayed,
Streaks yet a while the closing shade,
Then slow resigns to darkening heaven
The tints which brighter hours had given.
Thus aged men, full loath and slow,
The vanities of life forego,
And count their youthful follies o'er,
Till memory lends her light no more.

The eve, that slow on upland fades,
Has darker closed on Rokeby's glades,
Where, sunk within their banks profound,
Her guardian streams to meeting wound.
The stately oaks, whose sombre frown
Of noontide make a twilight brown,
Impervious now to fainter light,
Of twilight make an early night.
Hoarse into middle air arose
The vespers of the roosting crows,
And with congenial murmurs seem
To wake the genii of the stream ;
For louder clamoured Greta's tide,
And Tees in deeper voice replied,
And fitful waked the evening wind,
Fitful in sighs its breath resigned.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

ROSS.

THE MAN OF ROSS.

BUT all our praises why should lords engross ?
Rise, honest Muse ! and sing the Man of Ross :
Pleased Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow ?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow ?
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
But clear and artless, pouring through the plain
Health to the sick and solace to the swain.
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows ?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose ?
Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise ?
"The Man of Ross," each lisping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread !
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread :
He feeds yon almshouse, neat, but void of state,
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate :
Him portioned maids, apprenticed orphans blest,
The young who labour, and the old who rest.
Is any sick ? The Man of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes and gives.
Is there a variance ? Enter but his door,
Balked are the courts, and contest is no more :
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attorneys, now a useless race.
Thrice happy man ! enabled to pursue
What all so wish but want the power to do !
O, say what sums that generous hand supply ?
What mines to swell that boundless charity ?
Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possessed, — five hundred pounds a year.

Blush, grandeur, blush ! proud courts, withdraw your
blaze ;

Ye little stars ! hide your diminished rays.
And what ? no monument, inscription, stone,
His race, his form, his name almost unknown ?
Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name.

ALEXANDER POPE.

LINES

WRITTEN AT THE KING'S ARMS, ROSS, FORMERLY THE
HOUSE OF "THE MAN OF ROSS."

RICHER than miser o'er his countless hoards,
Nobler than kings or king-polluted lords,
Here dwelt the Man of Ross ! O traveller, hear !
Departed merit claims a reverent tear.
Friend to the friendless, to the sick man health,
With generous joy he viewed his modest wealth ;
He heard the widow's heaven-breathed prayer of praise,
He marked the sheltered orphan's tearful gaze,
Or where the sorrow-shrivelled captive lay,
Poured the bright blaze of freedom's noontide ray.
Beneath this roof if thy cheered moments pass,
Fill to the good man's name one grateful glass :
To higher zest shall memory wake thy soul,
And virtue mingle in the ennobled bowl.
But if, like me, through life's distressful scene
Lonely and sad thy pilgrimage hath been,
And if, thy breast with heartsick anguish fraught,
Thou journeyest onward tempest-tossed in thought,
Here cheat thy cares ! in generous visions melt,
And dream of goodness thou hast never felt !

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Rotha, the River.

THE ROTH.

LOVELIER river is there none
Underneath an English sun ;
From its source it issues bright
Upon hoar Helvellyn's height,
Flowing where its summer voice
Makes the mountain herds rejoice ;
Down the dale it issues then,
Not polluted there by men ;
While its lucid waters take
Their pastoral course from lake to lake,
Please the eye in every part,
Lull the ear, and soothe the heart,
Till into Windermere sedate
They flow and uncontaminate.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

BANKS OF THE ROTH.

'T WAS that delightful season when the broom,
Full-flowered, and visible on every steep,
Along the copses runs in vains of gold.
Our pathway led us on to Rotha's banks ;
And when we came in front of that tall rock
That eastward looks, I there stopped short and stood
Tracing the lofty barrier with my eye
From base to summit ; such delight I found
To note in shrub and tree, in stone and flower,
That intermixture of delicious hues,
Along so vast a surface, all at once,
In one impression, by connecting force
Of their own beauty, imaged in the heart.
When I had gazed perhaps two minutes' space,

Joanna, looking in my eyes, beheld
 That ravishment of mine, and laughed aloud.
 The rock, like something starting from a sleep,
 Took up the lady's voice, and laughed again ;
 That ancient woman seated on Helm Crag
 Was ready with her cavern ; Hammar Scar,
 And the tall steep of Silver How, sent forth
 A noise of laughter ; Southern Loughrigg heard,
 And Fairfield answered with a mountain tone ;
 Helvellyn far into the clear blue sky
 Carried the lady's voice,—old Skiddaw blew
 His speaking-trumpet ; back out of the clouds
 Of Glaramara southward came the voice,
 And Kirkstone tossed it from his misty head.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Rother, the River.

DON AND ROTHER.

AGAIN we meet, where often we have met,
 Dear Rother ! native Don !
 We meet again, to talk, with vain regret,
 Of deedless aims ! and years remembered yet,—
 The past and gone !

We meet again,—perchance to meet no more !
 O rivers of the heart !
 I hear a voice, unvoyaged billows o'er,
 Which bids me hasten to their pathless shore,
 And cries, “ Depart ! ”

“ Depart ! ” it cries. “ Why linger on the stage
 Where virtues are veiled crimes ?
 Have I not read thee, even from youth to age ?
 Thou blotted book, with only one bright page !
 Thy honest rhymes !

“ Depart, pale drone ! What fruit-producing flower
Hast thou reared on the plain ?
What useful moments count’st thou in thine hour ?
What victim hast thou snatched from cruel power ?
What tyrant slain ? ”

I will obey the power whom all obey.
Yes, rivers of the heart !
O’er that blind deep, where morning casts no ray
To cheer the oarless wanderer on his way,
I will depart.

But first, O rivers of my childhood ! first
My soul shall talk with you ;
For on your banks my infant thoughts were nursed ;
Here from the bud the spirit’s petals burst,
When life was new.

Before my fingers learned to play with flowers,
My feet through flowers to stray ;
Ere my tongue lisped, amid your dewy bowers,
Its first glad hymn to mercy’s sunny showers
And air and day ;

When in my mother’s arms, an infant frail,
Along your windings borne,
My blue eye caught your glimmer in the vale,
Where halcyons darted o’er your willows pale,
On wings like morn.

Ye saw my feelings round that mother grow,
Like green leaves round the root !
Then thought, with danger came, and flowered like
woe !
But deeds, the fervent deeds that blush and glow,
Are virtue’s fruit.

* * * * *

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

Rugby.

RUGBY CHAPEL, NOVEMBER 1857.

COLDLY, sadly descends
The autumn evening. The field
Strewn with its dank yellow drifts
Of withered leaves, and the elms,
Fade into dimness apace,
Silent ;—hardly a shout
From a few boys late at their play !
The lights come out in the street,
In the school-room windows ; but cold,
Solemn, unlighted, austere,
Through the gathering darkness, arise
The Chapel walls, in whose bound
Thou, my father ! art laid.

There thou dost lie, in the gloom
Of the autumn evening. But ah !
That word *gloom* to my mind
Brings thee back in the light
Of thy radiant vigour again !
In the gloom of November we passed
Days not of gloom at thy side ;
Seasons impaired not the ray
Of thine even cheerfulness clear.
Such thou wast ! and I stand
In the autumn evening, and think
Of bygone autumns with thee.

Fifteen years have gone round
Since thou arosest to tread,
In the summer morning, the road
Of death, at a call unforeseen,
Sudden. For fifteen years,
We who till then in thy shade
Rest as under the boughs

Of a mighty oak, have endured
 Sunshine and rain as we might,
 Bare, unshaded, alone,
 Lacking the shelter of thee.

O strong soul, by what shore
 Tarriest thou now? For that force,
 Surely, has not been left vain;
 Somewhere, surely, afar,
 In the sounding labour-house vast
 Of being, is practised that strength,
 Zealous, beneficent, firm!

Yes, in some far-shining sphere,
 Conscious or not of the past,
 Still thou performest the word
 Of the Spirit in whom thou dost live,
 Prompt, unwearied, as here!
 Still thou upraisest with zeal
 The humble good from the ground,
 Sternly represses the bad.
 Still, like a trumpet, dost rouse
 Those who with half-open eyes
 Tread the border-land dim
 'Twixt vice and virtue; reviv'st,
 Succourest;—this was thy work,
 This was thy life upon earth.

* * * *

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Runnimede.

THE BARONS AT RUNNIMEDE.

WITH what an awful grace those barons stood
 In presence of the king at Runnimede!
 Their silent finger to that righteous deed

O'er which, with cheek forsaken of its blood,
He hung, still pointing with stern hardihood,
And brow that spake the unuttered mandate, "Read!"
"Sign!" He glares round.—Never! though thousands
 bleed

He will not! Hush,—low words in solemn mood
Are murmured; and he signs. Great God! were these
Progenitors of our enfeebled kind?
Whose wordy wars are waged to thwart or please
Minions, not kings; who stoop with grovelling mind
To weigh the pauper's dole, scan right by rule,
And plunder churches to endow a school!

SIR AUBREY DE VERE.

FOR A COLUMN AT RUNNIMEDE.

THOU, who the verdant plain dost traverse here,
While Thames among his willows from thy view
Retires, O Stranger! stay thee, and the scene
Around contemplate well. This is the place
Where England's ancient barons, clad in arms,
And stern with conquest, from their tyrant king,
Then rendered tame, did challenge and secure
The charter of thy freedom. Pass not on
Till thou hast blessed their memory, and paid
Those thanks which God appointed the reward
Of public virtue. And if chance thy home
Salute thee with a father's honoured name,
Go, call thy sons; instruct them what a debt
They owe their ancestors; and make them swear
To pay it, by transmitting down entire
Those sacred rights to which themselves were born.

MARK AKENSIDE.

Rydal.

LINES

WRITTEN WITH A SLATE-PENCIL UPON A STONE, THE
LARGEST OF A HEAP LYING NEAR A DESERTED
QUARRY, UPON ONE OF THE ISLANDS AT RYDAL.

STRANGER! this hillock of misshapen stones
Is not a ruin spared or made by time,
Nor, as perchance thou rashly deem'st, the cairn
Of some old British chief: 'tis nothing more
Than the rude embryo of a little dome
Or pleasure-house, once destined to be built
Among the birch trees of this rocky isle,
But, as it chanced, Sir William having learned
That from the shore a full-grown man might wade,
And make himself a freeman of this spot
At any hour he chose, the prudent knight
Desisted, and the quarry and the mound
Are monuments of his unfinished task.
The block on which these lines are traced, perhaps,
Was once selected as the corner-stone
Of that intended pile, which would have been
Some quaint odd plaything of elaborate skill,
So that, I guess, the linnet and the thrush,
And other little builders who dwell here,
Had wondered at the work. But blame him not,
For old Sir William was a gentle knight,
Bred in this vale, to which he appertained
With all his ancestry. Then peace to him,
And for the outrage which he had devised,
Entire forgiveness! But if thou art one
On fire with thy impatience to become
An inmate of these mountains,—if, disturbed
By beautiful conceptions, thou hast hewn
Out of the quiet rock the elements

Of thy trim mansion destined soon to blaze
 In snow-white splendour,—think again ; and, taught
 By old Sir William and his quarry, leave
 Thy fragments to the bramble and the rose ;
 There let the vernal slow-worm sun himself,
 And let the redbreast hop from stone to stone.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL.

ADIEU, Rydalian laurels ! that have grown
 And spread as if ye knew that days might come
 When ye would shelter in a happy home,
 On this fair mount, a poet of your own,
 One who ne'er ventured for a Delphic crown
 To sue the god ; but, haunting your green shade
 All seasons through, is humbly pleased to braid
 Ground-flowers, beneath your guardianship self-sown.
 Farewell ! no minstrels now with harp new-strung
 For summer wandering quiet their household bowers ;
 Yet not for this wants Poesy a tongue
 To cheer the itinerant on whom she pours
 Her spirit, while he crosses lonely moors
 Or, musing, sits forsaken halls among.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

COMPOSED AT RYDAL, SEPTEMBER 1860.

THE last great man by manlier times bequeathed
 To these our noisy and self-boasting days
 In this green valley rested, trod these ways,
 With deep calm breast this air inspiring breathed :
 True bard, because true man, his brow he wreathed
 With wild-flowers only, singing Nature's praise ;
 But Nature turns, and crowned him with her bays,
 And said, "Be thou my Laureate." Wisdom sheathed
 In song love-humble ; contemplations high,
 That built like larks their nests upon the ground ;

Insight and vision ; sympathies profound
 That spanned the total of humanity,—
 These were the gifts which God poured forth at large
 On men through him ; and he was faithful to his charge.

AUBREY DE VERE.

RYDAL MOUNT, JUNE 1838.

THIS day without its record may not pass,
 In which I first have seen the lowly roof
 That shelters Wordsworth's age. A love intense,
 Born of the power that charmed me in his song,
 But grown beyond it into higher moods
 And deeper gratitude, bound me to seek
 His rural dwelling. Fitting place I found,
 Blest with rare beauty, set in deepest calm :
 Looking upon still waters, whose expanse
 Might tranquilise all thought ; and bordered round
 By mountains springing from the turfy slopes
 That bound the margin, to where heath and fern
 Dapple their soaring sides, and higher still
 To where the bare crags cleave the vaporous sky.

HENRY ALFORD.

RYDAL MOUNT.

Low and white, yet scarcely seen,
 Are its walls for mantling green ;
 Not a window lets in light
 But through flowers clustering bright ;
 Not a glance may wander there
 But it falls on something fair :
 Garden choice and fairy mound,
 Only that no elves are found ;
 Winding walk and sheltered nook,
 For student grave and graver book ;
 Or a bird-like bower, perchance,
 Fit for maiden and romance.

Then, far off, a glorious sheen
 Of wide and sunlit waters seen ;
 Hills that in the distance lie
 Blue and yielding as the sky ;
 And nearer, closing round the nest,
 The home,—of all the “living crest ;”
 Other rocks and mountains stand
 Rugged, yet a guardian band,
 Like those that did in fable old
 Elysium from the world enfold.

MARIA JANE JEWSEBURY.

INSCRIPTION

INTENDED FOR A STONE IN THE GROUNDS OF RYDAL
 MOUNT.

IN these fair vales hath many a tree
 At Wordsworth's suit been spared ;
 And from the builder's hand this stone,
 For some rude beauty of its own,
 Was rescued by the bard :
 So let it rest ; and time will come
 When here the tender-hearted
 May heave a gentle sigh for him,
 As one of the departed.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Rylstone Hall.

RYLSTONE.

'T is night : in silence looking down,
 The moon from cloudless ether sees
 A camp, and a beleaguered town,
 And castle like a stately crown
 On the steep rocks of winding Tees ;
 And southward far, with moor between,

Hill-top, and flood, and forest green,
The bright moon sees that valley small
Where Rylstone's old sequestered Hall
A venerable image yields
Of quiet to the neighbouring fields,
While from one pillared chimney breathes
The smoke, and mounts in silver wreaths.
The courts are hushed ; for timely sleep
The greyhounds to their kennel creep ;
The peacock in the broad ash-tree
Aloft is roosted for the night,—
He who in proud prosperity
Of colours manifold and bright
Walked round, affronting the daylight ;
And higher still, above the bower
Where he is perched, from yon lone tower
The hall-clock in the clear moonshine
With glittering finger points at nine.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

NORTON TOWER.

HIGH on a point of rugged ground
Among the wastes of Rylstone Fell,
Above the loftiest ridge or mound
Where foresters or shepherds dwell,
An edifice of warlike frame
Stands single,—Norton Tower its name ;
It fronts all quarters, and looks round
O'er path and road, and plain and dell,
Dark moor, and gleam of pool and stream,
Upon a prospect without bound.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

St. Bees.

STANZAS

SUGGESTED IN A STEAMBOAT OFF ST. BEES HEADS, ON
THE COAST OF CUMBERLAND.

IF life were slumber on a bed of down,
Toil unimposed, vicissitude unknown,
Sad were our lot : no hunter of the hare
Exults like him whose javelin from the lair
Has roused the lion ; no one plucks the rose,
Whose proffered beauty in safe shelter blows
'Mid a trim garden's summer luxuries,
With joy like his who climbs, on hands and knees,
For some rare plant, yon headland of St. Bees.

This independence upon oar and sail,
This new indifference to breeze or gale,
This straight-lined progress, furrowing a flat lea,
And regular as if locked in certainty,
Depress the hours. Up, spirit of the storm !
That courage may find something to perform ;
That fortitude, whose blood disdains to freeze
At danger's bidding, may confront the seas,
Firm as the towering headlands of St. Bees.

Dread cliff of Baruth ; that wild wish may sleep,
Bold as if men and creatures of the deep
Breathed the same element ; too many wrecks
Have struck thy sides, too many ghastly decks
Hast thou looked down upon, that such a thought
Should here be welcome, and in verse enwrought :
With thy stern aspect better far agrees
Utterance of thanks, that we have passed with ease,
As millions thus shall do, the headlands of St. Bees.

Yet, while each useful art augments her store,
What boots the gain if nature should lose more ?

And wisdom, as she holds a Christian place
In man's intelligence sublimed by grace?
When Bega sought of yore the Cumbrian coast,
Tempestuous winds her holy errand crossed :
She knelt in prayer,—the waves their wrath appease ;
And from her vow, well weighed in Heaven's decrees,
Rose, where she touched the strand, the Chantry of
St. Bees.

“Cruel of heart were they, bloody of hand,”
Who in these wilds then struggled for command ;
The strong were merciless, without hope the weak ;
Till this bright stranger came, fair as daybreak,
And as a cresset true that darts its length
Of beamy lustre from a tower of strength ;
Guiding the mariner through troubled seas,
And cheering oft his peaceful reveries,
Like the fixed light that crowns yon headland of St.
Bees.

To aid the votaress, miracles believed
Wrought in men's minds, like miracles achieved ;
So piety took root ; and song might tell
What humanising virtues near her cell
Sprang up, and spread their fragrance wide around ;
How savage bosoms melted at the sound
Of gospel truth enchained in harmonies
Wafted o'er waves, or creeping through close trees,
From her religious mansion of St. Bees.

When her sweet voice, that instrument of love,
Was glorified and took its place, above
The silent stars, among the angelic choir,
Her Chantry blazed with sacrilegious fire,
And perished utterly ; but her good deeds
Had sown the spot that witnessed them with seeds
Which lay in earth expectant, till a breeze
With quickening impulse answered their mute pleas,
And lo ! a statelier pile, the Abbey of St. Bees.

There are the naked clothed, the hungry fed ;
And Charity extendeth to the dead
Her intercessions made for the soul's rest
Of tardy penitents ; or for the best
Among the good (when love might else have slept,
Sickened, or died) in pious memory kept.
Thanks to the austere and simple devotees,
Who, to that service bound by venial fees,
Keep watch before the altars of St. Bees.

Are not, in sooth, their requiems sacred ties
Woven out of passion's sharpest agonies,
Subdued, composed, and formalised by art,
To fix a wiser sorrow in the heart ?
The prayer for them whose hour is past away
Says to the living, Profit while ye may !
A little part, and that the worst, he sees,
Who thinks that priestly cunning holds the keys
That best unlock the secrets of St. Bees.

Conscience, the timid being's inmost light,
Hope of the dawn and solace of the night,
Cheers these recluses with a steady ray
In many an hour when judgment goes astray.
Ah ! scorn not hastily their rule who try
Earth to despise and flesh to mortify,
Consume with zeal, in wingéd ecstasies
Of prayer and praise forget their rosaries,
Nor hear the loudest surges of St. Bees.

Yet none so prompt to succour and protect
The forlorn traveller, or sailor wrecked
On the bare coast ; nor do they grudge the boon
Which staff and cockle hat and sandal shoon
Claim for the pilgrim : and, though chidings sharp
May sometimes greet the strolling minstrel's harp,
It is not then when, swept with sportive ease,
It charms a feast-day throng of all degrees,
Brightening the archway of revered St. Bees.

How did the cliffs and echoing hills rejoice
What time the Benedictine Brethren's voice,
Imploring, or commanding with meet pride,
Summoned the chiefs to lay their feuds aside,
And under one blest ensign serve the Lord
In Palestine. Advance, indignant Sword !
Flaming till thou from Painim hands release
That tomb, dread centre of all sanctities
Nursed in the quiet Abbey of St. Bees.

But look we now to them whose minds from far
Follow the fortunes which they may not share.
While in Judæa fancy loves to roam,
She helps to make a Holy Land at home :
The Star of Bethlehem from its sphere invites
To sound the crystal depth of maiden rights ;
And wedded life, through Scriptural mysteries,
Heavenward ascends with all her charities,
Taught by the hooded celibates of St. Bees.

Nor be it e'er forgotten how by skill
Of cloistered architects free their souls to fill
With love^d of God, throughout the land were raised
Churches, on whose symbolic beauty gazed
Peasant and mail-clad chief with pious awe ;
As at this day men seeing what they saw,
Or the bare wreck of faith's solemnities,
Aspire to more than earthly destinies ;
Witness yon pile that greets us from St. Bees.

Yet more ; around those churches gathered towns
Safe from the feudal castle's haughty frowns ;
Peaceful abodes, where justice might uphold
Her scales with even hand, and culture mould
The heart to pity, train the mind in care
For rules of life, sound as the time could bear.
Nor dost thou fail, through abject love of ease,
Or hindrance raised by sordid purposes,
To bear thy part in this good work, St. Bees.

Who with the ploughshare clove the barren moors,
 And to green meadows changed the swampy shores ?
 Thinned the ranks woods ; and for the cheerful grange
 Made room where wolf and boar were used to range ?
 Who taught, and showed by deeds, that gentler chains
 Should bind the vassal to his lord's domains ?
 The thoughtful monks, intent their God to please,
 For Christ's dear sake, by human sympathies
 Poured from the bosom of thy church, St. Bees !

But all availed not ; by a mandate given
 Through lawless will, the brotherhood was driven
 Forth from their cells ; their ancient house laid low
 In Reformation's sweeping overthrow.
 But now once more the local heart revives,
 The inextinguishable spirit strives.
 O, may that Power who hushed the stormy seas,
 And cleared a way for the first votaries,
 Prosper the new-born College of St. Bees !

Alas ! the genius of our age from schools
 Less humble draws her lessons, aims, and rules.
 To prowess guided by her insight keen
 Matter and spirit are as one machine ;
 Boastful idolatress of formal skill,
 She in her own would merge the Eternal Will ;
 Better, if reason's triumphs match with these,
 Her flight before the bold credulities
 That furthered the first teaching of St. Bees.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

St. Helen's-Auckland.

ST. HELEN'S-AUCKLAND.

I WANDER o'er each well-known field
 My boyhood's home in view,
 And thoughts that were as fountains sealed
 Are welling forth anew.

The ancient house, the aged trees,
They bring again to light
The years that like a summer's breeze
Were trackless in their flight.

How much is changed of what I see,
How much more changed am I,
And yet how much is left,—to me
How is the distant nigh !

The walks are overgrown and wild,
The terrace flags are green,—
But I am once again a child,
I am what I have been.

The sounds that round about me rise
Are what none other hears ;
I see what meets no other eyes,
Though mine are dim with tears,—

The breaking of the summer's morn,
The tinge on house and tree,
The billowy clouds,—the beauty born
Of that celestial sea,

The freshness of the faëry land
Lit by the golden gleam,—
It is my youth that where I stand
Surrounds me like a dream.

Alas ! the real never lent
Those tints too bright to last ;
They fade, and bid me rest content
And let the past be past.

The wave that dances to the breast
Of earth can ne'er be stayed ;
The star that glitters in the crest
Of morning needs must fade.

But there shall flow another tide,
So let me hope, and far
Over the outstretched waters wide
Shall shine another star.

In every change of man's estate
Are lights and guides allowed ;
The fiery pillar will not wait,
But, parting, sends the cloud.

Nor mourn I the less manly part
Of life to leave behind ;
My loss is but the lighter heart,
My gain the graver mind.

HENRY TAYLOR.

St. John's Valley.

THE VALLEY OF ST. JOHN.

HE rode till over down and dell
The shade more broad and deeper fell ;
And though around the mountain's head
Flowed streams of purple and gold and red,
Dark at the base, unblest by beam,
Frowned the black rocks and roared the stream.
With toil the king his way pursued
By lonely Threlkeld's waste and wood,
Till on his course obliquely shone
The narrow valley of St. John,
Down sloping to the western sky,
Where lingering sunbeams love to lie.
Right glad to feel those beams again,
The king drew up his charger's rein ;
With gauntlet raised he screened his sight,
As dazzled with the level light,

And, from beneath his glove of mail,
 Scanned at his ease the lovely vale,
 While 'gainst the sun his armour bright
 Gleamed ruddy like the beacon's light.

Paled in by many a lofty hill,
 The narrow dale lay smooth and still,
 And, down its verdant bosom led,
 A winding brooklet found its bed.
 But, midmost of the vale, a mound
 Arose, with airy turrets crowned,
 Buttress and rampire's circling bound,
 And mighty keep and tower ;
 Seemed some primeval giant's hand
 The castle's massive walls had planned,
 A ponderous bulwark, to withstand
 Ambitious Nimrod's power.
 Above the moated entrance slung,
 The balanced drawbridge trembling hung,
 As jealous of a foe ;
 Wicket of oak, as iron hard,
 With iron studded, clenched, and barred,
 And pronged portcullis, joined to guard
 The gloomy pass below,
 But the gray walls no banners crowned,
 Upon the watch tower's airy round
 No warder stood his horn to sound,
 No guard beside the bridge was found,
 And, where the Gothic gateway frowned,
 Glanced neither bill nor bow.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

St. Keyne.

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

A WELL there is in the west country,
 And a clearer one never was seen ;

There is not a wife in the west country
But has heard of the Well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm tree stand beside,
And behind doth an ash-tree grow,
And a willow from the bank above
Droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the Well of St. Keyne ;
Joyfully he drew nigh ;
For from cock-crow he had been travelling,
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,
For thirsty and hot was he ;
And he sat down upon the bank,
Under the willow tree.

There came a man from the house hard by,
At the well to fill his pail ;
On the well-side he rested it,
And he bade the stranger hail.

“ Now, art thou a bachelor, stranger ? ” quoth he ;
“ For, an if thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drank this day
That ever thou didst in thy life.

“ Or has thy good woman, if one thou hast,
Ever here in Cornwall been ?
For, an if she have, “ I’ll venture my life
She has drank of the Well of St. Keyne.”

“ I have left a good woman who never was here,”
The stranger he made reply ;
“ But that my draught should be the better for that,
I pray you answer me why.”

“ St. Keyne,” quoth the Cornish-man, “ many a time
Drank of this crystal well ;

And, before the angel summoned her,
She laid on the water a spell,—

“ If the husband of this gifted well
Shall drink before his wife,
A happy man thenceforth is he,
For he shall be master for life ;

“ But if the wife should drink of it first,
God help the husband then ! ”
The stranger stooped to the Well of St. Keyne,
And drank of the water again.

“ You drank of the well, I warrant betimes ? ”
He to the Cornish-man said ;
But the Cornish-man smiled as the stranger spake,
And sheepishly shook his head :—

“ I hastened, as soon as the wedding was done,
And left my wife in the porch ;
But i’ faith she had been wiser than me,
For she took a bottle to church.”

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

St. Leonard's.

LINES

ON THE VIEW FROM ST. LEONARD'S.

HAIL to thy face and odours, glorious Sea !
'Twere thanklessness in me to bless thee not,
Great, beauteous Being ! in whose breath and smile
My heart beats calmer, and my very mind
Inhales salubrious thoughts. How welcomer
Thy murmurs than the murmurs of the world !
Though like the world thou fluctuatest, thy din
To me is peace, thy restlessness repose.

Even gladly I exchange yon spring-green lanes
 With all the darling field-flowers in their prime,
 And gardens haunted by the nightingale's
 Long trills and gushing ecstasies of song,
 For these wild headlands, and the sea-mew's clang.

With thee beneath my windows, pleasant Sea,
 I long not to o'erlook earth's fairest glades
 And green savannahs,—earth has not a plain
 So boundless or so beautiful as thine ;
 The eagle's vision cannot take it in ;
 The lightning's wing, too weak to sweep its space,
 Sinks half-way o'er it like a wearied bird ;
 It is the mirror of the stars, where all
 Their hosts within the concave firmament,
 Gay marching to the music of the spheres,
 Can see themselves at once.

Nor on the stage
 Of rural landscape are there lights and shades
 Of more harmonious dance and play than thine.
 How vividly this moment brightens forth,
 Between gray parallel and leaden breadths,
 A belt of hues that stripes thee many a league,
 Flushed like a rainbow, or the ringdove's neck,
 And giving to the glancing sea-bird's wing
 The semblance of a meteor.

Mighty Sea !
 Chameleon-like thou changest, but there's love
 In all thy change and constant sympathy
 With yonder Sky,—thy mistress ; from her brow
 Thou tak'st thy moods and wear'st her colours on
 Thy faithful bosom ; morning's milky white,
 Noon's sapphire, or the saffron glow of eve ;
 And all thy balmier hours, fair Element,
 Have such divine complexion, crisped smiles,
 Luxuriant heavings, and sweet whisperings,
 That little is the wonder Love's own Queen
 From thee of old was fabled to have sprung,—

Creation's common ! which no human power
Can parcel or enclose ; the lordliest floods
And cataracts that the tiny hands of man
Can tame, conduct, or bound, are drops of dew
To thee, that couldst subdue the earth itself,
And brook'st commandment from the heavens alone
For marshalling thy waves.

Yet, potent Sea !

How placidly thy moist lips speak even now
Along yon sparkling shingles. Who can be
So fanciless as to feel no gratitude
That power and grandeur can be so serene,
Soothing the home-bound navy's peaceful way,
And rocking even the fisher's little bark
As gently as a mother rocks her child ?

The inhabitants of other worlds behold
Our orb more lucid for thy spacious share
On earth's rotundity ; and is he not
A blind worm in the dust, great Deep, the man
Who sees not, or who seeing has no joy
In thy magnificence ? What though thou art
Unconscious and material, thou canst reach
The inmost immaterial mind's recess,
And with thy tints and motion stir its chords
To music, like the light on Memnon's lyre !
The Spirit of the Universe in thee
Is visible ; thou hast in thee the life,—
The eternal, graceful, and majestic life
Of nature, and the natural human heart
Is therefore bound to thee with holy love.
Earth has her gorgeous towns ; the earth-circling sea
Has spires and mansions more amusive still,—
Men's volant homes that measure liquid space
On wheel or wing. The chariot of the land
With pained and panting steeds and clouds of dust
Has no sight-gladdening motion like these fair
Careerers with the foam beneath their bows,

Whose streaming ensigns charm the waves by day,
Whose carols and whose watch-bells cheer the night,
Moored as they cast the shadows of their masts
In long array, or hither flit and yond
Mysteriously with slow and crossing lights,
Like spirits on the darkness of the deep.

There is a magnet-like attraction in
These waters to the imaginative power
That links the viewless with the visible,
And pictures things unseen. To realms beyond
Yon highway of the world my fancy flies,
When by her tall and triple mast we know
Some noble voyager that has to woo
The trade-winds and to stem the ecliptic surge.
The coral groves,—the shores of conch and pearl
Where she will cast her anchor and reflect
Her cabin-window lights on warmer waves,
And under planets brighter than our own ;
The nights of palmy isles, that she will see
Lit boundless by the fire-fly,—all the smells
Of tropic fruits that will regale her,—all
The pomp of nature, and the inspiring
Varieties of life she has to greet,
Come swarming o'er the meditative mind.

True, to the dream of fancy Ocean has
His darker tints ; but where's the element
That checkers not its usefulness to man
With casual terror ? Scathes not Earth sometimes
Her children with Tartarean fires, or shakes
Their shrieking cities, and, with one last clang
Of bells for their own ruin, strews them flat
As riddled ashes,—silent as the grave ?
Walks not contagion on the air itself ?
I should old Ocean's saturnalian days
And roaring nights of revelry and sport
With wreck and human woe be loath to sing ;

For they are few, and all their ills weigh light
 Against his sacred usefulness, that bids
 Our pensile globe revolve in purer air.
 Here morn and eve with blushing thanks receive
 Their freshening dews, gay fluttering breezes cool
 Their wings to fan the brow of fevered climes,
 And here the spring dips down her emerald urn
 For showers to glad the earth.

Old Ocean was,
 Infinity of ages ere we breathed
 Existence, and he will be beautiful
 When all the living world that sees him now
 Shall roll unconscious dust around the sun.
 Quelling from age to age the vital throb
 In human hearts, death shall not subjugate
 The pulse that swells in his stupendous breast,
 Or interdict his minstrelsy to sound
 In thundering concert with the quiring winds ;
 But long as man to parent nature owns
 Instinctive homage, and in times beyond
 The power of thought to reach, bard after bard
 Shall sing thy glory, BEATIFIC SEA.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

St. Madron's.

THE DOOM-WELL OF ST. MADRON.

“ PLUNGE thy right hand in St. Madron's spring,
 If true to its troth be the palm you bring ;
 But if a false sigil thy fingers bear,
 Lay them the rather on the burning share.”

Loud laughed King Arthur when as he heard
 That solemn friar his boding word ;
 And blithely he sware as a king he may,
 “ We tryst for St. Madron's at break of day.”

“ Now horse and hattock, both but and ben,”
Was the cry at Lauds, with Dundagel men ;
And forth they pricked upon Routorr side,
As goodly a raid as a king could ride.

Proud Gwennivar rode like a queen of the land,
With page and with squire at her bridle hand ;
And the twice six knights of the stony ring,
They girded and guarded their Cornish king.

Then they halted their steeds at St. Madron's cell,
And they stood by the monk of the cloistered well ;
“ Now off with your gauntlets,” King Arthur he cried,
“ And glory or shame for our Tamar side.”

’Twere sooth to sing how Sir Gauvain smiled,
When he grasped the waters so soft and mild ;
How Sir Lancelot dashed the glistening spray
O’er the rugged beard of the rough Sir Kay.

Sir Bevis he touched and he found no fear ;
’Twas a benitée stoup to Sir Belvidere ;
How the fountain flashed o’er King Arthur’s Queen,
Say, Cornish dames, for ye guess the scene.

“ Now rede me my riddle, Sir Mordred, I pray,
My kinsmen, mine ancient, my Bien-aimé ;
Now rede me my riddle, and rede it aright,
Art thou traitorous knave or my trusty knight ? ”

He plunged his right arm in the judgment well,
It bubbled and boiled like a caldron of hell :
He drew and he lifted his quivering limb,
Ha ! Sir Judas, how Madron had sodden him.

Now let Uter Pendragon do what he can,
Still the Tamar River will run as it ran ;
Let king or let kaisar be fond or be fell,
Ye may harowe their troth in St. Madron’s well.

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER.

St. Michael's Mount.

ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT.

WHILE summer airs scarce breathe along the tide,
 Oft pausing, up the mountain's scraggy side
 We climb, how beautiful, how still, how clear
 The scenes that stretch around ! The rocks that rear
 Their shapes in rich fantastic colours dressed,
 The hill-tops where the softest shadows rest,
 The long-retiring bay, the level sand,
 The fading sea-line and the farthest land,
 That seems, as low it lessens from the eye,
 To steal away beneath the cloudless sky !

But yesterday the misty morn was spread
 In dreariness on the bleak mountain's head ;
 No glittering prospect from the upland smiled,
 The driving squall came dark, the sea heaved wild,
 And, lost and lonely, the wayfarer sighed,
 Wet with the hoar spray of the flashing tide.
 How changed is now the circling scene ! The deep
 Stirs not ; the glancing roofs and white towers peep
 Along the margin of the lucid bay ;
 The sails descried far in the offing gray
 Hang motionless, and the pale headland's height
 Is touched as with sweet gleams of fairy light !

O, lives there on earth's busy stirring scene,
 Whom nature's tranquil charms, her airs serene,
 Her seas, her skies, her sunbeams, fail to move
 With stealing tenderness and grateful love !
 Go, thankless man, to misery's care,—behold
 Captivity stretched in her dungeon cold !
 Or think on those who, in yon dreary mine
 Sunk fathoms deep beneath the rolling brine,
 From year to year amid the lurid shade,
 O'er-wearied ply their melancholy trade ;
 That thou may'st bless the glorious sun, and hail
 Him who with beauty clothed the hill and vale,

Who bent the arch of the high heavens for thee,
And stretched in amplitude the broad blue sea !
Now sunk are all its murmurs ; and the air
But moves by fits the bents that here and there
Upshoot in casual spots of faded green :
Here straggling sheep the scanty pasture glean,
Or on the jutting fragments that impend,
Stray fearlessly, and gaze as we ascend.

Mountain, no pomp of waving woods hast thou,
That deck with varied shade thy hoary brow ;
No sunny meadows at thy feet are spread,
No streamlets sparkle o'er their pebbly bed !
But thou canst boast thy beauties : ample views
That catch the rapt eye of the pausing Muse ;
Headlands around new-lighted ; sails and seas,
Now glassy smooth, now wrinkling to the breeze ;
And when the drizzly winter, wrapped in sleet,
Goes by, and winds and rain thy ramparts beat,
Fancy can see thee standing thus aloof,
And frowning, bleak and bare and tempest-proof,
Look as with awful confidence, and brave
The howling hurricane, the dashing wave ;
More graceful when the storm's dark vapours frown
Than when the summer suns in pomp go down !

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

ST. MICHAEL'S CHAIR.

MERRILY, merrily rung the bells,
The bells of St. Michael's tower,
When Richard Penlake and Rebecca his wife
Arrived at St. Michael's door.

Richard Penlake was a cheerful man,
Cheerful and frank and free ;
But he led a sad life with Rebecca his wife,
For a terrible shrew was she.

Richard Penlake a scolding would take,
Till patience availed no longer ;
Then Richard Penlake his crab-stick would take,
And show her that he was the stronger.

Rebecca his wife had often wished
To sit in St. Michael's chair ;
For she should be the mistress then
If she had once sat there.

It chanced that Richard Penlake fell sick ;
They thought he would have died :
Rebecca his wife made a vow for his life,
As she knelt by his bedside.

“ Now hear my prayer, St. Michael ! and spare
My husband's life,” quoth she ;
“ And to thine altar we will go,
Six marks to give to thee.”

Richard Penlake repeated the vow ;
For woundily sick was he :
“ Save me, St. Michael ! and we will go,
Six marks to give to thee.”

When Richard grew well, Rebecca his wife
Teased him by night and by day :
“ O mine own dear ! for you I fear,
If we the vow delay.”

Merrily, merrily rung the bells,
The bells of St. Michael's tower,
When Richard Penlake and Rebecca his wife
Arrived at St. Michael's door.

Six marks they on the altar laid,
And Richard knelt in prayer :
She left him to pray, and stole away
To sit in St. Michael's chair.

Up the tower Rebecca ran,
 Round and round and round :
 'T was a giddy sight to stand atop,
 And look upon the ground.

“ A curse on the ringers for rocking
 The tower ! ” Rebecca cried,
 As over the church battlements
 She strode with a long stride.

“ A blessing on St. Michael's chair ! ”
 She said, as she sat down :
 Merrily, merrily rung the bells,
 And out Rebecca was thrown.

Tidings to Richard Penlake were brought,
 That his good wife was dead :

“ Now shall we toll for her poor soul
 The great church-bell ? ” they said.

“ Toll at her burying,” quoth Richard Penlake,

“ Toll at her burying,” quoth he ;

“ But don't disturb the ringers now,
 In compliment to me.”

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

St. Minver.

THE PADSTOW LIFEBOAT.

I SING no more of belted knights,
 Or the pure blood they boast ;
 My song is of the sterner stuff
 That guards our native coast :
 The hearts of oak that grow all round
 The islands where we dwell,
 Whose names have less of Norman sound,
 And easier are to spell.

At nine A.M., wind west-northwest,
And blowing half a gale,
Round Stepper Point a schooner came,
But under close-reefed sail.
'Tis a wild place to fetch, the waves
Break on the Doombar sands,
And from the hills the eddying winds
Perplex the steadiest hands.

And now she glides in water smooth,
But the ebb-tide runs fast,
And suddenly the land-wind blows,
And shakes each bending mast :
Soon back to sea she drifts away,
Nearing St. Minver's shore ;
Then grounds, and o'er her deck the high
Atlantic billows pour.

Man, man the lifeboat ! Many a crew
Her pride has been to save
In a stronger gale and darker hour,
And from a wilder wave.
Their names are : Harris, Truscott, French,
Hills, Cronnell, Brenton, May,
Varcoe Bate, Bennett, Malyn, and
Intross and coastguard Shea.

All trusty men of pluck and strength,
And skill to guide withal ;
Some more than some had proved their worth,
As chance to them did fall :
Shea for his human chivalry
The Imperial medal wore ;
Intross and Varcoe's breasts the words
"Crimea," "Baltic," bore.

One more, Hills, claims brief mention here,
No sturdier man than he ;
In quest of Franklin's bones he went
To the dread Arctic Sea.

Such was the staple of the crew,
Who worked with earnest will ;
To see them breast the awful waves
Made the spectators thrill.

Towards the doomed ship their way they cleave,
But may not reach her side ;
And then to Polzeath Bay they steer,
But stronger runs the tide :
The breakers, as they heave and burst,
The buoyant boat submerge ;
O'erturned she rights,—again o'erturned,
She drifts upon the surge !

The watchers from Trebethic Cliff
And high Pentire rush down,
As dead or gasping on the rocks
The dauntless crew are thrown :
Of the thirteen but eight survive !
Shea, Truscott, breathe no more ;
Varcoe and Cronnell, last Intross,
Come lifeless to the shore.

The schooner's crew, five souls in all,
Save one the shore did reach,
Just where the stranded vessel lay,
On the Trebethic beach.
He, at the moment when she struck,
Was jerked into the wave ;
And well he swam in sight of all,
But none was nigh to save.

The wail of widows pierced the night,
And on the starlit strand
The weeping children, fatherless,
Still lingered, hand in hand.
And love and pity thrilled men's hearts,
For sorrow makes all kin ;
And not to honour bravery
Were more than shame,—were sin.

Soon to the old churchyard the dead
 Went with a countless throng ;
 All but the splendid Irishman,
 So gentle, brave, and strong :
 And him to lone Lanherne they took,
 Where manly tears did fall,
 While other rites his ashes blessed
 Within that ancient wall.

HENRY SEWELL STOKES.

Salisbury.

THE CAVALIER'S ESCAPE.

TRAMPLE ! trample ! went the roan,
 Trap ! trap ! went the gray ;
 But pad ! pad ! pad ! like a thing that was mad,
 My chestnut broke away.—
 It was just five miles from Salisbury town,
 And but one hour to day.

Thud ! thud ! came on the heavy roan,
 Rap ! rap ! the mettled gray ;
 But my chestnut mare was of blood so rare,
 That she showed them all the way.
 Spur on ! spur on !—I doffed my hat,
 And wished them all good day.

They splashed through miry rut and pool,—
 Splintered through fence and rail ;
 But chestnut Kate switched over the gate,—
 I saw them droop and tail.
 To Salisbury town—but a mile of down,
 Once over this brook and rail.

Trap ! trap ! I heard their echoing hoofs
 Past the walls of mossy stone ;
 The roan flew on at a staggering pace,
 But blood is better than bone.

I patted old Kate, and gave her the spur,
For I knew it was all my own.

But trample ! trample ! came their steeds,
And I saw their wolfs' eyes burn ;
I felt like a royal hart at bay,
And made me ready to turn.
I looked where highest grew the may,
And deepest arched the fern.

I flew at the first knave's sallow throat ;
One blow, and he was down.
The second rogue fired twice, and missed ;
I sliced the villain's crown.
Clove through the rest, and flogged brave Kate,
Fast, fast to Salisbury Town !

Pad ! pad ! they came on the level sward,
Thud ! thud ! upon the sand ;
With a gleam of swords, and a burning match,
And a shaking of flag and hand :
But one long bound, and I passed the gate,
Safe from the canting band.

WALTER THORNEURY.

SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.

HERE stood the city of the dead ; look round,—
Dost thou not mark a visionary band,
Druids and bards upon the summit stand,
Of the majestic and time-hallowed mound ?
Hark ! heard ye not at times the acclaiming word
Of harps, as when those bards, in white array,
Hailed the ascending lord of light and day !
Here o'er the clouds the first cathedral rose,
Whose prelates now in yonder fane repose,
Among the mighty of years passed away ;
For there her latest seat Religion chose,
There still to heaven ascends the holy lay,
And never may those shrines in dust and silence close.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

THE BLIND MAN OF SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.

THERE is a poor blind man, who every day,
 In summer sunshine or in winter's rain,
 Duly as tolls the bell, to the high fane
 Explores, with faltering footsteps his dark way,
 To kneel before his Maker, and to hear
 The chanted service pealing full and clear.
 Ask why alone in the same spot he kneels
 Through the long year. O, the wide world is cold,
 As dark to him! Here he no longer feels
 His sad bereavement. Faith and hope uphold
 His heart; he feels not he is poor and blind,
 Amid the unpitying tumult of his mind.
 As through the aisles the choral anthems roll,
 His soul is in the choirs above the skies,
 And songs far off of angel companies,
 When this dim earth hath perished like a scroll.
 O, happy if the rich, the vain, the proud,—
 The pluméd actors in life's motley crowd,—
 Since pride is dust, and life itself a span,
 Would learn one lesson from a poor blind man!

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

EPITAPH

ON THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

UNDERNEATH this sable herse
 Lies the subject of all verse.
 Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother
 Death! ere thou hast slain another,
 Learn'd and fair and good as she,
 Time shall throw a dart at thee.

BEN JONSON.

Salisbury Plain.

SARUM.

To a hope

Not less ambitious once, among the wilds
Of Sarum's Plain, my youthful spirit was raised ;
There, as I ranged at will the pastoral downs
Trackless and smooth, or paced the bare white roads
Lengthening in solitude their dreary line,
Time with his retinue of ages fled
Backwards, nor checked his flight until I saw
Our dim ancestral past in vision clear ;—
Saw multitudes of men, and here and there
A single Briton clothed in wolf-skin vest,
With shield and stone-axe, stride across the wold ;
The voice of spears was heard,—the rattling spear
Shaken by arms of mighty bone, in strength,
Long mouldered, of barbaric majesty.
I called on Darkness ; but before the word
Was uttered, midnight darkness seemed to take
All objects from my sight ; and lo ! again
The desert visible by dismal flames :
It is the sacrificial altar, fed
With living men,—how deep the groans ! the voice
Of those that crowd the giant wicker thrills
The monumental hillocks, and the pomp
Is for both worlds, the living and the dead.
At other moments (for through that wide waste
Three summer days I roamed) where'er the Plain
Was figured o'er with circles, lines, or mounds,
That yet survive,—a work, as some divine,
Shaped by the Druids, so to represent
Their knowledge of the heavens, and image forth
The constellations,—gently was I charmed
Into a waking dream, a reverie
That, with believing eyes, where'er I turned,
Beheld long-bearded teachers, with white wands

Uplifted, pointing to the starry sky,
 Alternately, and plain below, while breath
 Of music swayed their motions, and the waste
 Rejoiced with them and me in those sweet sounds.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Savernake Forest.

AVENUE IN SAVERNAKE FOREST.

How soothing sound the gentle airs that move
 The innumerable leaves, high overhead,
 When autumn first, from the long avenue
 That lifts its arching height of ancient shade,
 Steals here and there a leaf !

Within the gloom,
 In partial sunshine white, some trunks appear
 Studding the glens of fern ; in solemn shade
 Some mingle their dark branches, but yet all,
 All make a sad, sweet music, as they move,
 Not undelightful to a stranger's heart,
 They seem to say, in accents audible ;
 Farewell to summer, and farewell the strains
 Of many a lithe and feathered chorister,
 That through the depth of these incumbent woods
 Made the long summer gladsome.

I have heard
 To the deep-mingling sounds of organs clear
 (When slow the choral anthem rose beneath)
 The glimmering minster through its pillared aisles
 Echo ; but not more sweet the vaulted roof
 Rang to those linked harmonies, than here
 The high wood answers to the lightest breath
 Of nature.

O, may such music steal,
 Soothing the cares of venerable age,
 From public toil retired ; may it awake,

As, still and slow, the sun of life declines,
 Remembrances, not mournful, but most sweet ;
 May it, as oft beneath the sylvan shade
 Their honoured owner strays, come like the sound
 Of distant seraph harps, yet speaking clear !
 How poor is every sound of earthly things,
 When heaven's own music waits the just and pure !

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

Seathwaite.

SEATHWAITE CHAPEL.

SACRED Religion ! “mother of form and fear,”
 Dread arbitress of mutable respect,
 New rites ordaining when the old are wrecked,
 Or cease to please the fickle worshipper ;
 Mother of Love ! (that name best suits thee here),
 Mother of Love ! for this deep vale, protect
 Truth's holy lamp, pure source of bright effect,
 Gifted to purge the vapoury atmosphere
 That seeks to stifle it ;—as in those days
 When this low pile a gospel teacher knew,
 Whose good works formed an endless retinue ;
 A pastor such as Chaucer's verse portrays,
 Such as the heaven-taught skill of Herbert drew,
 And tender Goldsmith crowned with deathless praise !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Selborne.

INVITATION TO SELBORNE.

SEE, Selborne spreads her boldest beauties round
 The varied valley, and the mountain ground,
 Wildly majestic ! What is all the pride
 Of flats, with loads of ornaments supplied ?—

Unpleasing, tasteless, impotent expense,
 Compared with Nature's rude magnificence !

* * * * *

Romantic spot ! from whence in prospect lies
 Whate'er of landscape charms our feasting eyes,—
 The pointed spire, the hall, the pasture plain,
 The russet fallow, or the golden grain,
 The breezy lake that sheds a gleaming light,
 Till all the fading picture fail the sight.

* * * * *

Hark, while below the village bells ring round,
 Echo, sweet nymph, returns the softened sound ;
 But if gusts rise, the rushing forests roar,
 Like the tide tumbling on the pebbly shore.

Adown the vale, in lone, sequestered nook,
 Where skirting woods imbrown the dimpling brook,
 The ruined convent lies : here wont to dwell
 The lazy canon 'midst his cloistered cell,
 While papal darkness brooded o'er the land,
 Ere Reformation made her glorious stand ;
 Still oft at eve belated shepherd swains
 See the cowed spectre skim the folded plains.

* * * * *

Now climb the steep, drop now your eye below
 Where round the blooming village orchards grow ;
 There, like a picture, lies my lowly seat,
 A rural, sheltered, unobserved retreat.
 Me far above the rest Selbornian scenes,
 The pendent forests and the mountain greens,
 Strike with delight ; there spreads the distant view,
 That gradual fades till sunk in misty blue ;
 Here Nature hangs her slopy woods to sight,
 Rills purl between and dart a quivering light.

GILBERT WHITE.

Severn, the River.

SABRINA.

THERE is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream.
Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure ;
Whilom she was the daughter of Locrine,
That had the sceptre from his father Brute.
She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit
Of her enragéd step-dame Guendolen,
Commended her fair innocence to the flood,
That stayed her flight with his cross-flowing course.
The water-nymphs, that in the bottom played,
Held up their pearléd wrists and took her in,
Bearing her straight to aged Nereus' hall ;
Who, piteous of her woes, reared her lank head,
And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
In nectared lavers, strewed with asphodel :
And through the porch and inlet of each sense
Dropped in ambrosial oils, till she revived,
And underwent a quick immortal change,
Made goddess of the river : still she retains
Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve
Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs
That the shrewd meddling elf delights to make,
Which she with precious vialled liquors heals :
For which the shepherds at their festivals
Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream
Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils ;
And, as the old swain said, she can unlock
The clasping charm, and thaw the numbing spell,
If she be right invoked in warbled song ;
For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift
To aid a virgin, such as was herself,

In hard-besetting need ; this will I try,
And add the power of some adjuring verse.

SONG.

Sabrina fair,
 Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave
 In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair :
 Listen for dear honour's sake,
 Goddess of the silver lake ;
 Listen, and save !
Listen, and appear to us,
In name of great Oceanus ;
By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace,
And Tethys' grave majestic pace ;
By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look ;
And the Carpathian wizard's hook ;
By scaly Triton's winding shell,
And old soothsaying Glaucus' spell ;
By Leucothea's lovely hands,
And her son that rules the strands ;
By Thetis' tinsel-slippered feet,
And the songs of sirens sweet ;
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
And fair Ligea's golden comb,
Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,
Sleeking her soft alluring locks ;
By all the nymphs that nightly dance
Upon thy streams with wily glance ;
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head,
From thy coral-paven bed,
And bridle-in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answered have.

Listen, and save !

SABRINA *rises, attended by water-nymphs, and sings.*

By the rushy-fringed bank,
Where grows the willow, and the osier dank,
My sliding chariot stays,
Thick set with agate, and the azurn sheen
Of turkis blue, and emerald green
That in the channel strays ;
Whilst from off the waters fleet
Thus I set my printless feet
O'er the cowslip's velvet head.
That bends not as I tread :
Gentle swain, at thy request,
I am here.

JOHN MILTON.

THE SEVERN.

THE Danube to the Severn gave
The darkened heart that beat no more ;
They laid him by the pleasant shore,
And in the hearing of the wave.

There twice a day the Severn fills ;
The salt sea-water passes by,
And hushes half the babbling Wye,
And makes a silence in the hills.

The Wye is hushed nor moved along,
And hushed my deepest grief of all,
When filled with tears that cannot fall,
I brim with sorrow drowning song.

The tide flows down, the wave again
Is vocal in its wooded walls ;
My deeper anguish also falls,
And I can speak a little then.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Sheffield.

LINES

ON SEEING UNEXPECTEDLY A NEW CHURCH, WHILE
WALKING ON THE SABBATH IN OLD-PARK WOOD,
NEAR SHEFFIELD.

FROM Shirecliffe, o'er a silent sea of trees,
When evening waned o'er Wadsley's cottages,
I looked on Loxley, Rivilin, and Don,
While at my side stood truth-loved Pemberton ;
And wondered, far beneath me, to behold
A golden spire, that glowed o'er fields of gold.
Out of the earth it rose, with sudden power,
A bright flame, growing heavenward, like a flower
Where erst nor temple stood, nor holy psalm
Rose to the mountains in the day of calm.
There, at the altar, plighted hearts may sigh ;
There, side by side, how soon their dust may lie !
Then carven stones the old, old tale will tell,
That saddens joy with its brief chronicle,
Till time, with pinions stolen from the dove,
Gently erase the epitaph of love ;
While rivers sing, on their unwearied way,
The songs that but with earth can pass away,
That brings the tempest's accents from afar
And breathes of woodbines where no woodbines are !
Yet deem not that affection can expire,
Though earth and skies shall melt in fervent fire ;
For truth hath written, on the stars above,—
“ Affection cannot die, if God is love !”
Whene'er I pass a grave with moss o'ergrown,
Love seems to rest upon the silent stone,
Above the wreck of sublunary things
Like a tired angel sleeping on his wings.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

Sherwood Forest.

ROBIN HOOD.

THE merry pranks he played would ask an age to tell,
And the adventures strange that Robin Hood befell.
When Mansfield many a time for Robin hath been laid,
How he hath couzened them that him would have betrayed :

How often he hath come to Nottingham disguised,
And cunningly escaped, being set to be surprised.
In this our spacious isle I think there is not one
But he hath heard some talk of him and little John ;
And to the end of time the tales shall ne'er be done,
Of Scarlock, George-a-Green, and Much the miller's son,
Of Tuck the merry friar, which many a sermon made
In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws and their trade.
An hundred valiant men had this brave Robin Hood,
Still ready at his call, that bow-men were right good,
All clad in Lincoln green, with caps of red and blue,
His fellow's winded horn not one of them but knew,
When setting to their lips their little bugles shrill,
The warbling echoes waked from every dale and hill :
Their baldrics set with studs, athwart their shoulders
cast,

To which under their arms their sheafs were buckled fast,
A short sword at their belt, a buckler scarce a span,
Who struck below the knee, not counted then a man :
All made of Spanish yew, their bows were wondrous
strong ;

They not an arrow drew but was a cloth-yard long.
Of archery they had the very perfect craft,
With broad arrow, or but, or prick, or roving shaft,
At marks full forty score they used to prick and rove,
Yet higher than the breast for compass never strove ;
Yet at the farthest mark a foot could hardly win :
At long-buts, short, and hoyles each one could cleave
the pin :

Their arrows finely paired, for timber, and for feather,
 With birch and brazil pieced, to fly in any weather,
 And shot they with the round, the square, or forked pile,
 The loose gave such a twang as might be heard a mile.
 And of these archers brave there was not any one
 But he could kill a deer his swiftest speed upon,
 Which they did boil and roast, in many a mighty wood,
 Sharp hunger the fine sauce to their more kingly food.
 Then taking them to rest, his merry men and he
 Slept many a summer's night under the greenwood tree.
 From wealthy abbots' chests, and churls' abundant store,
 What oftentimes he took, he shared amongst the poor :
 No lordly Bishop came in lusty Robin's way
 To him before he went, but for his pass must pay :
 The widow in distress he graciously relieved,
 And remedied the wrongs of many a virgin grieved :
 He from the husband's bed no married woman wan,
 But to his mistress dear, his loved Marian,
 Was ever constant known, which wheresoe'er she came,
 Was sovereign of the woods, chief lady of the game :
 Her clothes tucked to the knee, and dainty braided hair,
 With bow and quiver armed, she wandered here and
 there
 Amongst the forest wild ; Diana never knew
 Such pleasure, nor such harts as Mariana slew.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

ROBIN HOOD.

IN a fair wood like this where the beeches are growing,
 Brave Robin Hood hunted in days of old ;
 Down his broad shoulders his brown locks fell flowing,
 His cap was of green, with a tassel of gold.

 His eye was as blue as the sky in midsummer,
 Ruddy his cheek as the oak-leaves in June,
 Hearty his voice as he hailed the new-comer,
 Tender to maidens in changeable tune.

His step had a strength, and his smile had a sweetness,
His spirit was wrought of the sun and the breeze,
He moved as a man framed in nature's completeness,
And grew unabashed with the growth of the trees.

And ever to poets, who walk in the gloaming,
His horn is still heard in the prime of the year ;
Last eve he went with us, unseen, in our roaming,
And thrilled with his presence the shy troops of deer.

When the warm sun sank down in a golden declining,
And night clomb the slopes and the firs to their tops,
And the faint stars to meet her did brighten their
shining,
And the heat was refined into diamond drops ;

Then Robin stole forth in his quaint forest-fashion,—
For dear to the heart of all poets is he,—
And in mystical whispers awakened the passion
Which slumbers within for a life that were free.

We follow the lead unawares of his spirit,
He tells us the tales which we heard in past time ;
Ah ! why should we forfeit this earth we inherit
For lives which we cannot expand into rhyme !

I think, as I lie in the shade of the beeches,
How lived and how loved this old hero of song ;
I would we could follow the lesson he teaches,
And dwell, as he dwelt, these wild thickets among.

At least for a while, till we caught up the meaning
The beeches breathe out in the wealth of their growth,
Width in their nobleness, love in their leaning,
And peace at the heart from the fulness of both.

BESSIE RAYNER PARKES.

Shirley Chase.

MUSIC AT SHIRLEY CHASE.

CAVALIER music ! Shirley Chase,
Hidden deep amid oak-trees royal,
Is the noble home of a knightly race
Old as the oak-trees,—proud and royal.
Snow has fallen on the White King's bier,—
Cromwell lords it, late and early,
But as yet his troopers come not here ;
At home in his hall sits Sir Everard Shirley.

Moonlight pours through the painted oriels,
Firelight flickers on pictured walls ;
Full of solemn and sad memorials
Is the room where that mingled glimmer falls.
There is the banner of Arthur Shirley,
Who died for Charles on a misty wold ;
There is his portrait—an infant curly—
Whose corse in an unknown grave lies cold.

Hot and sudden swooped Rupert's horse
Down on the villanous Roundhead churls,
But they left young Arthur a mangled corse,
With the red mire clotting his chestnut curls :
Only son of an ancient race
As any that dwells in England's realm,—
Ah, a shadow sleeps on Sir Everard's face
When he thinks of his soldier's snow-plumed helm.

Madrigal music fills the room
With spring-like beauty and delicate grace ;
Vanishes half their weary gloom
As Harry St. Osyth's manly bass
And Maud's soprano and Amy in alt
Mingle like streams on a verdurous shore ;
But memory sets them once at fault
As they think of the tenor that's heard no more.

After, a rare old English glee,
 Humorous, eloquent, daring, buoyant,
 Rings through the chamber, strong and free,
 And shakes the mullioned panes flamboyant ;
 Merry music of olden time
 Gaily defying the Cromwell manacle,
 Stoutly rebelling in hearty rhyme
 'Gainst cant and heresy puritanical.

Then Amy down to the organ sits,
 And a pleasant prelude sounds sonorous
 As over the keys her white hand flits,
 And a Latin canon claims their chorus.
 Not in the great cathedrals now
 Does saintly song as of yore find place ;
 But it smooths awhile the furrowed brow
 Of the sad old master of Shirley Chase.

* * * * *

MORTIMER COLLINS.

Shooter's Hill.

SHOOTER'S HILL.

HEALTH ! I seek thee ;—dost thou love
 The mountain-top or quiet vale,
 Or deign o'er humbler hills to rove
 On showery June's dark south-west gale ?
 If so, I'll meet all blasts that blow,
 With silent step, but not forlorn ;
 Though, goddess, at thy shrine I bow,
 And woo thee each returning morn.

I seek thee where, with all his might,
 The joyous bird his rapture tells.
 Amidst the half-excluded light,
 That gilds the foxglove's pendent bells ;
 Where cheerly up this bold hill's side
 The deepening groves triumphant climb :

In groves Delight and Peace abide,
And Wisdom marks the lapse of time.

To hide me from the public eye,
To keep the throne of reason clear,
Amidst fresh air to breathe or die,
I took my staff and wandered here.
Suppressing every sigh that heaves,
And coveting no wealth but thee,
I nestle in the honeyed leaves,
And hug my stolen liberty.

O'er eastward uplands, gay or rude,
Along to Erith's ivied spire,
I start, with strength and hope renewed,
And cherish life's rekindling fire.
Now measure vales with straining eyes,
Now trace the churchyard's humble names ;
Or climb brown heaths, abrupt that rise,
And overlook the winding Thames.

* * * * *

Sweet health, I seek thee ! hither bring
Thy balm that softens human ills ;
Come, on the long-drawn clouds that fling
Their shadows o'er the Surrey hills.
Yon green-topt hills, and far away
Where late as now I freedom stole,
And spent one dear delicious day
On thy wild banks, romantic Mole.

Ay, there's the scene ! ¹ beyond the sweep
Of London's congregated cloud,
The dark-browed wood, the headlong steep,
And valley-paths without a crowd !
Here, Thames, I watch thy flowing tides,
Thy thousand sails am proud to see ;

¹ Box Hill, and the beautiful neighbourhood of Dorking, in Surrey.

For where the Mole all silent glides
Dwells peace,—and peace is wealth to me !

* * * * *

ROBERT BROOMFIELD.

Shrewsbury.

SHREWSBURY.

HOTSPUR. My cousin Vernon ! welcome, by my soul.

VERNON. 'Pray God my news be worth a welcome,
lord.

The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards ; with him, Prince John.

HOT. No harm ; what more ?

VER. And further, I have learned,
The king himself in person is set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

HOT. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
The nimble-footed mad-cap Prince of Wales,
And his comrades that daffed the world aside,
And bid it pass ?

VER. All furnished, all in arms ;
All plumed like estridges, that wing the wind,
Baited like eagles having lately bathed ;
Glittering in golden coats like images ;
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer ;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly armed,
Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropped down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

* * * * *

KING HENRY. How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon busky hill ! the day looks pale
At his distemperature

PRINCE HENRY. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes ;
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.

K. HEN. Then with the losers let it sympathise :
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.

* * * * *

HOT. O Harry, thou hast robbed me of my youth.
I better brook the loss of brittle life
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me ;
They wound my thoughts, worse than thy sword my
flesh.—

But Thought's the slave of Life, and Life Time's fool ;
And Time that takes survey of all the world
Must have a stop. Oh ! I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of Death
Lies on my tongue.—No, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for—

[Dies.

P. HEN. For worms, brave Percy. Fare thee well,
great heart !—
Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk !
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound ;
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough. This earth, that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear a show of zeal.—
But let my favours hide thy mangled face ;
And, even in thy behalf I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven !
Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remembered in thy epitaph !—

He sees FALSTAFF on the ground.

What ! old acquaintance ! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life ? Poor Jack, farewell !
I could have better spared a better man.—
Oh ! I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity.
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Shurton Bars.

WRITTEN AT SHURTON BARS, NEAR
BRIDGEWATER.

AND hark, my love ! The sea-breeze moans
Through yon reft house ! O'er rolling stones
In bold ambitious sweep.
The onward-surging tides supply
The silence of the cloudless sky
With mimic thunders deep.

Dark reddening from the channelled Isle
(Where stands one solitary pile
Unslated by the blast),
The watchfire, like a sullen star,
Twinkles to many a dozing tar
Rude cradled on the mast.

Even there—beneath that lighthouse tower—
In the tumultuous evil hour,
Ere peace with Sara came,
Time was, I should have thought it sweet
To count the echoings of my feet
And watch the storm-vexed flame.

And there in black soul-jaundiced fit,
A sad gloom-pampered man to sit,
And listen to the roar :

When mountain surges bellowing deep
 With an uncouth monster leap
 Plunged foaming on the shore.

Then by the lightning's blaze to mark
 Some toiling tempest-shattered bark ;
 Her vain distress-guns hear ;
 And when a second sheet of light
 Flashed o'er the blackness of the night, —
 To see no vessel there !

* * * *

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Sidmouth.

TO A LADY, ON LEAVING HER AT SIDMOUTH.

YES ! I must go,—it is a part
 That cruel Fortune has assigned me,—
 Must go, and leave, with aching heart,
 What most that heart adores behind me.

Still I shall see thee on the sand
 Till o'er the space the water rises,
 Still shall in thought behind thee stand,
 And watch the look affection prizes.

But ah ! what youth attends thy side,
 With eyes that speak his soul's devotion,—
 To thee as constant as the tide
 That gives the restless wave its motion ?

Still in thy train must he appear
 Forever gazing, smiling, talking ?
 Ah ! would that he were sighing here,
 And I were there beside thee walking !

Wilt thou to him that arm resign,
 Who is to that dear heart a stranger,

And with those matchless looks of thine
The peace of this poor youth endanger ?

Away this fear that fancy makes
When night and death's dull image hide thee :
In sleep, to thee my mind awakes ;
Awake, it sleeps to all beside thee.

Who could in absence bear the pain
Of all this fierce and jealous feeling,
But for the hope to meet again,
And see those smiles all sorrow healing ?

Then shall we meet, and, heart to heart,
Lament that fate such friends should sever,
And I shall say, " We must not part ; "
And thou wilt answer, " Never, never ! "

GEORGE CRABEE.

Silbury Hill.

FOR A TABLET AT SILBURY HILL.

THIS mound, in some remote and dateless day
Reared o'er a chieftain of the age of hills,
May here detain thee, traveller ! from thy road
Not idly lingering. In his narrow house
Some warrior sleeps below, whose gallant deeds
Haply at many a solemn festival
The scald hath sung ; but perished is the song
Of praise, as o'er these bleak and barren downs
The wind that passes and is heard no more.
Go, traveller, and remember, when the pomp
Of earthly glory fades, that one good deed,
Unseen, unheard, unnoted by mankind,
Lives in the eternal register of heaven.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Silchester.

THE ANCIENT CALEVA.

A CELEBRATED station and city on the great Roman road from Bath to London; the walls of which, covered with trees, yet remain nearly entire.

THE wild pear whispers and the ivy crawls
Along the circuit of thine ancient walls,
Lone city of the dead ! and near this mound
The buried coins of mighty men are found,—
Silent remains of Cæsars and of kings,
Soldiers of whose renown the world yet rings,
In its sad story ! These have had their day
Of glory, and have passed like sounds away !

And such their fame ! While we the spot behold,
And muse upon the tale that time has told,
We ask where are they ?—they whose clarion brayed,
Whose chariot glided, and whose war-horse neighed ;
Whose cohorts hastened o'er the echoing way,
Whose eagles glittered to the orient ray !

Ask of this fragment, reared by Roman hands,
That now a lone and broken column stands !
Ask of that road—whose track alone remains—
That swept of old o'er mountains, downs, and plains,
And still along the silent champaign leads,
Where are its noise of cars and tramp of steeds ?
Ask of the dead, and silence will reply ;
Go, seek them in the grave of mortal vanity !

Is this a Roman veteran ? Look again,—
It is a British soldier, who, in Spain,
At Albuera's glorious fight, has bled ;
He, too, has spurred his charger o'er the dead !
Desolate, now,—friendless and desolate,—
Let him the tale of war and home relate.
His wife (and Gainsborough such a form and mien

Would paint, in harmony with such a scene),
 With pensive aspect, yet demeanour bland,
 A tottering infant guided by her hand,
 Spoke of her own green Erin, while her child
 Amid the scene of ancient glory smiled,
 As spring's first flower smiles from a monument
 Of other years, by time and ruin rent !

Lone city of the dead ! thy pride is past,
 Thy temples sunk, as at the whirlwind's blast !
 Silent,—all silent, where the mingled cries
 Of gathered myriads rent the purple skies !
 Here where the summer breezes waved the wood
 The stern and silent gladiator stood,
 And listened to the shouts that hailed his gushing blood.
 And on this wooded mount, that oft of yore
 Hath echoed to the Lybian lion's roar,
 The ear scarce catches, from the shady glen,
 The small pipe of the solitary wren.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

SILCHESTER.

MY travels' dream and talk for many a year,
 At length I view thee, hoary Silchester !
 Pilgrim long vowed ; now only hither led,
 As with new zeal by fervent Mitford fed,
 Whose voice of poesy and classic grace
 Had breathed a new religion on the place.

'Scaped from the pride, the smoke, the busy hum
 Of our metropolis, a later Rome,
 How sweet to win one calm, uncrowded day,
 Where congregated man hath passed away !

For these old city-walls, a half-league round,
 Are but the girdle now of rural ground ;
 These stones from far-off fields, toil-gathered thence
 For man's protection, but a farm's ring-fence ;

The fruit of all his planning and his pain
By Nature's certain hand resumed again !

Yet eyes instructed, as along they pass,
May learn from crossing lines of stunted grass,
And stunted wheat-stems, that refuse to grow,
What intersecting causeways sleep below.
And ploughshare, deeplier delving on its path,
Will oft break in on pavement quaint or bath ;
Or flax-haired little one, from neighbouring cot,
Will hap on rusted coin, she knows not what ;
'Bout which though grave collectors make great stir,
Some pretty pebble found had more contented her.

From trees that shade thine amphitheatre,
Hoarse caws the rook, and redbreast carols clear ;
All silent else ! nor human foot nor call
Are heard to-day within its turfy wall ;
Gone—many a century since—its shouts, its shows ;
Here thought may now hold commune with repose.

Yet sheds the sun no other evening glow
Than tinged these walls two thousand years ago ;
While leaves, e'en such as then in autumn fell,
Twirling adown with faint decaying smell,
Mix with the pensive thoughts of ruin well.

These walls already reared did Cæsar see ?
Rose they, Stonehenge ! coevally with thee,
Whose years, in prose untold or Druid-rhyme,
Still baffle thought,—the riddle of old Time ?
Or was it Rome first fixed to fortify
This pleasant spot ? deserted when ? or why ?
What name, familiar to historic ear,
Ruled this hill circled-track Proconsul here ;
And master of these fields, though fair they be,
Sighed for his sunny vines beyond the Tyrrhene sea ?

Within these bounds when Jove's high altar stood,
Was the oak worshipped in yon sloping wood ?

And did each creed, as creeds are wont to do,
The other scorn, and hold itself the true ?

Declare, Geologist ! what ancient sea
These flinty nodules fashioned, thus to be
Ruin or rock, as each—a mystery !

Thy very name a puzzle ! Yet, I wis,
Scanning these flints, 't was "Castrum Silicis."
My books away, I vouch not how it is ;
For heavy tomes of antiquarian lore
Burden the traveller much, if reader more.

In vain for cicerone round I seek ;
Speak ancient bulwarks ! your own story speak :
Vexed heretofore by dilettanti lungs,
How often have I wished that stones had tongues !

Can he explain, stretched silent as his fold,
Perchance of Latin blood, yon shepherd old,
Himself a crumbling ruin of fourscore ?
"The Romish folk," he says, "dwelt here of yore ;"
'Tis all he knows,—the learned scarce know more.

Slow I muse on, in idle question lost,
If knowledge or if mystery please the most.

JOHN KENYON.

Skiddaw.

SKIDDAW.

PELION and Ossa flourish side by side,
Together in immortal books enrolled :
His ancient dower Olympus hath not sold,
And that inspiring hill, which "did divide
Into two ample horns his forehead wide,"
Shines with poetic radiance as of old ;
While not an English mountain we behold
By the celestial muses glorified.

Yet round our sea-girt shores they rise in crowds :
 What was the great Parnassus' self to thee,
 Mount Skiddaw ? In his natural sovereignty
 Our British hill is nobler far ; he shrouds
 His double front among Atlantic clouds,
 And pours forth streams more sweet than Castaly.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

SUMMIT OF SKIDDAW, JULY 7, 1838.

AT length here stand we, wrapt as in the cloud
 In which light dwelt before the sun was born,
 When the great fiat issued in the morn
 Of this fair world ; alone and in a shroud
 Of dazzling mist, while the wind whistling loud
 Buffets thy streaming locks ;—result forlorn
 For us who up yon steep our way have worn,
 Elate with hope, and of our daring proud.
 Yet though no stretch of glorious prospect range
 Beneath our vision,—neither Scottish coast
 Nor ocean-island, nor the future boast
 Of far-off hills descried,—I would not change
 For aught on earth this solitary hour
 Of Nature's grandest and most sacred power.

HENRY ALFORD.

DESCENT OF THE SAME.

GLORY on glory greets our wondering sight
 As we wind down these slopes ; mountain and plain
 Robed in rich sunshine, and the distant main
 Lacing the sky with silver ; and yon height,
 So lately left in clouds, distinct and bright.
 Anon the mist enwraps us ; then again
 Burst into view lakes, pastures, fields of grain,
 And rocky passes, with their torrents white.
 So on the head, perchance, and highest bent
 Of thine endeavour, Heaven may stint the dower

Of rich reward long hoped ; but thine ascent
Was full of pleasures, and the teaching hour
Of disappointment hath a kindly voice,
That moves the spirit inly to rejoice.

HENRY ALFORD.

SONNET.

WRITTEN ON SKIDDAW, DURING A TEMPEST.

It was a dreadful day, when late I passed
O'er thy dim vastness, Skiddaw ! Mist and cloud
Each subject fell obscured, and rushing blast
To thee made darling music, wild and loud,
Thou Mountain Monarch ! Rain in torrents played,
As when at sea a wave is borne to heaven,
A watery spire, then on the crew dismayed
Of reeling ship with downward wrath is driven.
I could have thought that every living form
Had fled, or perished in that savage storm,
So desolate the day. To me were given
Peace, calmness, joy ; then to myself I said,
Can grief, time, chance, or elements control
Man's chartered pride, the liberty of soul ?

JOHN WILSON.

Slaughden.

THE QUAY OF SLAUGHDEN.

YON is our quay ! those smaller hoys from town,
Its various ware, for country use, bring down ;
Those laden waggons, in return, impart
The country produce to the city mart.
Hark to the clamour in that miry road,
Bounded and narrowed by yon vessel's load !
The lumbering wealth she empties round the place,
Package and parcel, hogshead, chest, and case :

While the loud seaman and the angry hind,
Mingling in business, bellow to the wind.

Near these a crew amphibious, in the docks,
Rear, for the sea, those castles on the stocks :
See the long keel, which soon the waves must hide !
See the strong ribs which form the roomy side !
Bolts yielding slowly to the sturdiest stroke,
And planks which curve and crackle in the smoke.
Around the whole rise cloudy wreaths, and far
Bear the warm pungence of o'er-boiling tar.

Dabbling on shore half-naked sea-boys crowd,
Swim round a ship, or swing upon the shroud ;
Or in a boat purloined with paddles play,
And grow familiar with the watery way :
Young though they be, they feel whose sons they are,
They know what British seamen do and dare ;
Proud of that fame, they raise and they enjoy
The rustic wonder of the village boy.

GEORGE CRABBE.

Solent Sea.

SOLENT SEA.

WHEN Portsey, weighing well the ill to her might grow,
In that their mighty stirrs might be her overthrow,
She strongly strait'neth-in the entrance to her Bay ;
That, of their haunt debarred, and shut out to the sea
(Each small conceived wrong helps on distempered rage),
No counsel could be heard their choler to assuage :
When every one suspects the next that is in place
To be the only cause and means of his disgrace.
Some coming from the east, some from the setting sun,
The liquid mountains still together mainly run ;
Wave woundeth wave again ; and billow billow gores ;
And topsy-turvy so, fly tumbling to the shores.
From hence the Solent Sea, as some men thought, might
stand

Amongst those things which we call Wonders of our land.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

Somerset.

EPITAPH.

HERE, in the fruitful vales of Somerset,
Was Emma born, and here the maiden grew
To the sweet season of her womanhood,
Beloved and lovely, like a plant whose leaf
And bud and blossom all are beautiful.
In peacefulness her virgin years were passed ;
And, when in prosperous wedlock she was given,
Amid the Cumbrian mountains far away
She had her summer bower. 'Twas like a dream
Of old romance to see her when she plied
Her little skiff on Derwent's glassy lake ;
The roseate evening resting on the hills,
The lake returning back the hues of heaven,
Mountains and vales and waters, all imbued
With beauty, and in quietness ; and she,
Nymph-like, amid that glorious solitude
A heavenly presence, gliding in her joy.
But soon a wasting malady began
To prey upon her, frequent in attack,
Yet with such flattering intervals as mock
The hopes of anxious love, and most of all
The sufferer, self-deceived. During those days
Of treacherous respite, many a time hath he,
Who leaves this record of his friend, drawn back
Into the shadow from her social board,
Because too surely in her cheek he saw
The insidious bloom of death ; and then her smiles
And innocent mirth excited deeper grief
Than when long-looked for tidings came at last,
That, all her sufferings ended, she was laid
Amid Madeira's orange-groves to rest.
O gentle Emma ! o'er a lovelier form
Than thine earth never closed ; nor e'er did heaven
Receive a purer spirit from the world.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Southampton.

THE LORD OF THE SEA.

BEFORE sea-washed Southampton,
With sceptre and with crown,
King Knut, in pomp of purple,
Upon his throne sits down,
The billows loudly roaring.

His vassals, mute, around him,
Await his nod, but he
Peers out with frowning eyebrows
Upon the boundless sea,
The billows loudly roaring.

Then, with defiant gesture,
The haughty, gray-haired Dane,
Tamer of England's people,
Flings back his lion-name ;
The billows loudly roaring.

“ From this gold chair I sit on,
To the blue Baltic's brine,
From Thule to Southampton,
The world,” he cried, “ is mine !”
The billows loudly roaring.

“ Thou, too, despite thy fury,
White-crested old sea wave !
Shalt henceforth pay me tribute,
And be my faithful slave !”
The billows loudly roaring.

And while he speaks, a sea-wave
Flung up its sparkling spray,
And spat upon his beard there,
As if in scornful play,
The billows loudly roaring.

But he took off his crown, then,
 And flung it in the sea,
 Crying, "Man's might is idle !
 To God all glory be !"
 The billows loudly roaring.

KARL GOTTFRIED LEITNER. TR. C. T. BROOKS.

SOUTHAMPTON CASTLE.

THE moonlight is without, and I could lose
 An hour to gaze, though taste and splendour here,
 As in a lustrous fairy palace, reign !
 Regardless of the lights that blaze within,
 I look upon the wide and silent sea
 That in the shadowy moonbeam sleeps.

How still,

Nor heard to murmur or to move, it lies ;
 Shining in Fancy's eye, like the soft gleam,
 The eve of pleasant yesterdays !

The clouds

Have all sunk westward, and the host of stars
 Seem in their watches set as gazing on ;
 While night's fair empress, sole and beautiful,
 Holds her illustrious course through the mid heavens
 Supreme, the spectacle, for such she looks,
 Of gazing worlds !

How different is the scene

That lies beneath this archéd window's height !
 The town that murmured through the busy day
 Is hushed ; the roofs one solemn breadth of shade
 Veils ; but the towers, and taper spires above,
 The pinnets and the gray embattled walls,
 And masts that throng around the southern pier
 Shine all distinct in light ; and mark, remote
 O'er yonder elms, St. Mary's modest fane.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

SOUTHAMPTON WATER.

SMOOTH went our boat upon the summer seas
 Leaving, for so it seemed, the world behind,
 Its sounds of mingled uproar ; we reclined
 Upon the sunny deck, heard but the breeze
 That o'er us whispering passed, or idly played
 With the lithe flag aloft. A woodland scene
 On either side drew its slope line of green,
 And hung the water's shining edge with shade.
 Above the woods, Netley ! thy ruins pale
 Peered as we passed ; and Vecta's azure hue
 Beyond the misty castle met our view ;
 Where in mid channel hung the scarce-seen sail.
 So all was calm and sunshine as we went
 Cheerily o'er the briny element.
 O, were this little boat to us the world,
 As thus we wandered far from sounds of care,
 Circled by friends and gentle maidens fair,
 Whilst morning airs the waving pennant curled ;
 How sweet were life's long voyage till in peace
 We gained that haven still, where all things cease !
 WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

South Downs.

SONNET.

TO THE SOUTH DOWNS.

AH, hills beloved !—where once, a happy child,
 Your beechen shades, “ your turf, your flowers among,”
 I wove your bluebells into garlands wild,
 And woke your echoes with my artless song.
 Ah ! hills beloved !—your turf, your flowers, remain ;
 But can they peace to this sad breast restore,
 For one poor moment soothe the sense of pain,
 And teach a broken heart to throb no more ?

And you, Aruna ! in the vale below,
As to the sea your limpid waves you bear,
Can you one kind Lethean cup bestow,
To drink a long oblivion to my care ?
Ah no !—when all, e'en hope's last ray is gone,
There's no oblivion but in death alone !

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

Spithead.

ON THE LOSS OF THE "ROYAL GEORGE."

TOLL for the brave,—
The brave that are no more !
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore !

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel,
And laid her on her side.

A land breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset :
Down went the " Royal George,"
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave !
Brave Kempenfelt is gone ;
His last sea-fight is fought,
His work of glory done

It was not in the battle ;
No tempest gave the shock ;
She sprang no fatal leak,
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath ;
His fingers held the pen,

When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes !
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again,
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er ;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the waves no more.

WILLIAM COWPER.

LINES

WRITTEN AT SPITHEAD.

HARK to the knell !
It comes on the swell
Of the stormy ocean wave ;
'Tis no earthly sound,
But a tale profound
From the mariner's deep-sea grave.

When the billows dash,
And the signals flash,
And the thunder is on the gale ;
And the ocean is white
With its own wild light,
Deadly and dismal and pale.

When the lightning's blaze
Smites the seamen's gaze,
And the sea rolls in fire and in foam ;

And the surge's roar
Shakes the rocky shore,
We hear the sea-knell come.

There 'neath the billow,
The sand their pillow,
Ten thousand men lie low ;
And still their dirge
Is sung by the surge,
When the stormy night-winds blow.

Sleep, warriors ! sleep
On your pillow deep
In peace ! for no mortal care,
No art can deceive,
No anguish can heave,
The heart that once slumbers there.

GEORGE CROLY.

Stanage.

CLOUDLESS STANAGE.

WHY, shower-loved Derwent ! have the rainbows left
thee ?

Mam-Tor ! Win-Hill ! a single falcon sails
Between ye ; but no airy music wails.

Who, mountains ! of your soft hues hath bereft ye,
And stolen the dewy freshness of your dales ?

Dove-stone ! thy cold drip-drinking fountain fails ;

Sun-darkened shadows, motionless, are on ye ;

Silence to his embrace of fire hath won ye ;

And light, as with a shroud of glory, veils

The Peak and all his marvels. Slowly trails

One streak of silver o'er the deep dark blue

Its feathery stillness, while of whispered tales

The ash, where late his quivering shade he threw,

Dreams o'er the thoughtful plant that hoards its drop of
dew.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

Stoke Pogis.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds :

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke :
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys and destiny obscure ;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth, e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour :
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
 If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
 Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre :

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
 Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll ;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
 The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear ;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade : nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray ;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply :
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonoured dead,
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
 If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 “Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn :

“There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

“Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove ;
 Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn,
 Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

“One morn I missed him on the accustomed hill,
 Along the heath, and near his favourite tree ;
 Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he :

“The next with dirges due, in sad array,
 Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne ;—
 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
 Graved on the stone beneath you aged thorn.”

THE EPITAPH.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of earth,
 A youth to fortune and to fame unknown :
 Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send ;

He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,
 He gained from heaven ('t was all he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose),
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

THOMAS GRAY.

A LONG STORY.

MR. GRAY'S *Elegy*, previous to its publication, was handed about in MS., and had, amongst other admirers, the Lady Cobham, who resided in the mansion-house at Stoke Pogis. The performance inducing her to wish for the author's acquaintance, Lady Schaub and Miss Speed, then at her house, undertook to introduce her to it. These two ladies waited upon the author at his aunt's solitary habitation, where he at that time resided, and, not finding him at home, they left a card behind them. Mr. Gray, surprised at such a compliment, returned the visit; and as the beginning of this intercourse bore some appearance of romance, he gave the humorous and lively account of it which the *Long Story* contains.

IN Britain's isle, no matter where,
 An ancient pile of building stands;
 The Huntingdons and Hattons there
 Employed the power of fairy hands

To raise the ceilings' fretted height,
 Each panel in achievements clothing,
 Rich windows that exclude the light,
 And passages that lead to nothing.

Full oft within the spacious walls,
 When he had fifty winters o'er him,
 My grave lord-keeper led the brawls:
 The seal and maces danced before him.

His bushy beard and shoe-strings green,
His high-crowned hat and satin doublet,
Moved the stout heart of England's queen,
Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.

What, in the very first beginning,
Shame of the versifying tribe !
Your history whither are you spinning ?
Can you do nothing but describe ?

A house there is (and that's enough)
From whence one fatal morning issues
A brace of warriors, not in buff,
But rustling in their silks and tissues.

The first came *cap-a-pie* from France,
Her conquering destiny fulfilling,
Whom meaner beauties eye askance,
And vainly ape her art of killing.

The other Amazon kind Heaven
Had armed with spirit, wit, and satire ;
But Cobham had the polish given,
And tipped her arrows with good-nature.

To celebrate her eyes, her air—
Coarse panegyrics would but tease her ;
Melissa is her *nom de guerre* :
Alas ! who would not wish to please her ?

With bonnet blue and capuchin,
And aprons long, they hid their armour,
And veiled their weapons bright and keen
In pity to the country farmer.

Fame in the shape of Mr. P—t
(By this time all the parish know it)
Had told that thereabouts there lurked
A wicked imp they called a poet,

Who prowled the country far and near,
Bewitched the children of the peasants,
Dried up the cows and lamed the deer,
And sucked the eggs and killed the pheasants.

My lady heard their joint petition ;
Swore by her coronet and ermine,
She'd issue out her high commission
To rid the manor of such vermin.

The heroines undertook the task ;
Through lanes unknown, o'er stiles they ventured,
Rapped at the door, nor stayed to ask,
But bounce into the parlour entered.

The trembling family they daunt,
They flirt, they sing, they laugh, they tattle.
Rummage his mother, pinch his aunt,
And upstairs in a whirlwind rattle.

Each hole and cupboard they explore,
Each creek and cranny of his chamber,
Run hurry-scurry round the floor,
And o'er the bed and tester clamber ;

Into the drawers and china pry,
Papers and books, a huge imbroglio !
Under a tea-cup he might lie,
Or creased like dog's ears in a folio.

On the first marching of the troops,
The muses, hopeless of his pardon,
Conveyed him underneath their hoops
To a small closet in the garden.

So rumour says (who will believe ?)
But that they left the door ajar,
Where, safe, and laughing in his sleeve,
He heard the distant din of war.

Short was his joy ; he little knew
The power of magic was no fable ;
Out of the window whisk they flew,
But left a spell upon the table.

The words too eager to unriddle,
The poet felt a strange disorder ;
Transparent birdlime formed the middle,
And chains invisible the border.

So cunning was the apparatus,
The powerful pothooks did so move him,
That will he nill he to the great house
He went as if the devil drove him.

Yet on his way (no sign of grace,
For folks in fear are apt to pray)
To Phœbus he preferred his case,
And begged his aid that dreadful day.

The godhead would have backed his quarrel,
But with a blush, on recollection,
Owned that his quiver and his laurel
'Gainst four such eyes were no protection.

The court was sat, the culprit there :
Forth from their gloomy mansions creeping,
The Lady Janes and Jones repair,
And from the gallery stand peeping ;

Such as in silence of the night
Come (sweep) along some winding entry,
(Styack¹ has often seen the sight),
Or at the chapel door stand sentry ;

In peaked hoods and mantle tarnished,
Sour visages enough to scare ye,
High dames of honour once that garnished
The drawing-room of fierce Queen Mary !

¹ The housekeeper.

The peeress comes : the audience stare,
 And doff their hats with due submission ;
 She courtesies, as she takes her chair,
 To all the people of condition.

The bard with many an artful fib
 Had in imagination fenced him,
 Disproved the arguments of Squib,¹
 And all that Groom² could urge against him.

But soon his rhetoric forsook him
 When he the solemn hall had seen ;
 A sudden fit of ague shook him ;
 He stood as mute as poor Maclean.³

Yet something he was heard to mutter,
 “ How in the park, beneath an old tree,
 (Without design to hurt the butter,
 Or any malice to the poultry),

He once or twice had penned a sonnet,
 Yet hoped that he might save his bacon ;
 Numbers would give their oaths upon it,
 He ne’er was for a conjuror taken.”

The ghostly prudes, with haggard face,
 Already had condemned the sinner :
 My lady rose, and with a grace—
 She smiled, and bid him come to dinner.

“ Jesu Maria ! Madam Bridget,
 Why, what can the Viscountess mean ! ”
 Cried the square hoods, in woful fidget ;
 “ The times are altered quite and clean !

“ Decorum’s turned to mere civility !
 Her air and all her manners show it :

¹ The steward.

² Groom of the chamber.

³ A famous highwayman, hanged the week before.

Commend me to her affability !
 Speak to a commoner and poet !”
[Here 500 stanzas are lost.]

And so God save our noble king,
 And guard us from long-winded lubbers,
 That to eternity would sing,
 And keep my lady from her rubbers.

THOMAS GREY.

Stonehenge.

DESCRIPTION OF STONEHENGE.

AND whereto serves that wondrous trophy now
 That on the goodly plain near Walton stands ?
 That huge dumb heap, that cannot tell us how,
 Nor what, nor whence it is, nor with whose hands
 Nor for whose glory it was set to show
 How much our pride mocks that of other lands.

Whereon, when as the gazing passenger
 Had greedy looked with admiration,
 And fain would know his birth, and what we were,
 How there erected, and how long ago,
 Inquires and asks his fellow-traveller
 What he had heard, and his opinion.

And he knows nothing. Then he turns again,
 And looks and sighs ; and then admires afresh,
 And in himself with sorrow doth complain
 The misery of dark forgetfulness,
 Angry with time that nothing should remain,
 Our greatest wonders' wonder to express.

Then Ignorance, with fabulous discourse,
 Robbing fair art and cunning of their right,
 Tells how those stones were, by the devil's force,
 From Afric brought to Ireland in a night ;
 And thence to Brittany, by magic course,
 From giants' hands redeemed by Merlin's sleight.

And then near Ambri placed, in memory
Of all those noble Britons murdered there,
By Hengist and his Saxon treachery,
Coming to parley, in peace at unaware.
With this old legend then Credulity
Holds her content, and closes up her care.

But is Antiquity so great a liar ?
Or do her younger sons her age abuse ;
Seeing after-comers still so apt to admire
The grave authority that she doth use,
That reverence and respect dares not require
Proof of her deeds, or once her words refuse ?

Yet wrong they did us, to presume so far
Upon our early credit and delight ;
For once found false, they straight became to mar
Our faith, and their own reputation quite ;
That now her truths hardly believ'd are ;
And though she avouch the right, she scarce hath right.

And as for thee, thou huge and mighty frame,
That stand'st corrupted so with time's despite,
And giv'st false evidence against their fame,
That set thee there to testify their right ;
And art become a traitor to their name,
That trusted thee with all the best they might,—

Thou shalt stand still belied and slandered,
The only gazing-stock of ignorance,
And by thy guile the wise, admonish'd,
Shall nevermore desire such hopes to advance,
Nor trust their living glory with the dead
That cannot speak, but leave their fame to chance.

Considering in how small a room do lie,
And yet lie safe (as fresh as if alive),
All those great worthies of antiquity,
Which long forelived thee, and shall long survive ;
Who stronger tombs found for eternity,
Than could the powers of all the earth contrive.

Where they remain these trifles to upbraid,
Out of the reach of spoil and way of rage ;

Though time with all his power of years hath laid
Long battery, backed with undermining age,
Yet they make head only with their own aid,
And war with his all-conquering forces wage ;
Pleading the heaven's prescription to be free,
And to have a grant to endure as long as he.

SAMUEL DANIEL.

STONEHENGE.

WRAPT in the veil of time's unbroken gloom,
Obscure as death and silent as the tomb,
Where cold oblivion holds her dusky reign,
Frowns the dark pile on Sarum's lonely plain.

Yet think not here with classic eye to trace
Corinthian beauty or Ionian grace ;
No pillared lines with sculptured foliage crowned,
No fluted remnants deck the hallowed ground ;
Firm, as implanted by some Titan's might,
Each rugged stone uprears its giant height,
Whence the poised fragment tottering seems to throw
A trembling shadow on the plain below,

Here oft, when evening sheds her twilight ray,
And gilds with fainter beam departing day,
With breathless gaze, and cheek with terror pale,
The lingering shepherd startles at the tale,
How at deep midnight by the moon's chill glance,
Unearthly forms prolong the viewless dance ;
While on each whispering breeze that murmurs by,
His busied fancy hears the hollow sigh.

Rise from thy haunt, dread genius of the clime,
Rise, magic spirit of forgotten time !

'Tis thine to burst the mantling clouds of age,
And fling new radiance on tradition's page :
See ! at thy call from fable's varied store,
In shadowy train the mingled visions pour ;
Here the wild Briton, 'mid his wilder reign,
Spurns the proud yoke and scorns the oppressor's chain ;

Here wizard Merlin, where the mighty fell,
Waves the dark wand and chants the thrilling spell.
Hark ! 'tis the bardic lyre whose harrowing strain
Wakes the rude echoes of the slumbering plain ;
Lo ! 'tis the Druid pomp, whose lengthening line
In lowliest homage bends before the shrine.
He comes—the priest—amid the sullen blaze
His snow-white robe in spectral lustre plays ;
Dim gleam the torches through the circling night,
Dark curl the vapours round the altar's light ;
O'er the black scene of death each conscious star,
In lurid glory rolls its silent car.

'Tis gone ! e'en now the mystic horrors fade
From Sarum's loneliness and Mona's glade ;
Hushed is each note of Taliesin's lyre,
Sheathed the fell blade and quenched the fatal fire.
On wings of light hope's angel form appears,
Smiles on the past and points to happier years ;
Points with uplifted hand and raptured eye
To yon pure dawn that floods the opening sky,
And views at length the Sun of Judah pour
One cloudless noon o'er Albion's rescued shore.

OXFORD PRIZE POEM, 1823.

STONEHENGE.

DULL heap, that thus thy head above the rest dost rear,
Precisely yet not know'st who first did place thee there ;
But traitor basely turned, to Merlin's skill dost fly,
And with his magiques dost thy maker's truth belie :
Conspirator with Time, now grown so mean and poor,
Comparing these his spirits with those that went before ;
Yet rather art content thy builders' praise to lose,
Than passed greatness should thy present wants disclose.
Ill did those mighty men to trust thee with their story,
That hast forgot their names, who reared thee for their
glory :

For all their wondrous cost, thou that hast served them so,
What 'tis to trust to tombs, by thee we easily know.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

WRITTEN AT STONEHENGE.

THOU noblest monument of Albion's isle !
Whether by Merlin's aid from Scythia's shore,
To Amber's fatal plain Pendragon bore,
Huge frame of giant-hands, the mighty pile,
To entomb his Britons slain by Hengist's guile ;
Or Druid priests, sprinkled with human gore,
Taught 'mid thy massy maze their mystic lore ;
Or Danish chiefs, enriched with savage spoil,
'To Victory's idol vast, an unhewn shrine,
Reared the rude heap ; or, in thy hallowed round,
Repose the kings of Brutus' genuine line ;
Or here those kings in solemn state were crowned :
Studios to trace thy wondrous origin,
We muse on many an ancient tale renowned.

THOMAS WARTON.

Stourhead.

ON THE BUSTS OF MILTON, IN YOUTH AND AGE AT STOURHEAD.

IN YOUTH.

MILTON, our noblest poet, in the grace
Of youth, in those fair eyes and clustering hair,
That brow untouched by one faint line of care
To mar its openness, we seem to trace
The front of the first lord of human race,
'Mid thine own paradise portrayed so fair,
Ere sin or sorrow scathed it : such the air
That characters thy youth. Shall time efface
These lineaments as crowding cares assail !
It is the lot of fallen humanity.

What boots it ! armed in adamantine mail,
 The unconquerable mind and genius high
 Right onward hold their way through weal and woe,
 Or whether life's brief lot be high or low !

IN AGE.

AND art thou he, now "fallen on evil days,"
 And changed indeed ! Yet what do this sunk cheek,
 These thinner locks, and that calm forehead speak ?
 A spirit reckless of man's blame or praise,—
 A spirit, when thine eyes to the noon's blaze
 Their dark orbs roll in vain, in suffering meek,
 As in the sight of God intent to seek,
 'Mid solitude or age, or through the ways
 Of hard adversity, the approving look
 Of its great Master ; whilst the conscious pride
 Of wisdom, patient and content to brook
 All ills to that sole Master's task applied,
 Shall show before high Heaven the unaltered mind,
 Milton, though thou art poor, and old, and blind !

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

Stowe.

ON LORD COBHAM'S GARDENS.

It puzzles much the sages' brains
 Where Eden stood of yore ;
 Some place it in Arabia's plains,
 Some say it is no more.

But Cobham can these tales confute,
 As all the curious know ;
 For he has proved beyond dispute
 That Paradise is Stowe.

NATHANIEL COTTON.

Stratford-on-Avon.

THE CHURCH AT STRATFORD.

OLD INSCRIPTION ON THE WALL OF THE CHURCH AT
STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

AGAINST the west wall of the nave (now in the antechapel), on the south side of the arch, was painted the martyrdom of Thomas à Becket, whilst kneeling at the altar of St. Benedict, in Canterbury Cathedral; below this was the figure of an angel, probably St. Michael, supporting a long scroll, upon which were seven stanzas in Old English, being an allegory of mortality.

ERTHE oute of erthe ys wondurly wrought
Erth hath gotyn uppon erth a dygnyte of noght
Erth ypon erth hath sett all hys thowht
How erth apon erth may be hey browght

Erth upon erth wold be a kyng
But how that erth gott to erth he thyngkys nothyng
When erth byddys erth hys rentys whom bryng
Then schall erth apon erth have a hard ptyng

Erth apon erth wynnys castellys and towrys
Then seth erth unto erth thys ys all owrys
When erth apon erth hath bylde hys bowrys
Then schall erth for erth suffur many hard schowrys

Erth goth apon erth as man apon mowld
Lyke as erth apon erth never goo schold
Erth goth apon erth as glesteryng gold
And yet schall erth unto erth rather then he wold

Why that erth loveth erth wondur me thynke
Or why that erth wold for erth other swett or swynke
When erth apon erth ys broght wt.yn the brynke
Then schall erth apon erth have a fowll stynke

Lo erth on erth consedur thow may
 How erth comyth to erth nakyd all way
 Why schall erth apon erth goo stowte or gay
 Seth erth owt of erth schall passe yn poor aray

I counsill erth apon erth that ys wondurly wrogt
 The whyl yt. erth ys apon erth to torne hys thowht
 And pray to god upon erth yt. all erth wroght
 That all crystyn soullys to ye. blys may be broght

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

SHAKESPEARE'S EPITAPH.

GOOD frend, for Jesvs' sake forbear
 To digg the dvst enclosed heare.
 Bleste be y^e man y^t spares these stones,
 And cvrst be he y^t moves my bones.

THE BUST OF SHAKESPEARE.

STRANGER, to whom this monument is shown,
 Invoke the poet's curses on Malone,
 Whose meddling zeal his barb'rous taste displays,
 And daubs his tombstone, as he marred his plays.
 ALBUM AT STRATFORD, TRINITY CHURCH.

SHAKESPEARE.

FAR from the sun and summer gale,
 In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
 What time, where lucid Avon strayed,
 To him the mighty mother did unveil
 Her awful face ; the dauntless child
 Stretched forth his little arms, and smiled.
 This pencil take (she said), whose colours clear
 Richly paint the vernal year ;
 Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy !
 This can unlock the gates of joy ;

Of horror that and thrilling fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.

THOMAS GRAY.

MONODY

WRITTEN NEAR STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

AVON, thy rural views, thy pastures wild,
The willows that o'erhang thy twilight edge,
Their boughs entangling with the embattled sedge ;
Thy brink with watery foliage quaintly fringed,
Thy surface with reflected verdure tinged,
Soothe me with many a pensive pleasure mild.
But while I muse, that here the bard divine
Whose sacred dust yon high-arched aisles enclose
Where the tall windows rise in stately rows
Above the embowering shade,
Here first, at Fancy's fairy-circled shrine,
Of daisies pied his infant offering made ;
Here playful yet, in stripling years unripe,
Framed of thy reeds a shrill and artless pipe—
Sudden thy beauties, Avon, all are fled,
As at the waving of some magic wand :
An holy trance my charmed spirit wings,
And awful shapes of warriors and of kings
People the busy mead,
Like spectres swarming to the wizard's hall ;
And slowly pace, and point with trembling hand
The wounds ill covered by the purple pall.
Before me Pity seems to stand
A weeping mourner, smote with anguish sore,
To see Misfortune rend in frantic mood
His robe, with regal woes embroidered o'er.
Pale Terror leads the visionary band,
And sternly shakes his sceptre, dropping blood.

THOMAS WARTON.

SHAKESPEARE.

THOU soft-flowing Avon, by thy silver stream
Of things more than mortal sweet Shakespeare would
dream,

The fairies by moonlight dance round his green bed
For hallowed the turf is which pillowed his head.

The love-stricken maiden, the soft-sighing swain,
Here rove without danger, and sigh without pain :
The sweet bud of beauty no blight shall here dread,
For hallowed the turf is which pillowed his head.

Here youth shall be famed for their love and their truth,
And cheerful old age feel the spirit of youth ;
For the raptures of fancy here poets shall tread,
For hallowed the turf is that pillowed his head.

Flow on, silver Avon, in song ever flow !
Be the swans on thy borders still whiter than snow !
Ever full be thy stream, like his fame be it spread !
And the turf ever hallowed that pillowed his head.

DAVID GARRICK.

ON SHAKESPEARE, 1630.

WHAT needs my Shakespeare for his honoured bones
The labour of an age in piléd stones,
Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid ?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name ?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a livelong monument.
For whilst to the shame of slow endeavouring art
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took ;

Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,
 Dost make us marble with too much conceiving ;
 And so sepulchred, in such pomp dost lie,
 That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

JOHN MILTON.

SHAKESPEARE'S MONUMENT AT STRATFORD- UPON-AVON.

GREAT Homer's birth seven rival cities claim,
 Too mighty such monopoly of fame ;
 Yet not to birth alone did Homer owe
 His wondrous worth ; what Egypt could bestow,
 With all the schools of Greece and Asia joined,
 Enlarged the immense expansion of his mind.
 Nor yet unrivalled the Mæonian strain,
 The British Eagle, and the Mantuan Swan
 Tower equal heights. But, happier Stratford, thou
 With incontestéd laurels deck thy brow ;
 Thy Bard was thine unschooled, and from thee brought
 More than all Egypt, Greece, or Asia taught.
 Not Homer's self such matchless honours won ;
 The Greek has rivals, but thy Shakespeare none.

ANONYMOUS.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

To Stratford-on-the-Avon. And we passed
 Through aisles and avenues of the princeliest trees
 That ever eyes beheld. None such with us
 Here in the bleaker North. And as we went
 Through Lucy's park, the red day dropt i' the west ;
 A crimson glow, like blood in lovers' cheeks,
 Spread up the soft green sky and passed away ;
 The mazy twilight came down on the lawns,
 And all those huge trees seemed to fall asleep ;
 The deer went past like shadows. All the park

Lay round us like a dream ; and one fine thought
Hung over us, and hallowed all. Yea, he,
The pride of England, glistened like a star,
And beckoned us to Stratford.

ROBERT LEIGHTON.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON AT NIGHT.

TWENTY-SEVEN paces in front,
And barely eleven deep,
Lights in every window but it,—
Are they dead, or do they sleep ?

The merry gossips of Stratford
Gossip in shops all round,—
From that untenanted mansion
There cometh not a sound.

If you knock you will get no answer,—
Knock reverently and low,
For the sake of one who was living there
Three hundred years ago.

He was born in the upper chamber,
Had playmates down the street :
They noted at school, when he read the lesson,
That his voice was soft and sweet.

His father, they say, was a glover,
Though that is not so clear ;
He married his sweetheart at Shottery,
When he came to his nineteenth year.

And then he left old Stratford,
And nobody missed him much,
For Stratford, a thriving burgh,
Took little account of such.

But somehow it came to be whispered,
When some short years had flown,
That the glover's son was making himself
A credit to that good town.

The best folks scarcely believed it,
And dreamily shook their head,—
But the world was owning the archer
Whose arrows of light had sped ;

Whose arrows were brightening space
With fire unknown before,
Plucked from a grander quiver
Than Phœbus-Apollo bore.

So his birthplace came to be famous,
And the ground where his bones were laid,
And to Stratford, the thriving burgh,
Nations their pilgrimage made.

They saw the tenantless dwelling,
They saw the bare flat stone ;
But the soul that had brightened the world
Still lived to brighten their own.

And they learned the sacred lesson,
That he whom the proud eschew,
The simplest and the lowliest,
May have God's best work to do.

HENRY GLASSFORD BELL.

STRATFORD-UPON-AVON, JANUARY 1837.

WE stood upon the tomb of him whose praise
Time, nor oblivious thrift, nor envy chill,
Nor war, nor ocean with her severing space,
Shall hinder from the peopled world to fill ;
And thus, in fulness of our heart, we cried :
God's works are wonderful,—the circling sky,

The rivers that with noiseless footing glide,
 Man's firm-built strength, and woman's liquid eye ;
 But the high spirit that sleepeth here below,
 More than all beautiful and stately things,
 Glory to God the mighty Maker brings ;
 To whom alone 'twas given the bounds to know
 Of human action, and the secret springs
 Whence the deep streams of joy and sorrow flow.

HENRY ALFORD.

AT STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

THUS spake his dust (so seemed it as I read
 The words) : *Good friend for Jesus' sake forbear*
 (Poor ghost !) *To digg the dust enclosed heare,—*
 Then came the malediction on the head
 Of who so dare disturb the sacred dead.
 Outside the mavis whistled strong and clear,
 And, touched with the sweet glamour of the year,
 The winding Avon murmured in its bed.
 But in the little Stratford church the air
 Was chill and dank, and on the foot-worn tomb
 The evening shadows deepened momentarily :
 Then a great awe crept on me, standing there,
 As if some speechless Presence in the gloom
 Was hovering, and fain would speak with me.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

ANNE HATHAWAY.

TO THE IDOL OF MY EYE AND DELIGHT OF MY HEART,

ANNE HATHAWAY.

WOULD ye be taught, ye feathered throng,
 With love's sweet notes to grace your song,
 To pierce the heart with thrilling lay,
 Listen to mine Anne Hathaway !

She hath a way to sing so clear,
Phœbus might wondering stop to hear.
To melt the sad, make blithe the gay,
And nature charm, Anne hath a way ;

 She hath a way,
 Anne Hathaway ;
To breathe delight Anne hath a way.

When Envy's breath and rancorous tooth
Do soil and bite fair worth and truth,
And merit to distress betray,
To soothe the heart Anne hath a way.
She hath a way to chase despair,
To heal all grief, to cure all care,
Turn foulest night to fairest day.
Thou know'st, fond heart, Anne hath a way ;

 She hath a way,
 Anne Hathaway ;
To make grief bliss, Anne hath a way.

Talk not of gems, the orient list,
The diamond, topaz, amethyst,
The emerald mild, the ruby gay ;
Talk of my gem, Anne Hathaway !
She hath a way, with her bright eye,
Their various lustres to defy, —
The jewels she, and the foil they,
So sweet to look Anne hath a way ;

 She hath a way,
 Anne Hathaway
To shame bright gems, Anne hath a way.

But were it to my fancy given
To rate her charms, I'd call them heaven ;
For though a mortal made of clay,
Angels must love Anne Hathaway ;
She hath a way so to control,
To rapture, the imprisoned soul,

And sweetest heaven on earth display,
That to be heaven Anne hath a way ;
 She hath a way,
 Anne Hathaway ;
To be heaven's self, Anne hath a way.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Stratton Tower.

THE SCROLL.

- “BRING me,” he said, “that scribe of fame,
Symeon el Siddekah his name :
With parchment skin, and pen in hand,
I would devise my Cornish land.
- “Seven goodly manors, fair and wide,
Stretch from the sea to Tamar side :
And Bien-aimé, my hall and bower,
Nestles beneath tall Stratton Tower.
- “All these I render to my God,
By seal and signet, knife and sod !
I give and grant to church and poor,
In franc-almoign for evermore.
- “Choose ye seven men among the just,
And bid them hold my lands in trust ;
On Michael's morn, and Mary's day,
To deal the dole, and watch and pray.
- “Then bear me coldly o'er the deep,
'Mid my own people I would sleep :
Their hearts shall melt, their prayers will breathe,
Where he who loved them rests beneath.
- “Mould me in stone as here I lie,
My face upturned to Syria's sky :
Carve ye this good sword at my side,
And write the legend, ‘True and tried.’

“ Let mass me said, and requiem sung ;
And that sweet chime I loved be rung :
Those sounds along the northern wall
Shall thrill me like a trumpet-call.”

Thus said he, and at set of sun
The bold Crusader's race was run.
Seek ye his ruined hall and bower ?
Then stand beneath tall Stratton Tower.

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER.

Studland.

A DORSETSHIRE LEGEND.

THORKILL and Thorston from Jutland came
To torture us Saxons with sword and flame,
To strip our homesteads and thorps and crofts,
To burn our barns and hovels and lofts,
To fell our kine and slay our deer,
To strip the orchard and drag the mere,
To butcher our sheep and reap our corn,
To fire our coverts of fern and thorn,
Driving the wolves and boars in bands
To raven and prey on our Saxon lands.—
We had watched for their galleys day and night,
From sunrise until beacon-light ;
But still the sea lay level and dead,
And never a sail came round the Head,—
We watched in vain till one autumn day,
When a woolly fog that northward lay
Sullenly rose, and the broad gray sea
Sparkled and danced in the full bright sun
(The shadows were purple as they could be) :
Then stealing round by Worbarrow Bay,
Past Lulworth Cove and the White Swyre Head,
The black sails came, and every one
When they saw the sight turned pale as the dead.

The black sails spread in a long curved line,
Like a shoal of dog-fish, or rather of sharks,
When, chasing the porpoise in the moonshine,
They leave behind them a drift of sparks.
Those coal-black sails bore slowly on,
Past Kingsland Bay and Osmington,
By the white cliff of Bindon Hill,
Past Kimmeridge and Gad Cliff Mill ;—
Then with a bolder, fiercer swoop
Bore down the Danish robber troop,
Skimming around St. Adhelm's Head,
With its chantry chapel and its rocks
Stained green and brown by tempest shocks,
And its undercliff all moss and heather,
And ivy cable and green fern feather,
And steered straight on for Studland Bay,
Where all our Saxon treasure lay.

Their sails, as black as a starless night,
Came moving on with a sullen might ;
Rows of gleaming shields there hung
Over the gunwales, in order slung ;
And the broad black banners fluttered and flapped
Like raven's pinions, as dipped and lapped
The Norsemen's galleys ; their axes shone.—
Every Dane had a hauberk on,
Glittering gold ; how each robber lord
Waved in the air his threatening sword !
One long swift rush through surf and foam,
And they leapt ere the rolling waves had gone,
On our Saxon shore, their new-found home.
With a clash of collars and targe and spear,
With a laughing shout and a rolling cheer,
Like wolf-hounds when the wolf's at bay
Those bearded warriors leapt ashore
(If there was one there were forty score),
And dragged their galleys with fierce uproar

To where our fishing-vessels lay :
 Who dare resist ? Woe worth the day !

* * * *

WALTER THORNBURY.

Suffolk.

THE SUFFOLK MIRACLE ;

OR, A RELATION OF A YOUNG MAN, WHO, A MONTH
 AFTER HIS DEATH, APPEARED TO HIS SWEET-
 HEART, AND CARRIED HER ON HORSEBACK BEHIND
 HIM FOR FORTY MILES IN TWO HOURS, AND WAS
 NEVER SEEN AFTER BUT IN HIS GRAVE.

A WONDER stranger ne'er was known
 Than what I now shall treat upon.
 In Suffolk there did lately dwell
 A farmer rich and known full well.

He had a daughter fair and bright,
 On whom he placed his chief delight ;
 Her beauty was beyond compare,
 She was both virtuous and fair.

There was a young man living by,
 Who was so charmed with her eye,
 That he could never be at rest :
 He was by love so much possest.

He made address to her, and she
 Did grant him love immediately ;
 But when her father came to hear,
 He parted her and her poor dear.

Forty miles distant was she sent,
 Unto his brother's, with intent
 That she should there so long remain,
 Till she had changed her mind again.

Hereat this young man sadly grieved ;
But knew not how to be relieved ;
He sighed and sobbed continually
That his true-love he could not see.

She by no means could to him send
Who was her heart's espoused friend ;
He sighed, he grieved, but all in vain,
For she confined must still remain.

He mourned so much that doctors' art
Could give no ease unto his heart,
Who was so strangely terrified,
That in short time for love he died.

She that from him was sent away
Knew nothing of his dying day,
But constant still she did remain,
And loved the dead, although in vain.

After he had in grave been laid
A month or more, unto this maid
He came in middle of the night,
Who joyed to see her heart's delight.

Her father's horse, which well she knew,
Her mother's hood and safeguard too,
He brought with him to testify
Her parents' order he came by.

Which when her uncle understood,
He hoped it would be for her good,
And gave consent to her straightway,
That with him she should come away.

When she was got her love behind,
They passed as swift as any wind,
That in two hours or little more,
He brought her to her father's door.

But as they did this great haste make,
He did complain his head did ake ;
Her handkerchief she then took out,
And tied the same his head about.

And unto him she thus did say :
“ Thou art as cold as any clay ;
When we come home a fire we'll have ; ”
But little dreamed he went to grave.

Soon were they at her father's door,
And after she ne'er saw him more ;
“ I'll set the horse up,” then he said,
And there he left this harmless maid.

She knocked, and straight a man he cried,
“ Who's there ? ” “ 'Tis I,” she then replied ;
Who wondered much her voice to hear,
And was possessed with dread and fear.

Her father he did tell, and then
He stared like an affrighted man :
Downstairs he ran, and when he see her,
Cried out, “ My child, how cam'st thou here ? ”

“ Pray, sir, did you not send for me,
By such a messenger ? ” said she ;
Which made his hair stare on his head,
As knowing well that he was dead.

“ Where is he ? ” then to her he said ;
“ He's in the stable,” quoth the maid.
“ Go in,” said he, “ and go to bed ;
“ I'll see the horse well litteréd.”

He stared about, and there could he
No shape of any mankind see,
But found his horse all on a sweat ;
Which made him in a deadly fret.

His daughter he said nothing to,
Nor none else (though full well they knew
That he was dead a month before),
For fear of grieving her full sore. :

Her father to the father went
Of the deceased, with full intent
To tell him what his daughter said ;
So both came back unto this maid.

They asked her, and she still did say
'Twas he that then brought her away ;
Which when they heard they were amazed,
And on each other strangely gazed.

A handkerchief she said she tied
About his head, and that they tried ;
The sexton they did speak unto,
That he the grave would then undo.

Affrighted then they did behold
His body turning into mould,
And though he had a month been dead,
This handkerchief was about his head.

This thing unto her then they told,
And the whole truth they did unfold ;
She was thereat so terrified
And grievéd, that she quickly died.

Part not true love, you rich men, then ;
But, if they be right honest men
Your daughters love, give them their way,
For force oft breeds their lives' decay.

ANONYMOUS.

Surrey.

THE GREEN HILLS OF SURREY.

AN EMIGRANT SONG.

O, FROM Box Hill and Leith Hill the prospects are fair,
You look o'er the sweet vales of green Surrey there,
And than Surrey's dear green vales you never saw lie
Or sweeter or greener, beneath the blue sky ;
O, the green hills of Surrey, the sweet hills of Surrey,
The dear hills of Surrey, I'll love till I die.

O, Farnham, green Farnham, what hop-grounds are there,
That with Farnham's fair hop-grounds can ever compare !
And what pleasure it were once again but to lie
On Guildford's green hillsides beneath the blue sky !
O, the green hills of Surrey, the sweet hills of Surrey,
The dear hills of Surrey, I'll love till I die.

O, Dorking is pleasant, and Dorking is green,
And sweet are the woods and the walks of Deepdene,
But for Dorking's sweet meadows in vain I must sigh,
And Deepdene's green woods will no more meet my eye ;
But the green woods of Surrey, the sweet woods of
Surrey,
The dear woods of Surrey, I'll love till I die.

O, Kent has fair orchards ; no pleasanter show
Than her apple-trees blooming in April, I know,
Save the orchards round Reigate, sweet Reigate, that lie
With their red and white blossoms so fair 'neath the sky.
O, the green fields of Surrey, the sweet fields of Surrey,
The dear fields of Surrey, I'll love till I die.

O Surrey, green Surrey, that I had been born
To a farm 'mongst your fields, with its hops and its corn,
That I'd not been forced far, my fortune to try,
Across the wide sea, 'neath a far foreign sky !

O, the green vales of Surrey, the sweet vales of Surrey,
The dear vales of Surrey, I'll love till I die.

Minnesota's green prairies have plenty for all,
And comfort and wealth here my own I can call,
Yet often and often my thoughts, with a sigh,
Far to Surrey's green hills o'er the wide sea will fly ;
O, the green hills of Surrey, the sweet hills of Surrey,
The dear hills of Surrey, I'll love till I die.

But sighing avails not, and wishing is vain,
And the home of my childhood I'll ne'er see again ;
The acres my labours made mine here, I'll try
To make dear to my heart, as they're fair to my eye ;
But the green hills of Surrey, the sweet hills of Surrey,
The dear hills of Surrey, I'll love till I die.

'Neath the park limes in Betchworth, 'tis there I would
stroll ;
O, to walk but once more by the clear winding Mole !
But no more shall I hear the soft breeze rustle by
Through those lime-tops, no more by the Mole I shall
lie ;
But the clear streams of Surrey, the sweet streams of
Surrey,
The dear streams of Surrey, I'll love till I die.

By the gray ivied church, where my father is laid,
Where my mother lies with him, my grave should be
made,
But, far from them, my bones, when my time comes,
must lie
'Neath the rain and the snow of a strange foreign sky ;
O, the green hills of Surrey, the sweet vales of Surrey,
The dear fields of Surrey, I'll love till I die.

WILLIAM C. BENNETT.

Sussex.

WHY ARE THEY SHUT?

THE following stanzas were composed while the author was sitting outside a country church, in Sussex, much regretting that, as it was week-day, he could not gain admittance to the sacred edifice.

WHY are our churches shut with jealous care,
Bolted and barred against our bosom's yearning,
Save for the few short hours of sabbath prayer,
With the bell's tolling stately returning?
Why are they shut?

If with diurnal drudgeries o'erwrought,
Or sick of dissipation's dull vagaries,
We wish to snatch one little space for thought,
Or holy respite in our sanctuaries,
Why are they shut?

What! shall the church, the house of prayer, no more
Give tacit notice from its fastened portals,
That for six days 'tis useless to adore,
Since God will hold no communings with mortals?
Why are they shut?

Are there no sinners in the churchless week,
Who wish to sanctify a vowed repentance?
Are there no hearts bereft which fain would seek
The only balm for Death's unpitying sentence?
Why are they shut?

Are there no poor, no wronged, no heirs of grief,
No sick, who, when their strength or courage falters,
Long for a moment's respite or relief,
By kneeling at the God of mercy's altars?
Why are they shut?

Are there no wicked, whom, if tempted in,
Some qualm of conscience or devout suggestion

Might suddenly redeem from future sin ?

O, if there be, how solemn is the question,
Why are they shut ?

In foreign climes mechanics leave their tasks

To breathe a passing prayer in their cathedrals :
There they have week-day shrines, and no one asks,
When he would kneel to them and count his bead-rolls,
Why are they shut ?

Seeing them enter sad and disconcerted,

To quit those cheering fanes with looks of gladness,—
How often have my thoughts to ours reverted !
How oft have I exclaimed in tones of sadness,
Why are they shut ?

For who within a parish church can stroll,

Wrapt in its week-day stillness and vacation,
Nor feel that in the very air his soul
Receives a sweet and hallowing lustration ?
Why are they shut ?

The vacant pews, blank aisles, and empty choir,

All in a deep sepulchral silence shrouded,
An awe more solemn and intense inspire,
Than when with sabbath congregations crowded.
Why are they shut ?

The echoes of our footsteps, as we tread

On hollow graves, are spiritual voices ;
And holding mental converse with the dead,
In holy reveries our soul rejoices.
Why are they shut ?

If there be one—one only—who might share

This sanctifying week-day adoration,
Were but our churches open to his prayer,
Why—I demand with earnest iteration—
Why are they shut ?

HORACE SMITH.

Sutton-Acres.

KING ETHELBERT.

AND Sutton-Acres, drenched with regal blood
 Of Ethelbert, when to the unhallowed feast
 Of Mercian Offa he invited came
 To treat of spousals ; long connubial joys
 He promised to himself, allured by fair
 Elfrida's beauty ; but deluded died
 In height of hopes. O hardest fate, to fall
 By show of friendship and pretended love !

JOHN PHILIPS.

Swainston.

IN THE GARDEN AT SWAINSTON.

NIGHTINGALES warbled without,
 Within was weeping for thee :
 Shadows of three dead men
 Walked in the walks with me,
 Shadows of three dead men, and thou wast one of the
 three.

Nightingales sang in his woods :
 The Master was far away :
 Nightingales warbled and sang
 Of a passion that lasts but a day ;
 Still in the house in his coffin the Prince of courtesy lay.

Two dead men have I known
 In courtesy like to thee :
 Two dead men have I loved
 With a love that ever will be :
 Three dead men have I loved, and thou art last of the
 three.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Swanage Bay.

IN SWANAGE BAY.

- “ ’Twas five and forty year ago,
Just such another morn,
The fishermen were on the beach,
The reapers in the corn ;
My tale is true, young gentlemen,
As sure as you were born.
- “ My tale’s all true, young gentlemen,”
The fond old boatman cried
Unto the sullen, angry lads,
Who vain obedience tried ;
“ Mind what your father says to you,
And don’t go out this tide.
- “ Just such a shiny sea as this,
Smooth as a pond, you’d say,
And white gulls flying, and the crafts
Down Channel making way ;
And Isle of Wight, all glittering bright,
Seen clear from Swanage Bay.
- “ The Battery point, the Race beyond,
Just as to-day you see ;
This was, I think, the very stone
Where sat Dick, Dolly, and me ;
She was our little sister, sirs,
A small child, just turned three.
- “ And Dick was mighty fond of her :
Though a big lad and bold,
He’d carry her like any nurse,
Almost from birth, I’m told ;
For mother sickened soon, and died,
When Doll was eight months old.

- “ We sat and watched a little boat,
Her name the ‘Tricksy Jane,’
A queer old tub laid up ashore,
But we could see her plain ;
To see her and not haul her up
Cost us a deal of pain.
- “ Said Dick to me, ‘ Let’s have a pull,
Father will never know,
He’s busy in his wheat up there,
And cannot see us go :
These landmen are such cowards, if
A puff of wind does blow.
- “ I’ve been to France and back three times,—
Who knows best, Dad or me,
Whether a craft’s seaworthy or not ?—
Dolly, wilt go to sea ?’
And Dolly laughed, and hugged him tight,
As pleased as she could be.
- “ I don’t mean, sirs, to blame poor Dick :
What he did, sure I’d do ;
And many a sail in ‘Tricksy Jane’
We’d had when she was new.
Father was always sharp ; and what
He said, he meant it too.
- “ But now the sky had not a cloud,
The bay looked smooth as glass ;
Our Dick could manage any boat,
As neat as ever was ;
And Dolly crowed, ‘ Me go to sea !’
The jolly little lass !
- “ Well, sirs, we went ; a pair of oars,
My jacket for a sail ;
Just round ‘ Old Harry and his Wife,’—
Those rocks there, within hail,—

And we came back.—D'ye want to hear
The end o' the old man's tale ?

“ Ay, ay, we came back, past that point,
But then a breeze upsprung ;
Dick shouted, ‘ Hoy ! down sail ! ’ and pulled
With all his might among
The white sea-horses that upreared
So terrible and strong.

“ I pulled too ; I was blind with fear,—
But I could hear Dick's breath
Coming and going, as he told
Dolly to creep beneath
His jacket, and not hold him so :
We rowed for life or death.

“ We almost reached the sheltered bay,
We could see father stand
Upon the little jetty here,
His sickle in his hand,—
The houses white, the yellow fields,
The safe and pleasant land.

“ And Dick, though pale as any ghost,
Had only said to me,
‘ We're all right now, old lad ! ’ when up
A wave rolled,—drenched us three,—
One lurch,—and then I felt the chill
And roar of blinding sea.

“ I don't remember much but that—
You see, I'm safe and sound ;
I have been wrecked four times since then,
Seen queer sights, I'll be bound :
I think folks sleep beneath the deep
As calm as under ground.”

“ But Dick and Dolly ? ” “ Well poor Dick !
I saw him rise and cling

Unto the gunwale of the boat,—
 Floating keel up,—and sing
 Out loud, ‘Where’s Doll?’—I hear him yet,
 As clear as anything.

“ ‘Where’s Dolly?’ I no answer made ;
 For she dropped like a stone
 Down through the deep sea,—and it closed :
 The little thing was gone.
 ‘Where’s Doll?’ three times,—then Dick loosed hold,
 And left me there alone.

* * * * *

“ ‘It’s five and forty year since then,’
 Muttered the boatman gray,
 And drew his rough hand o’er his eyes,
 And stared across the bay ;
 “ ‘Just five and forty year !’ and not
 Another word did say.

“ ‘But Dolly?’ ask the children all,
 As they about him stand ;—
 “ ‘Poor Doll ! she floated back next tide
 With seaweed in her hand.
 She’s buried o’er that hill you see,
 In a churchyard on land.

“ ‘But where Dick lies, God knows ! He’ll find
 Our Dick at Judgment day.’—
 The boatman fell to mending nets,
 The boys ran off to play ;
 And the sun shone and the waves danced
 In quiet Swanage Bay.

BY THE AUTHOR OF ‘JOHN HALIFAX.’

Swinstead Abbey.

SWINSTEAD ABBEY.

Enter PRINCE HENRY, SALISBURY, *and* BIGOT.

PRINCE HENRY. It is too late ; the life of all his
blood

Is touch'd corruptibly ; and his pure brain
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house)
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter PEMBROKE.

PEM. His Highness yet doth speak ; and holds belief,
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

P. HEN. Let him be brought into the orchard here.—
Doth he still rage ? [*Exit* BIGOT.]

PEM. He is more patient
Than when you left him ; even now he sung.

P. HEN. O, vanity of sickness ! fierce extremes,
In their continuance, will not feel themselves.
Death, having preyed upon the outward parts,
Leaves them insensible ; and his siege is now
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies ;
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange, that Death should
sing.

I am the cygnet to this pale, faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death ;
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

SAL. Be of good comfort, Prince ; for you are born
To set a form upon that indigest,
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

Re-enter BIGOT and Attendants, who bring in KING JOHN in a chair.

K. JOHN. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust.
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment; and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

P. HEN. How fares your Majesty?

K. JOHN. Poisoned,—ill fare;—dead, forsook, cast
off;
And none of you will bid the Winter come,
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom; nor entreat the North
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold.—I do not ask you much,
I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait,
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. HEN. O that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you!

K. JOHN. The salt in them is hot.—
Within me is a hell; and there the poison
Is, as a fiend, confined to tyrannise
On unreprievable-condemned blood.

Enter the BASTARD.

BAST. Oh! I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed to see your Majesty.

K. JOHN. O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye.
The tackle of my heart is cracked and burned;
And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should sail,
Are turned to one thread, one little hair.
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou seest is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.

BAST. The Dolphin is preparing hitherward :
 Where, Heaven he knows, how we shall answer him ;
 For, in a night, the best part of my power,
 As I upon advantage did remove,
 Were in the Washes, all unwarily,
 Devoured by the unexpected flood. [*The King dies.*]

SAL. You breathe these dead news in as dead an
 ear.—

My liege ! my lord !—But now a king,—now thus.

P. HEN. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
 What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
 When this was now a king, and now is clay !

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Tamar, the River.

THE TAMAR SPRING.

THE source of this storied river of the West is on a rushy knoll,
 in a moorland of this parish. The Torridge also flows from the
 selfsame mound.

FOUNT of a rushing river ! wild-flowers wreathe
 The home where thy first waters sunlight claim :
 The lark sits hushed beside thee, while I breathe,
 Sweet Tamar Spring ! the music of thy name.

On through thy goodly channel, on to the sea !
 Pass amid heathery vale, tall rock, fair bough ;
 But nevermore with footstep pure and free,
 Or face so meek with happiness as now.

Fair is the future scenery of thy days,
 Thy course domestic, and thy paths of pride :
 Depths that give back the soft-eyed violets' gaze,
 Shores where tall navies march to meet the tide.

Thine, leafy Tetcott, and those neighbouring walls,
 Noble Northumberland's embowered domain ;

Thine, Cartha Martha, Morwell's rocky falls,
 Storied Cotehele, and Ocean's loveliest plain.

Yet false the vision, and untrue the dream,
 That lures thee from thy native wilds to stray :
 A thousand griefs will mingle with that stream,
 Unnumbered hearts shall sigh those waves away.

Scenes fierce with men thy seaward current laves,
 Harsh multitudes will throng thy gentle brink ;
 Back with the grieving concourse of thy waves,
 Home to the waters of thy childhood shrink.

Thou heedest not ! thy dream is of the shore,
 Thy heart is quick with life ; on to the sea !
 How will the voice of thy far streams implore,
 Again amid these peaceful weeds to be !

My soul ! my soul ! a happier choice be thine,
 Thine the hushed valley and the lonely sod ;
 False dream, far vision, hollow hope resign,
 Fast by our Tamar Spring, alone with God !

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER.

Tamworth.

PLAIN NEAR TAMWORTH.

*Enter, with drum and colours, RICHMOND, OXFORD,
 SIR JAMES BLUNT, SIR WALTER HERBERT, and others,
 with Forces, marching.*

RICHMOND. Fellows in arms, and my most loving
 friends,
 Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,
 Thus far into the bowels of the land
 Have we march'd on without impediment ;
 And here receive we from our father Stanley
 Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
 The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,

That spoil'd your summer-fields and fruitful vines,
 Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough
 In your embowell'd bosoms, this foul swine
 Lies now even in the centre of this isle,
 Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn.
 From Tamworth thither is but one day's march ;
 In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
 To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
 By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

OXF. Every man's conscience is a thousand men,
 To fight against that guilty homicide.

HERB. I doubt not but his friends will turn to us.

BLUNT. He hath no friends but who are friends for
 fear ;

Which, in his dearest need, will fly from him.

RICHM. All for our vantage : then, in God's name,
 march.

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings,
 Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Taunton.

FOR A MONUMENT AT TAUNTON.

THEY suffered here whom Jeffreys doomed to death
 In mockery of all justice, when the judge
 Unjust, subservient to a cruel king,
 Performed his work of blood. They suffered here,
 The victims of that judge and of that king ;
 In mockery of all justice, here they bled,
 Unheard. But not unpitied, nor of God
 Unseen, the innocent suffered ; not unheard
 The innocent blood cried vengeance ; for at length
 The indignant nation in its power arose,
 Resistless. Then that wicked judge took flight,
 Disguised in vain : not always is the Lord

Slow to revenge. A miserable man,
 He fell beneath the people's rage, and still
 The children curse his memory. From the throne
 The obdurate bigot who commissioned him,
 Inhuman James, was driven. He lived to drag
 Long years of frustrate hope ; he lived to load
 More blood upon his soul. Let tell the Boyne,
 Let Londonderry tell, his guilt and shame ;
 And that immortal day when on thy shores,
 La Hogue, the purple ocean dashed the dead !

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

TAUNTON DENE.

SWEET Taunton Dene ! thy smiling fields
 Once more with merry accents ring ;
 Once more reviving Nature yields
 Her tribute to the smiling spring.
 The small birds in the woodland sing,
 The ploughman turns the kindly green,
 And Pleasure waves her resistless wing
 Among thy groves, sweet Taunton Dene.

But peace abides with Him alone
 Who rules with calm, resistless power ;
 Through all creation's boundless zone,
 From rolling sphere to garden flower.
 Nor falls in spring the welcome shower
 Unwilled of Him, nor tempest blows,
 Nor wind within the fragrant bower
 Can rend a leaf from summer rose.

Sweet Taunton Dene ! O, long abide
 In thy fair vale delights like these !
 And long may Tone's smooth waters glide
 By smiling cots and hearts at ease !
 Be thine the joy of rustic peace,

Each sound that haunts the woodland scene ;
 And blithe beneath thy bowering trees
 The dance at eve, Sweet Taunton Dene !

GERALD GRIFFIN.

Tavy, the River.

THE TAVY.

A LITTLE grove is seated on the marge
 Of Tavy's streame, not ever thicke nor large,
 Where every morn a quire of Silvans sung,
 And leaves to chatt'ring winds serv'd as a tongue,
 By whom the water runs in many a ring,
 As if it fain would stay to heare them sing,
 And on the top a thousand young birds flye,
 To be instructed in their harmony.
 Neere to the end of this all-joyesome grove
 A dainty circled plot seem'd as it strove
 To keepe all bryers and bushes from invading
 Her pleasing compasse by their needlesse shading,
 Since it was not so large but that the store
 Of trees around could shade her breast and more.
 In midst thereof a little swelling hill,
 Gently disburd'ned of a christall rill
 Which from the greenside of the flow'ry bancke
 Eat downe a channell ; here the wood-nymphs drancke,
 And great Diana, having slaine the deere,
 Did often use to come and bathe her here.
 Here talk'd they of their chase, and where next day
 They meant to hunt : here did the shepherds play,
 And many a gaudy nymph was often seene
 Imbracing shepherd's boyes upon this greene.
 From hence the spring hasts downe to Tavy's brim,
 And pays a tribute of his drops to him.

WILLIAM BROWNE.

Thames, the River.

THE THAMES.

BUT now this mighty flood, upon his voyage prest
(That found how with his strength his beauties still increased,

From where brave Windsor stood on tiptoe to behold
The fair and goodly Thames, so far as ere he could,
With kingly houses crowned, of more than earthly pride,
Upon his either banks, as he along doth glide)
With wonderful delight doth his long course pursue,
Where Oatlands, Hampton Court, and Richmond he doth
view,

Then Westminster the next great Thames doth entertain ;
That vaunts her palace large, and her most sumptuous
fane :

The land's tribunal seat that challengeth for hers,
The crowning of our kings, their famous sepulchres.
Then goes he on along by that more beauteous strand,
Expressing both the wealth and bravery of the land.
(So many sumptuous bowers within so little space
The all-beholding sun scarce sees in all his race.)
And on by London leads, which like a crescent lies,
Whose windows seem to mock the star-befreckled skies ;
Besides her rising spires, so thick themselves that show,
As do the bristling reeds within his banks that grow.
There sees his crowded wharfs, and people-pestered
shores,

His bosom overspread with shoals of labouring oars :
With that most costly bridge that doth him most renown,
By which he clearly puts all other rivers down.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

PROTHALAMION.

CALME was the day, and through the trembling ayre
 Sweete-breathing Zephyrus did softly play
 A gentle spirit, that lightly did delay
 Hot Titans beames, which then did glyster fayre ;
 When I, (whose sullein care,
 Through discontent of my long fruitlesse stay
 In princes court, and expectation vayne
 Of idle hopes, which still doe fly away,
 Like empty shadows, did afflict my brayne),
 Walkt forth to ease my payne
 Along the shoare of silver streaming Themmes ;
 Whose ruddy bank, the which his river hemmes,
 Was paynted all with variable flowers,
 And all the meades adorn'd with dainty gemmes,
 Fit to decke maydens bowres,
 And crowne their paramours
 Against the brydale day, which is not long :
 Sweet Themmes ! runne softly, till I end my song.

* * * * *

With that I saw two Swannes of goodly hewe
 Come softly swimming downe along the lee ;
 Two fairer birds I yet did never see ;
 The snow, which doth the top of Pindus strew,
 Did never whiter shew,
 Nor Jove himselfe, when he a swan would be
 For love of Leda, whiter did appeare ;
 Yet Leda was (they say) as white as he,
 Yet not so white as these, nor nothing near ;
 So purely white they were,
 That even the gentle stream, the which them bare,
 Seem'd foule to them, and bad his billowes spare
 To wet their silken feathers, least they might
 Soyle their fayre plumes with water not so fayre,
 And marre their beauties bright,
 That shone as heavens light,

Against their brydale day, which was not long :

Sweet Themmes ! runne softly, till I end my song.

* * * * *

So ended she ; and all the rest around

To her redoubled that her undersong,

Which said, their brydale daye should not be long :

And gentle Eccho from the neighbour ground

Their accents did resound.

So forth those ioyous Birdes did passe along

Adowne the lee, that to them murmurde low,

As he would speake, but that he lackt a tong,

Yet did by signes his glad affection show,

Making his streame run slow.

And all the foule which in his flood did dwell

Gan flock about these twaine, that did excell

The rest, so far as Cynthia doth shend

The lesser stars. So they, enranged well,

Did on those two attend,

And their best service lend

Against their wedding day, which was not long :

Sweet Themmes ! runne softly, till I end my song.

At length they all to mery London came,

To mery London, my most kyndly nurse,

That to me gave this lifes first native sourse,

Though from another place I take my name,

An house of auncient fame :

There when they came, whereas those bricky towres

The which on Themmes brode aged backe doe ryde,

Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,

There whylome wont the Templar Knights to byde,

Till they decayd through pride ;

Next whereunto there standes a stately place,

Where oft I gayned giftes and goodly grace

Of that great lord, which therein wont to dwell.

Whose want too well now feels my freendles case ;

But ah ! here fits not well

Olde woes, but ioyes, to tell

Against the bridale daye, which is not long :
 Sweet Themmes ! runne softly, till I end my song.

* * * *

EDMUND SPENSER.

THE FROZEN RIVER.

O ROVING Muse ! recall that wondrous year
 When winter reigned in bleak Britannia's air ;
 When hoary Thames, with frosted osiers crowned,
 Was three long moons in icy fetters bound.
 The waterman, forlorn, along the shore,
 Pensive reclines upon his useless oar :
 See harnessed steeds desert the stony town,
 And wander roads unstable not their own :
 Wheels o'er the hardened water smoothly glide,
 And raze with whitened tracks the slippery tide ;
 Here the fat cook piles high the blazing fire,
 And scarce the spit can turn the steer entire ;
 Booths sudden hide the Thames, long streets appear,
 And numerous games proclaim the crowded fair.
 So, when the general bids the martial train
 Spread their encampment o'er the spacious plain,
 Thick-rising tents a canvas city build,
 And the loud dice resound through all the field.

JOHN GAY.

HIS TEARES TO THAMASIS.

I SEND, I send here my supremest kiss
 To thee, my silver-footed Thamasis.
 No more shall I reiterate thy strand,
 Whereon so many stately structures stand :
 Nor in the summer's sweeter evenings go,
 To bath in thee, as thousand others doe :
 No more shall I along thy christall glide,
 In barge with boughes and rushes beautif'd,

With soft-smooth virgins for our chaste disport,
To Richmond, Kingstone, and to Hampton-Court :
Never againe shall I with finnie ore
Put from or draw unto the faithfull shore,
And landing here, or safely landing there,
Make way to my beloved Westminster,
Or to the golden Cheap-side, where the earth
Of Julia Herrick gave to me my birth.
May all clean nimphs and curious water dames
With swan-like state flote up and down thy streams :
No drought upon thy wanton waters fall
To make them leane, and languishing at all :
No ruffling winds come hither to discease
Thy pure and silver-wristed Naides.
Keep up your state, ye streams ; and as ye spring,
Never make sick your banks by surfeiting.
Grow young with tydes, and though I see ye never,
Receive this vow, so fare ye well for ever.

ROBERT HERRICK.

THE THAMES.

THEN commerce brought into the public walk
The busy merchant ; the big warehouse built ;
Raised the strong crane ; choked up the loaded street
With foreign plenty ; and thy stream, O Thames,
Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods !
Chose for his grand resort. On either hand,
Like a long wintry forest, groves of masts
Shot up their spires ; the bellying sheet between
Possessed the breezy void ; the sooty hulk
Steered sluggish on ; the splendid barge along
Rowed, regular, to harmony ; around,
The boat, light skimming, stretched its oary wings ;
While deep the various voice of fervent toil
From bank to bank increased.

JAMES THOMSON.

THE THAMES.

THOU too, great father of the British floods !
With joyful pride survey'st our lofty woods ;
Where towering oaks their growing honours rear,
And future navies on thy shores appear.
Not Neptune's self from all her streams receives
A wealthier tribute than to thine he gives.
No seas so rich, so gay no banks appear,
No lake so gentle, and no spring so clear.
Nor Po so swells the fabling poet's lays,
While led along the skies his current strays,
As thine, which visits Windsor's famed abodes,
To grace the mansion of our earthly gods :
Nor all his stars above a lustre show,
Like the bright beauties on thy banks below ;
Where Jove, subdued by mortal passion still,
Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.

ALEXANDER POPE.

THE THAMES FROM COOPER'S HILL.

MY eye, descending from the hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays.
Thames ! the most loved of all the Ocean's sons,
By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity ;
Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,
Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold :
His genuine and less guilty wealth to explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing
And hatches plenty for the ensuing spring ;
Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
Like mothers which their infants overlay ;
Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.

No unexpected inundations spoil
 The mower's hopes, nor mock the ploughman's toil ;
 But godlike his unwearied bounty flows ;
 First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
 Nor are his blessings to his banks confined,
 But free and common as the sea or wind ;
 When he, to boast or to disperse his stores,
 Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
 Visits the world, and in his flying towers
 Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours ;
 Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
 Cities in deserts, woods in cities, plants.
 So that to us no thing, no place, is strange,
 While his fair bosom is the world's Exchange.
 O, could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
 My great example, as it is my theme !
 Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull ;
 Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

WHERE THAMES ALONG THE DAISIED MEADS.

WHERE Thames along the daisied meads
 His wave in lucid mazes leads,
 Silent, slow, serenely flowing,
 Wealth on either side bestowing,
 There in a safe though small retreat,
 Content and Love have fixed their seat,—
 Love, that counts his duty pleasure ;
 Content, that knows and hugs his treasure.
 From art, from jealousy secure,
 As faith unblamed, as friendship pure,
 Vain opinion nobly scorning,
 Virtue aiding, life adorning,
 Fair Thames, along thy flowery side,
 May thou whom truth and reason guide
 All their tender hours improving,
 Live like us, beloved and loving.

DAVID MALLET.

THAMES.

A GLIMPSE of the river ! it glimmers
Through the stems of the beeches ;
Through the screen of the willows it shimmers
In long winding reaches ;
Flowing so softly that scarcely
It seems to be flowing,
But the reeds of the low little islands
Are bent to its going ;
And soft as the breath of a sleeper
Its heaving and sighing,
In the coves where the fleets of the lilies
At anchor are lying :
It looks as if fallen asleep
In the lap of the meadows, and smiling
Like a child in the grass, dreaming deep
Of the flowers and their golden beguiling.

A glimpse of the river ! it glooms
Underneath the dark arches ;
Across it the broad shadow looms,
And the eager crowd marches ;
Where waiting the feet of the city,
Strong and swift it is flowing ;
On its bosom the ships of the nations
Are coming and going ;
Heavy laden, it labours and spends,
In a great strain of duty,
The power that was gathered and nursed
In the calm and the beauty.
Like thee, noble river, like thee !
Let our lives in beginning and ending
Fair in their gathering be,
And great in the time of their spending.

ISABELLA CRAIG KNOX.

UP THE RIVER.

I DEARLY love this London, this royal northern London,
And am up in all its history, to Brutus and to Lud ;
But I wish that certain Puritan simplicities were undone,
That the houses had more gable-ends, and the river less
of mud.

And often, as I wander in the fine new squares, I ponder
The reason why men like to live in long white plastered
rows,
And sigh for our old streets, like those across the Channel
yonder,
At Bruges or at Antwerp, such as everybody knows.

But our river still is beautiful, rejoicing in the quaintest
Old corners for a painter (till the new quays are begun).
See there the line of distant hills, and where the blue is
faintest,
The brown sails of the barges lie slanting in the sun.

Here's a steamer—now we're in it—one is passing every
minute ;
There's the palace of St. Stephen, which they call “a
dream in stone ;”
But I think beyond all question, it was in an indigestion
That the architect devised those scrolls whose language
is unknown.

Now we pass the Lollards' Tower, as we glide upon our
journey,
And think of Wicliffe's ashes scattered wide across the sea ;
Pass the site of ancient Ranelagh, which (*vide* Fanny
Burney)
Brings up the tales we read at school to Laurence and to
me.

At last we get to Putney, and we rush across the river,
The gentle rural river, flowing softly through the grass ;

And we walk more fast than ever, for our nerves are in a
quiver,
Till we mount the hill of Wimbledon, and see the shadows
pass

Athwart the budding chestnuts, and clear brown water
lying,
Filled with the click of insects, among the yellowing gorse ;
Here there is no human creature, and the only living
feature
Of all this glorious common is that idle old white horse.

* * * * *

'The sun is sinking in the west, let's leave the wood be-
hind us,
Across the road, and up the steps, see here is Richmond
Park ;
Let's plunge amid the ferny glades, where only deer can
find us,—
It wants an hour to sunset yet, and two before it's dark.

* * * * *

There, now we're on the terrace ; see, this regal Thames
is winding
Among its poplared islands with a slow majestic pace ;
We should see the towers of Windsor if the sun were not
so blinding,
It casts a glow on all the trees, and a glory on your face.

Golden is the landscape, and the river, and the people,
The cedar-stems are molten now the sun is going down ;
Let's keep the vision as it is ; the clock in yonder steeple
Reminds us it is getting late, and we're miles away from
town.

* * * * *

BESSIE RAYNER PARKES.

ON A GROTTO NEAR THE THAMES AT
TWICKENHAM.

THOU who shalt stop where Thames' translucent wave
 Shines a broad mirror through the shadowy cave,
 Where lingering drops from mineral roofs distil,
 And pointed crystals break the sparkling rill,
 Unpolished gems no ray on pride bestow,
 And latent metals innocently glow :
 Approach. Great nature studiously behold !
 And eye the mine without a wish for gold.
 Approach : but awful ! Lo the Egerian grot,
 Where, nobly pensive, St. John sate and thought ;
 Where British sighs from dying Wyndham stole,
 And the bright flame was shot through Marchmont's
 soul.
 Let such, such only, tread the sacred floor,
 Who dare to love their country and be poor.

ALEXANDER POPE.

TO LADY FANE ON HER GROTTO AT BASILDON,
1746.

GLIDE smoothly on, thou silver Thames,
 Where Fane has fixed her calm retreat ;
 Go pour thy tributary streams,
 To lave imperial Thetis' feet.
 There when in flowery pride you come
 Amid the courtiers of the main,
 And join within the mossy dome
 Old Tiber, Arno, or the Seine ;
 When each ambitious stream shall boast
 The glories of its flattered lords ;
 What pomp adorns the Gallic coast,
 What Rome, or Tuscany affords ;
 Then shalt thou speak (and sure thy tale
 Must check each partial torrent's pride)

What scenes adorn this flowery vale,
 Through which thy happier currents glide.
 But when thy fond description tells
 The beauties of this grot divine,—
 What miracles are wrought by shells,
 Where nicest taste and fancy join,—
 Thy story shall the goddess move
 To quit her empire of the main,
 Her throne of pearls, her coral grove,
 And live retired with thee and Fane.

RICHARD GRAVES.

THE GROTTA.

SAY, Father Thames, whose gentle pace
 Gives leave to view what beauties grace
 Your flowery banks, if you have seen
 The much-sung Grotto of the queen.
 Contemplative, forget awhile
 Oxonian towers, and Windsor's pile,
 And Wolsey's pride (his greatest guilt),
 And what great William since has built,
 And flowing past by Richmond scenes
 (Honoured retreat of two great queens),
 From Lion House, whose proud survey
 Browbeats your flood, look 'cross the way,
 And view, from highest swell of tide,
 The milder scenes of Surrey side.

Though yet no palace grace the shore,
 To lodge that pair you should adore ;
 Nor abbeys, great in ruins, rise,
 Royal equivalents for vice ;
 Behold a grot, in Delphic grove,
 The Graces' and the Muses' love ;
 (O, might our laureate here,
 How would he hail his new-born year !)
 A temple from vain glories free,
 Whose goddess is Philosophy,

Whose sides such licensed idols crown
As superstition would pull down :
The only pilgrimage I know,
That men of sense would choose to go ;
Which sweet abode, her wisest choice,
Urania cheers with heavenly voice,
While all the virtues gather round
To see her consecrate the ground.

MATTHEW GREEN.

THAMES.

THAMES, infant Thames,
 Rippling, flowing
 Water-white,
 Where the bright
Young wilding gems
 Are blowing ;
 Babbling ever in unrest,
While as o'er her darling's pillow
Bends the mother, so the willow
 O'er thy breast.

Thames, maiden Thames,
 Glancing, shining
 Silver-blue ;
 While for you
The liliated stems
 Are pining.
 Ah ! thou lovest best to play
Slily with the wanton swallow,
While he whispers thee to follow
 Him away.

Thames, matron Thames,
 That ebbest back
From the sea ;
Oh ! in thee

There are emblems
Of life's track :
We, too, would, like thee, regain,
If we might, our greener hours ;
We, too, mourn our vanished flowers,
But in vain.

ALEXANDER HUME BUTLER.

THE GLORIES OF OUR THAMES.

O, MANY a river song has sung and dearer made the
names

Of Tweed and Ayr and Nith and Doon, but who has
sung our Thames ?

And much green Kent and Oxfordshire and Middlesex
it shames

That they've not given long since one song to their own
noble Thames.

O, clear are England's waters all, her rivers, streams,
and rills,

Flowing stilly through her valleys lone and winding by
her hills ;

But river, stream, or rivulet through all her breadth who
names

For beauty and for pleasantness with our own pleasant
Thames ?

The men of grassy Devonshire the Tamar well may love,
And well may rocky Derbyshire be noisy of her Dove ;

But with all their grassy beauty, nor Dove nor Tamar
shames,

Nor Wye, beneath her winding woods, our own green,
pleasant Thames.

I care not if it rises in the Seven Wells' grassy springs,
Or at Thames' head whence the rushy Churn its gleam-
ing waters brings,

From the Cotswolds to the heaving Nore, our praise and
love it claims,
From the Isis' fount to the salt-sea Nore, how pleasant
is the Thames !

O, Gloucestershire and Wiltshire well its gleaming waters
love,
And Oxfordshire and Berkshire rank it all their streams
above ;
Nor Middlesex nor Essex nor Kent nor Surrey claims
A river equal in their love to their own noble Thames.

How many a brimming river swells its waters deep
and clear,
The Windrush and the Cherwell and the Thame to
Dorset dear,
The Kennet and the Loddon that have music in their
names,
But no grandeur like to that in yours, my own mast-
shadowed Thames.

How many a city of renown beside its green course
stands !
How many a town of wealth and fame, how famous
through all lands !
Fair Oxford, pleasant Abingdon and Reading, world-
known names,
Crowned Windsor, Hampton, Richmond, all add glory
to our Thames.

But what wide river through the world, though broad
its waters be,
A London with its might and wealth upon its banks
shall see ?
The greatness of earth's greatest mart, that to herself
she claims,
The world's great wonder, England's boast, gives glory
to our Thames.

What hugest river of the earth such fleets as hers e'er bore,
Such tribute rich from every land, such wealth from
every shore,
Such memories of mighty ones whose memories are
fames,
Who from their mighty deeds afar came homewards
up the Thames ?

In Westminster's old Abbey's vaults, what buried
greatness lies !
Nelson and Wellington sleep there where Wren's dome
fills the skies ;
Here stands proud England's senate-house with all its
mighty fames,
These are the boast of Englishmen, the glory of our
Thames,

How many a river of the earth flows through a land
of slaves !
Her banks are thronged with freemen's homes, are
heaped with freemen's graves ;
Name the free races of the earth, and he who tells
them names
Freemen of the free blood of those who dwell beside
our Thames.

How many a heart in many a land yearns to you with
what pride,
What love, by the far Ganges' banks, by the green
Murray's side !
By Ohio's waves, Columbia's stream, how many a free
heart names,
O, with what love ! the old dear homes they left beside
the Thames.

River of England, your green banks no arméd feet,
thank God !
No hostile hosts, no stranger ranks for centuries past
have trod ;

O, may no foemen ever come, to threat your homes
with flames !
But should they come we'll show them soon what hearts
are by the Thames.

Flow on in glory, still flow on, O Thames, unto the sea,
Through glories gone, through grandeurs here, through
greatness still to be :
Through the free homes of England flow, and may yet
higher fames,
Still nobler glories, star your course, O my own native
Thames !

WILLIAM C. BENNETT.

THE THAMES.

LET the Rhine be blue and bright
In its path of liquid light,
Where the red grapes fling a beam
Of glory on the stream ;
Let the gorgeous beauty there
Mingle all that's rich and fair ;
Yet to me it ne'er could be
Like that river great and free,
The Thames ! the mighty Thames !

Though it bear no azure wave,
Though no pearly foam may lave,
Or leaping cascades pour
Their rainbows on its shore ;
Yet I ever loved to dwell
Where I heard its gushing swell,
And never skimmed its breast
But I warmly praised and blest
The Thames ! the mighty Thames !

Can ye find in all the world
A braver flag unfurled

Than that which floats above
 The stream I sing and love ?
 O, what a burning glow
 Has thrilled my breast and brow,
 To see that proud flag come
 With glory to its home,
 The Thames ! the mighty Thames !

Did ribs more firm and fast
 Ere meet the shot or blast
 Than the gallant barks that glide
 On its full and steady tide ?
 Would ye seek a dauntless crew
 With hearts to dare and hands to do ?
 You'll find the foe proclaims
 They are cradled on the Thames ;
 The Thames ! the mighty Thames !

They say the mountain child
 Oft loves its torrent wild
 So well, that should he part
 He breaks his pining heart ;
 He grieves with smothered sighs
 Till his wearying spirit dies ;
 And so I yearn to thee,
 Thou river of the free,
 My own, my native Thames !

ELIZA COOK.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

ONE more unfortunate,
 Weary of breath,
 Rashly importunate,
 Gone to her death !

Take her up tenderly,
 Lift her with care ;

Fashioned so slenderly,—
Young, and so fair !

Look at her garments,
Clinging like cerements,
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing ;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing !

Touch her not scornfully !
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly,—
Not of the stains of her ;
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny,
Rash and undutiful ;
Past all dishonour,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers—
One of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of hers,
Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,—
Her fair auburn tresses,—
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home ?

Who was her father ?
Who was her mother ?
Had she a sister ?
Had she a brother ?

Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other ?

Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun !
O, it was pitiful !
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed,—
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence ;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver ;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river ;
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurled,—
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world !

In she plunged boldly—
No matter how coldly

The rough river ran—
Over the brink of it !
Picture it,—think of it !
Dissolute man !
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can !

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care !
Fashioned so slenderly,—
Young, and so fair !

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently, kindly,
Smooth and compose them ;
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly !
Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest !
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast !

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behaviour,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour !

THOMAS HOOD.

THE THAMES.

OLD Thames ! thy merry waters run
Gloomily now, without star or sun !
The wind blows o'er thee, wild and loud,
And heaven is in its death-black shroud ;
And the rain comes down with all its might,
Darkening the face of the sullen Night.

Midnight dies ! There booms a sound,
From all the church-towers thundering round ;
Their echoes into each other run,
And sing out the grand night's awful " One !"
Saint Bride, Saint Sepulchre, great Saint Paul,
Unto each other, in chorus, call !

Who speaks ? 'Twas nothing : the patrol grim
Move stealthily o'er the pavement dim ;
The debtor dreams of the gripe of law ;
The harlot goes staggering to her straw ;
And the drunken robber, and beggar bold
Laugh loud, as they limp by the Bailey Old.

Hark,—I hear the blood in a felon's heart !
I see him shiver—and heave—and start
(Does he cry ?) from his last short bitter slumber,
To find that his days have reached their number —
To feel that there comes with the morning text,
Blind death, and the scaffold, and then—what next ?

Sound, stormy Autumn ! Brazen bell,
Into the morning send your knell !
Mourn, Thames ! keep firm your chant of sorrow ;
Mourn, men ! for a fellow-man dies to-morrow.
Alas ! none mourn ; none care ;—the debt
Of pity the whole wide world forget !

BARRY CORNWALL.

Thorsgill.

THORSGILL.

WHEN Denmark's raven soared on high,
Triumphant through Northumbrian sky,
Till, hovering near, her fatal croak
Bade Reged's Britons dread the yoke,
And the broad shadow of her wing
Blackened each cataract and spring,
Where Tees in tumult leaves his source,
Thundering o'er Caldron and High-Force ;
Beneath the shade the Northmen came,
Fixed on each vale a Runic name,
Reared high their altar's rugged stone,
And gave their gods the land they won.
Then, Balder, one bleak garth was thine,
And one sweet brooklet's silver line,
And Woden's Croft did title gain
From the stern Father of the Slain ;
But to the Monarch of the Mace,
That held in fight the foremost place,
To Odin's son and Sifia's spouse,
Near Stratforth high they paid their vows,
Remembered Thor's victorious fame,
And gave the dell the Thunderer's name.

Yet Scald or Kemper erred I ween,
Who gave that soft and quiet scene,
With all its varied light and shade,
And every little sunny glade,
And the blithe brook that strolls along
Its pebbled bed with summer song,
To the grim god of blood and scar,
The grisly King of Northern War.
O, better were its banks assigned
To spirits of a gentler kind !

For where the thicket-groups recede,
 And the rath primrose decks the mead,
 The velvet grass seems carpet meet
 For the light fairies' lively feet.
 Yon tufted knoll, with daisies strown,
 Might make proud Oberon a throne,
 While hidden in the thicket nigh,
 Puck should brood o'er his frolic sly ;
 And where profuse the wood-vetch clings
 Round ash and elm, in verdant rings,
 Its pale and azure-pencilled flower
 Should canopy Titania's bower.

Here rise no cliffs the vale to shade ;
 But, skirting every sunny glade,
 In fair variety of green
 The woodland lends its sylvan screen.
 Hoary, yet haughty, frowns the oak,
 Its boughs by weight of ages broke ;
 And towers erect, in sable spire,
 The pine-tree scathed by lightning-fire ;
 The drooping ash and birch, between,
 Hang their fair tresses o'er the green,
 And all beneath, at random grow
 Each coppice dwarf of varied show ;
 Or, round the stems profusely twined,
 Fling summer odours on the wind.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Thurston Mere.

THURSTON MERE.

A GROVE there is whose boughs
 Stretched from the western marge of Thurston Mere
 With length of shade so thick, that whoso glides
 Along the line of low-roofed water moves
 As in a cloister. Once—while, in that shade

Loitering, I watched the golden beams of light
 Flung from the setting sun, as they reposed
 In silent beauty on the naked ridge
 Of a high eastern hill—thus flowed my thoughts
 In a pure stream of words fresh from the heart :
 Dear native regions, wheresoe'er shall close
 My mortal course, there will I think on you ;
 Dying, will cast on you a backward look ;
 Even as this setting sun (albeit the vale
 Is nowhere touched by one memorial gleam)
 Doth with the fond remains of his last power
 Still linger, and a farewell lustre sheds
 On the dear mountain-tops where first he rose.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Tidna Combe.

THE TOKEN STREAM OF TIDNA COMBE.

A SOURCE of gentle waters, mute and mild,
 A few calm reeds around the sedgy brink,
 The loneliest bird that flees to waste or wild
 Might fold its feathers here in peace to drink.

I do remember me of such a scene,
 Far in the depths of memory's glimmering hour,
 When earth looked e'en on me with tranquil mien,
 And life gushed, like this fountain in her bower.

But lo ! a little on, a gliding stream,
 Fed with fresh rills from fields before unknown,
 Where the glad roses on its banks may dream
 That watery mirror spreads for them alone.

Ah, woe is me ! that flood, those flowers, recall
 A gleaming glimpse of Time's departed shore,
 Where now no dews descend, no sunbeams fall
 And leaf and blossom burst no more, no more !

See now ! with heart more stern, and statelier force,
Through Tidna's vale the river leaps along ;
The strength of many trees shall guard its course,
Birds in the branches soothe it with their song,

O type of a far scene ! the lovely land !
Where youth wins many a friend, and I had one ;
Still do thy bulwarks, dear old Oxford, stand ?
Yet, Isis, do thy thoughtful waters run ?

But hush ! a spell is o'er thy conscious wave ;
Pause and move onward with obedient tread ;
At yonder wheel they bind thee for their slave ;
Hireling of man they use thy toil for bread.

Still is thy stream an image of the days
At duty's loneliest labour meekly bound ;
The foot of joy is hushed, the voice of praise :
We twain have reached the stern and anxious ground.

And now what hills shall smile, what depths remain,
Thou tamed and chastened wanderer, for thee ?
A rocky path, a solitary plain,
Must be thy broken channel to the sea.

Come, then, sad river, let our footsteps blend
Onward, by silent bank and nameless stone :
Our years began alike, so let them end,—
We live with many men, we die alone.

Why dost thou slowly wind and sadly turn,
As loath to leave e'en this most joyless shore ?
Doth thy heart fail thee ? do thy waters yearn
For the far fields of memory once more !

Ah me ! my soul, and thou art treacherous too,
Linked to this fatal flesh, a fettered thrall ;
The sin, the sorrow, why wouldst thou renew ?
The past, the perished, vain and idle all !

Away ! behold at last the torrent leap,
 Glad, glad to mingle with yon foamy brine ;
 Free and unmourned, the cataract cleaves the steep,—
 O river of the rocks, thy fate is mine !

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER.

Tilbury.

ELIZABETH AT TILBURY.

AUTUMN, 1588.

LET them come, come never so proudly
 O'er the green waves in tall array ;
 Silver clarions menacing loudly,
 “ All the Spains ” on their pennons gay ;
 High on deck of their gilded galleys
 Our light sailers they scorn below :
 We will scatter them, plague and shatter them,
 Till their flag hauls down to the foe !
 For our oath we swear
 By the name we bear
 By England's Queen and England free and fair,
 Hers ever and hers still, come life, come death :
 God save Elizabeth !

Sidonia, Recalde, and Leyva
 Watch from their bulwarks in swarthy scorn :
 Lords and princes by Philip's favour ;
 We by birthright are noble born !
 Freemen born of the blood of freemen,
 Sons of Cressy and Flodden are we :
 We shall sunder them, fire and plunder them,
 English boats on the English sea !
 And our oath we swear
 By the name we bear,
 By England's Queen and England free and fair,—
 Hers ever and hers still, come life, come death :
 God save Elizabeth !

Drake and Frobisher, Hawkins and Howard,
 Raleigh, Cavendish, Cecil and Brooke,
 Hang like wasps by the flagships towered,
 Sting their way through the thrice-piled oak :
 Let them range their seven-mile crescent,
 Giant galleons, canvas wide !
 Ours will harry them, board and carry them,
 Plucking the plumes of the Spanish pride ;
 For our oath we swear
 By the name we bear,
 By England's Queen, and England free and fair,—
 Hers ever and hers still, come life, come death :
 God save Elizabeth !

Has God risen in wrath and scattered,
 Have his tempests smote them in scorn ?
 Past the Orcades, dumb and tattered,
 'Mong sea-beasts do they drift forlorn ?
 We were as lions hungry for battle ;
 God has made our battle his own !
 God has scattered them, sunk and shattered them :
 Give the glory to him alone !
 While our oath we swear
 By the name we bear,
 By England's Queen and England free and fair,—
 Hers ever and hers still, come life, come death :
 God save Elizabeth !

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE.

Tintern Abbey.

TINTERN ABBEY.

THE men who called their passion piety,
 And wrecked this noble argosy of faith,—
 They little thought how beauteous could be death,
 How fair the face of time's aye-deepening sea !

Nor arms that desolate, nor years that flee,
 Nor hearts that fail, can utterly deflower
 This grassy floor of sacramental power,
 Where we now stand communicants,—even we,
 We of this latter, still prot  stant age,
 With priestly ministrations of the sun
 And moon and multitudinous quire of stars,
 Maintain this consecration, and assuage
 With tender thoughts the past of weary wars,
 Masking with good that ill which cannot be undone.

LORD HOUGHTON.

Townstal.

TOWNSTAL CHURCH.

THE calm of eve is round thee now
 Old Townstal ! with its floods of gold ;
 That shed a glory round thy brow,
 Like that around the saints of old.
 The purple shades beneath thee creep,
 The cloudless sky shines overhead ;
 The river wanders calm and deep,
 And hills of gold afar outspread.

O, let me pause awhile, and think :
 Such soul-born feelings of repose—
 That to the past the present link—
 Steal o'er me as the daybeams close ;
 The heart-chords swelling send the while
 Their sacred music through the soul,
 As through thy old and hallowed aisle
 The chant of praise is wont to roll.

O for a life of hours like this !
 To cast aside the anxious fear—
 The struggle and the toil—for peace
 Like this which reigns around me here ;

To let the free soul soar away,
Like winds that o'er thy turret climb,
And bid the wandering fancy stray
'Mid memories of olden time.

That olden time comes back once more,—
The time when thy gray walls were young,
When hallowed feet first trod thy floor,
When midnight masses first were sung,
When erring souls with trembling sigh
First dropped the penitential tear,
And fervent prayers went up on high,
In mingled tones of hope and fear.

A silent awe is on my soul,
To think what vigils thou must keep,
When nightly stars above thee roll,
And all wide earth and ocean sleep ;
Those countless stars, to whom is given
That inextinguishable glow
Which marks the truth of God in heaven,
As thou upon the earth below.

Thy sunlit tower is all so bright,
I do not care to gaze below,
Where sleep the dead in endless night,
Beneath the turf where daisies grow.
But yet their souls are bright above,
Yes, brighter than this evening hour ;
And beauteous in those realms of love,
As air-gold on thy shining tower.

The latest beam is lingering still
Upon thy topmost crumbling stone ;
It fades beyond the western hill,
And leaves thee to the night alone.
The light, too, passes from my mind,
But leaves, ere yet its beams depart,
Another joy in memory shrined,
Another lesson on the heart.

SYDNEY HODGES.

Towton and Saxton.

KING HENRY'S SOLILOQUY.

THIS battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light ;
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,
Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind ;
Now sways it that way, like the selfsame sea
Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind ;
Sometime, the flood prevails ; and then, the wind ;
Now, one the better ; then, another best ;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered :
So is the equal poise of this fell war.—
Here, on this molehill, will I sit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory !
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle, swearing both,
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead ! if God's good will were so ;
For what is in this world but grief and woe ?
O God ! methinks it were a happy life
To be no better than a homely swain ;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run :
How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times :
So many hours must I tend my flock ;
So many hours must I take my rest ;
So many hours must I contemplate ;

So many hours must I sport myself ;
 So many days my ewes have been with young ;
 So many weeks ere the poor fools will yeau ;
 So many years ere I shall shear the fleece :
 So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
 Pass'd over to the end they were created,
 Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
 Ah, what a life were this ! how sweet ! how lovely !
 Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
 To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
 Than doth a rich embroidered canopy
 To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery ?
 O yes, it doth ; a thousand-fold it doth.
 And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely curds,
 His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
 His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,—
 All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,—
 Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
 His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
 His body couched in a curious bed,
 When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Trebarra.

THE DEATH-RACE.

WATCH ye, and ward ye ! a ship in sight,
 And bearing down for Trebarra Height,
 She folds her wings by that rocky strand :
 Watch ye, and ward ye, a boat on land !

Hush ! for they glide from yonder cave
 To greet these strangers of the wave :
 Wait ! since they pace the seaward glen
 With the measured tread of mourning men.

“ Hold ! masters, hold ! ye tarry here,
What corse is laid on your solemn bier ?
Yon minster-ground were a calmer grave
Than the roving bark or the weedy wave ! ”

“ Strong vows we made to our sister dead
To hew in fair France her narrow bed ;
And her angry ghost will win no rest
If your Cornish earth lie on her breast.”

They rend that pall in the glaring light :
By St. Michael of Carne ! 'twas an awful sight !
For those folded hands were meekly laid
On the silent breast of a shrouded maid.

“ God speed, my masters, your mournful way !
Go, bury your dead where best ye may :
But the Norrøway barks are over the deep,
So we watch and ward from our guarded steep.”

Who comes with weapon ? who comes with steed ?
Ye may hear far off their clanking speed ;
What knight in steel is thundering on ?
Ye may know the voice of the grim Sir John.

“ Saw ye my daughter, my Gwennah bright,
Borne out for dead at the deep of night ? ”
“ Too late ! too late ! ” cried the warder pale,
“ Lo ! the full deck, and the rushing sail ! ”

They have roused that maid from her trance of sleep,
They have spread their sails to the roaring deep ;
Watch ye, and ward ye ! with wind and tide,
Fitz-Walter hath won his Cornish bride.

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER.

Trent, the River.

THE TRENT.

WHEN now the neighbouring floods willed Wrekin to
suppress

His style, or they were like to surfeit with excess,
And time had brought about that now they all began
To listen to a long-told prophecy, which ran
Of Moreland, that she might live prosperously to see
A river born of her, who well might reckoned be
The third of this large isle : which saw did first arise
From Arden, in those days delivering prophecies.

* * * * *

Then of her

Why shouldst thou all this while the prophecy defer,
Who bearing many springs, which pretty rivers grew,
She could not be content until she fully knew
Which child it was of hers (born under such a fate)
As should in time be raised unto that high estate ?
(I fain would have you think that this was long ago,
When many a river now that furiously doth flow
Had scarcely learned to creep), and therefore she doth will
Wise Arden, from the depth of her abundant skill,
To tell her which of these her rills it was she meant.
To satisfy her will, the wizard answers, Trent.
For, as a skilful seer, the aged forest wist,
A more than usual power did in that name consist,
Which thirty doth import : by which she thus divined,
There should be found in her of fishes thirty kind ;
And thirty Abbeys great, in places fat and rank,
Should in succeeding time be builded on her bank ;
And thirty several streams from many a sundry way
Unto her greatness should their watery tribute pay.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

THE TRENT.

NEAR to the silver Trent
Sirena dwelleth,
She to whom nature lent
All that excelleth ;
By which the Muses late,
And the neat Graces,
Have for their greater state
Taken their places ;
Twisting an anadem,
Wherewith to crown her,
As it belonged to them
Most to renown her.

CHORUS.—On thy bank
In a rank
Let thy swans sing her,
And with their music
Along let them bring her.

Tagus and Pactolus
Are to thee debtor,
Nor for their gold to us
Are they the better ;
Henceforth of all the rest,
Be thou the river,
Which, as the daintiest,
Puts them down ever.
For as my precious one
O'er thee doth travel,
She to pearl paragon
Turneth thy gravel.

Our mournful Philomel,
That rarest tuner,
Henceforth in April
Shall wake the sooner ;

And to her shall complain
 From the thick cover,
Redoubling every strain
 Over and over :
For when my love too long
 Her chamber keepeth ;
As though it suffered wrong,
 The morning weepeth.

Oft have I seen the sun,
 To do her honour,
Fix himself at his noon
 To look upon her,
And hath gilt every grove,
 Every hill near her,
With his flames from above,
 Striving to cheer her :
And when she from his sight
 Hath herself turned,
He, as it had been night,
 In clouds hath mournéd.

The verdant meads are seen,
 When she doth view them,
In fresh and gallant green
 Strait to renew them,
And every little grass
 Broad itself spreadeth,
Proud that this bonny lass
 Upon it treadeth :
Nor flower is so sweet
 In this large cincture,
But it upon her feet
 Leaveth some tincture.

The fishes in the flood,
 When she doth angle,
For the hook strive agood
 Them to entangle ;

And leaping on the land
 From the clear water,
Their scales upon the sand
 Lavishly scatter ;
Therewith to pave the mould
 Whereon she passes,
So herself to behold
 As in her glasses.

When she looks out by night
 The stars stand gazing,
Like comets to our sight
 Fearfully blazing ;
As wondering at her eyes,
 With their much brightness,
Which so amaze the skies,
 Dimming their lightness.
The raging tempests are calm
 When she speaketh,
Such most delightful balm
 From her lips breaketh.

In all our Brittany
 There's not a fairer,
Nor can you fit any,
 Should you compare her.
Angels her eyelids keep,
 All hearts surprising ;
Which look while she doth sleep
 Like the sun's rising :
She alone of her kind
 Knoweth true measure,
And her unmatched mind
 Is heaven's treasure.

Fair Dove and Darwent clear,
 Boast ye your beauties,
To Trent your mistress here
 Yet pay your duties.

My love was higher born
 Towards the full fountains,
 Yet she doth moorland scorn
 And the Peak mountains ;
 Nor would she none should dream
 Where she abideth,
 Humble as is the stream
 Which by her slideth.

Yet my poor rustic Muse,
 Nothing can move her,
 Nor the means I can use,
 Though her true lover :
 Many a long winter's night
 Have I waked for her,
 Yet this my piteous plight
 Nothing can stir her.
 All thy sands, silver Trent,
 Down to the Humber,
 The sighs that I have spent
 Never can number.

Chorus.—On thy bank
 In a rank
 Let thy swans sing her,
 And with their music
 Along let them bring her.
 MICHAEL DRAYTON.

THE TRENT.

ONCE more, O Trent ! along thy pebbly marge
 A pensive invalid, reduced, and pale,
 From the close sick-room newly let at large,
 Wooes to his wan-worn cheek the pleasant gale.
 O, to his ear how musical the tale
 Which fills with joy the throstle's little throat !
 And all the sounds which on the fresh breeze sail,
 How wildly novel on his senses float !

It was on this that many a sleepless night,
 As lone he watched the taper's sickly gleam,
 And at his casement heard, with wild affright,
 The owl's dull wing and melancholy scream,
 On this he thought, this, this, his sole desire,
 Thus once again to hear the warbling woodland choir.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

Troston.

TROSTON HALL.

FAR from the busy hum of men away,
 Secluded here, naught of the world I see ;
 And almost doubt if such a place there be
 As London's trading town, or Paris gay,
 Surcharged with crowds the livelong night and day.
 That war is going on by land and sea,
 That slaughter, tumult, horror, and dismay
 Pervade the world, now seemeth strange to me.
 And, as I pass the sweetly lonely hours,
 Estrangéd here from bustle, strife, and care,
 Surrounded but by woods and fields and flowers,
 While Nature's music floats along the air,
 And Autumn all her various bounties pours,
 I wish an erring world these scenes with me to share.

CAPEL LOFFT.

Tunbridge.

PHCEBE, THE NYMPH OF THE WELL.

SHE smiled as she gave him a draught from the spring-
 let,—

Tunbridge, thy waters are bitter, alas !
 But love finds an ambush in dimple and ringlet ;
 “ Thy health, pretty maiden ! ”—He emptied the glass.

He saw, and he loved her, nor cared he to quit her ;
The oftener he came, why the longer he stayed ;
Indeed, though the spring was exceedingly bitter,
We found him eternally pledging the maid.

A *preux chevalier*, and but lately a cripple,
He met with his hurt where a regiment fell,
But worse was he wounded when staying to tipple
A bumper to “ Phœbe, the Nymph of the Well.”

Some swore he was old, that his laurels were faded,
All vowed she was vastly too nice for a nurse ;
But Love never looks on the matter as they did,
She took the brave soldier for better or worse.

And here is the home of her fondest election,—
The walls may be worn, but the ivy is green ;
And here she has tenderly twined her affection
Around a true soldier who bled for the Queen.

See, yonder he sits, where the church-bells invite us ;
What child is that spelling the epitaphs there ?
'Tis the joy of his age, and may fate so requite us
When time shall have broken, or sickness, or care.

Erelong, ay, too soon, a sad concourse will darken
The doors of that church and that peaceful abode ;
His place then no longer will know him,—but hearken,
The widow and orphan appeal to their God.

Much peace will be hers. “ If our lot must be lowly,
Resemble the father who's with us no more ;”
And only on days that are high or are holy,
She'll show him the cross that her warrior wore.

So taught, he will rather take after his father,
And wear a long sword to our enemies' loss ;
And some day or other he'll bring to his mother
Victoria's gift,—the Victoria Cross !

And still she'll be charming, though ringlet and dimple
 Perhaps may have lost their peculiar spell ;
 And often she'll quote, with complacency simple,
 The compliments paid to the Nymph of the Well.

And then will her darling, like all good and true ones,
 Console and sustain her,—the weak and the strong ;
 And some day or other two black eyes or blue ones
 Will smile on his path as he journeys along.

Wherever they win him, whoever his Phœbe,
 Of course of all beauty she must be the belle,—
 If at Tunbridge he chance to fall in with a Hebe,
 He will not fall out with a draught from the well.
 FREDERICK LOCKER.

Twickenham.

THE CAVE OF POPE.

WHEN dark Oblivion in her sable cloak
 Shall wrap the names of heroes and of kings ;
 And their high deeds, submitting to the stroke
 Of time, shall fall amongst forgotten things :

Then (for the Muse that distant day can see)
 On Thames's bank the stranger shall arrive,
 With curious wish thy sacred grot to see,
 Thy sacred grot shall with thy name survive.

Grateful posterity, from age to age,
 With pious hand the ruin shall repair :
 Some good old man, to each inquiring sage
 Pointing the place, shall cry, " The bard lived there.

" Whose song was music to the listening ear,
 Yet taught audacious vice and folly shame :
 Easy his manners, but his life severe ;
 His word alone gave infamy or fame.

“ Sequestered from the fool and coxcomb-wit,
 Beneath this silent roof the Muse he found ;
 'Twas here he slept inspired, or sat and writ ;
 Here with his friends the social glass went round.”

With awful veneration shall they trace
 The steps which thou so long before hast trod ;
 With reverent wonder view the solemn place
 From whence thy genius soared to nature's God.

Then, some small gem, or moss, or shining ore,
 Departing, each shall pilfer, in fond hope
 To please their friends on every distant shore,
 Boasting a relic from the cave of Pope.

ANONYMOUS.

Tyne and Wainsbeck.

TYNE AND WAINSBECK.

WOULD I again were with you, O ye dales
 Of Tyne, and ye most ancient woodlands ! where,
 Oft as the giant flood obliquely strides,
 And his banks open, and his lawns extend,
 Stops short the pleaséd traveller to view,
 Presiding o'er the scene, some rustic tower
 Founded by Norman or by Saxon hands ;
 O ye Northumbrian shades ! which overlook
 The rocky pavement and the mossy falls
 Of solitary Wainsbeck's limpid stream,
 How gladly I recall your well-known seats
 Beloved of old ; and that delightful time
 When, all alone, for many a summer's day
 I wandered through your calm recesses, fed
 In silence by some powerful hand unseen.

MARK AKENSIDE.

Tynemouth.

WRITTEN AT TYNEMOUTH, NORTHUMBERLAND,
AFTER A TEMPESTUOUS VOYAGE.

As slow I climb the cliff's ascending side,
Much musing on the track of terror past,
When o'er the dark wave rode the howling blast,
Pleased I look back, and view the tranquil tide
That laves the pebbled shore ; and now the beam
Of evening smiles on the gray battlement,
And yon forsaken tower that time has rent ;—
The lifted oar far off with silver gleam
Is touched, and hushed is all the billowy deep !
Soothed by the scene, thus on tired Nature's breast
A stillness slowly steals and kindred rest ;
While sea-sounds lull her, as she sinks to sleep,
Like melodies which mourn upon the lyre,
Waked by the breeze, and, as they mourn, expire !

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

THE NORTHERN STAR.

A TYNEMOUTH SHIP.

THE Northern Star
Sailed over the bar,
Bound to the Baltic Sea ;
In the morning gray
She stretched away ;—
'T was a weary day to me !

For many an hour,
In sleet and shower,
By the lighthouse rock I stray ;
And watch till dark
For the wingéd bark
Of him that is far away.

The castle's bound
I wander round,
Amidst the grassy graves :
But all I hear
Is the north wind drear,
And all I see are the waves.

The Northern Star
Is set afar !
Set in the Baltic Sea :
And the waves have spread
The sandy bed
That holds my love from me.

ANONYMOUS.

Ulpha.

THE KIRK OF ULPHA.

THE Kirk of Ulpha to the pilgrim's eye
Is welcome as a star, that doth present
Its shining forehead through the peaceful rent
Of a black cloud diffused o'er half the sky ;
Or as a fruitful palm-tree towering high
O'er the parched waste beside an Arab's tent ;
Or the Indian tree whose branches, downward bent,
Take root again, a boundless canopy.
How sweet were leisure, could it yield no more
Than 'mid that wave-washed churchyard to recline,
From pastoral graves extracting thoughts divine !
Or there to pace, and mark the summits hoar
Of distant moonlit mountains faintly shine,
Soothed by the unseen river's gentle roar.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Undercliff, Isle of Wight.

ST. LAURENCE.

ST. LAURENCE is a church beside the sea,
Kissed by the southern wind perpetually.
Those who may care to make and keep my grave,
There, if they love me, they shall bury me.

It is the tiniest church in all the land,
By some old Catholic devoutly planned ;
Over its belfry and its little porch
The ivy trickles down on either hand.

It is the season when green leaves turn sear,—
To me the loveliest time in all the year ;
And he who lingers by the churchyard wall,
He will not wonder why it seems so dear.

What is this place like on an autumn day?—
One whom I love well, who is far away,
A soul with which each tint would softly blend,
From flame-tipped russet to the tenderest gray.

If ever I from that beloved heart,
By evil fate—such is—were doomed to part,
I should not struggle with this bitter world ;—
Take me, St. Laurence, hide me where thou art !

BESSIE RAYNER PARKES.

BONNIE JEANIE WALKINSHAW.

THE moonbeam sleeps on Undercliff,
The sea is lulled and calm,
The honey-bee has left the rose,
The lily lies in balm ;
And all is music that we hear,
All lovely that we see,—
O bonnie Jeanie Walkinshaw,
'Tis then I think on thee.

The gladsome sun of May returns
With sweet flowers in his train,
And bird and bee in bower and lea
Break into song again.
What May's bright sun is to the flowers,
The flowers to bird and bee,
O gentle Jeanie Walkinshaw,
Thou'rt that and more to me.

I see thee shining on thy hills,
Like a young beam of light,
And O, I think how bright thou'lt be
When all with me is night !
But, gentle one, a smile of thine
Will make my song flow free,
Then, bonnie Jeanie Walkinshaw,
I'll owe my fame to thee.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Uppingham.

ROBIN, LEND TO ME THY BOW.

Now, Robin, lend to me thy bow,
Sweet Robin, lend to me thy bow ;
For I must now a hunting with my lady go,
With my sweet lady go.

And whither will thy lady go ?
Sweet Wilkin, tell it unto me ;
And thou shalt have my hawk, my hound, and eke my
bow,
To wait on thy ladye.

My lady will to Uppingham,
To Uppingham, forsooth, will she ;
And I myself appointed for to be the man
To wait on my ladye.

Adieu, good Wilkin, all beshrewd,
 Thy hunting nothing pleaseth me ;
 But yet beware thy babbling hounds stray not abroad,
 For angering of thy ladye.

My hounds shall be led in the line,
 So well I can assure it thee ;
 Unless by view of strain some pursue I may find,
 To please my sweet ladye.

With that the lady she came in,
 And willed them all for to agree ;
 For honest hunting never was accounted sin,
 Nor never shall for me.

ANONYMOUS.

Uttoxeter.

DR. JOHNSON'S PENANCE.

"ONCE, indeed, I was disobedient. I refused to attend my father to Uttoxeter Market. Pride was the source of this refusal, and the remembrance of it was painful. A few years ago I desired to atone for this fault. I went to Uttoxeter in very bad weather, and stood for a considerable time, bareheaded, in the rain, on the spot where my father's stall used to stand. In contrition I stood, and I hope the penance was expiatory." (Dr. Johnson's conversation with "Mr. Henry White, a young clergyman" in Lichfield, in 1784.)—BOSWELL'S *Life of Johnson*.

A COUNTRY road on market-day
 (Is what I see arise),
 Crowded with farmers, ruddy men,
 Muffled up to the eyes ;
 For cold and bitter rain beats fast
 From the gray cheerless skies.

Past carts with white tilts flagging wet,
 Past knots of wrangling hinds,

A burly man with deep-lined face,
Chafed by the churlish winds,
Strides on like dreary packman who
His galling burden binds.

He wears no ruffles round his wrists,
His wig is scorched and worn ;
His slouching coat flaps loose and long,—
Its buttons but of horn ;
The little lace upon its cuffs
Is frayed and soiled and torn.

It is a day of sullen cloud,
Of shrinking leaf and flower,—
A day the sun to shine or warm
Has neither wish nor power ;
So fitful falls the wavering veil
Of the cold bitter shower.

The blackbirds from the hedges break
In chattering dismay,
Like wicked thoughts in sinners' minds
When they kneel down to pray ;
He sees them not, for darkness deep
Bars out for him the day.

Before him black and open graves
Seem yawning in the way ;
The sun, a mere vast globe of jet,
Bodes God's great wrath alway ;
He hears strange voices on his track
That fill him with dismay.

The black rooks o'er the fallows whirl
Like demons in the sky,
Watching to do some hurt to man,
But for the sleepless eye
Of God, that, whether day or night,
Still baffles them from high.

The miller's waggon, dripping flour,
 Toils on, close covered in ;
 The pedlar, spite of cloak and pack,
 Is drenched unto the skin ;
 The road to Wroxeter is thronged
 With cattle crowding in.

With butting heads against the wind
 The farmers canter on
 (Sure corn that morning has gone down,
 They look so woe-begone) ;
 Till now shone out the steeple vane
 The sun has flashed upon.

'Tween strings of horses dripping wet
 The burly man strides fast ;
 On market stalls and crowded pens
 No eager look he cast ;
 He thought not of the wrangling fair,
 But of a day long past.

He comes to where the market cross
 Stands towering o'er the stalls,
 Where on the awnings, brown and soaked,
 The rain unceasing falls ;
 Where loud the vagrant auctioneer
 With noisy clamour bawls.

He heeds not yonder rocking swings
 That laughing rustics fill,
 But gazes on one stall where sits
 A stripling, quiet and still,
 Selling his books, although the rain
 Falls ceaselessly and chill.

There, in the well-remembered place,
 He stands, head low and bare,
 Heedless of all the scoffing crowd
 Who jostle round and stare,

Crying, "Why, lads, here's preacher man
Come to this April Fair."

"Here's th' April Fool!" a farmer cries,
Holding his swollen side;
Another clacks his whip, a third
Begins to rail and chide,
While salesmen cried their prices out,
And with each other vied.

Yet when he silent stood, nor moved
For one long hour at least,
The market women leering said,
"This is some crazy priest
Doing his penance,—pelt him, boys!
Pump on the Popish beast!"

Some counting money turned to sneer;
One with raised hammer there
Kept it still poised, to see the man;
The buyers paused to stare;
The farmer had to hold his dog,
Longing to bite and tear.

As the old clock beats out the time
The stranger strides away,
Past deafening groups of flocks and carts
And many a drunken fray;
The sin of fifty years ago
That penance purged away.

Call it not superstition, friends,
Or foolish, weak regret;
He was a great good man whose eyes
With tears that day were wet;
'T was a brave act to crush his pride,—
Worthy of memory yet.

WALTER THORNBURY.

Wadling, the Lake.

TEARNE WADLING.

TEARNE-WADLING is the name of a small lake near Hesketh in Cumberland, on the road from Penrith to Carlisle. There is a tradition that an old castle once stood near the lake, the remains of which were not long since visible. *Tearne*, in the dialect of that country, signifies a small lake, and is still in use.

KING ARTHUR lives in merry Carleile,
And seemely is to see ;
And there with him queene Guenever,
That bride soe bright of blee.

And there with him queene Guenever,
That bride so bright in bowre :
And all his barons about him stooode,
That were both stiffe and stowre.

The king a royale Christmasse kept,
With mirth and princelye cheare ;
To him repaired many a knighte,
That came both farre and neare.

And when they were to dinner sette,
And cups went freely round :
Before them came a faire damselle,
And knelt upon the ground.

A boone, a boone, O kinge Arthúre,
I beg a boone of thee ;
Avenge me of a carlish knighte,
Who hath shent my love and mee.

At Tearne-Wadling his castle stands,
Near to that lake so fair,
And proudly rise the battlements,
And streamers deck the air.

Noe gentle knighte, nor ladye gay,
 May pass that castle-walle :
 But from that foule discourteous knighte,
 Mishappe will them befall.

Hee's twyce the size of common men,
 Wi' thewes, and sinewes stronge,
 And on his backe he bears a clubbe,
 That is both thicke and longe.

This grimme baróne, 't was our harde happe,
 But yester morne to see ;
 When to his bowre he bare my love,
 And sore misused mee.

And when I told him, King Arthúre
 As lyttle shold him spare ;
 Goe tell, sayd hee, that cuckold kinge,
 To meete mee if he dare.

Upp then sterted king Arthúre,
 And sware by hille and dale,
 He ne'er wolde quitt that grimme baróne,
 Till he had made him quail.

Goe fetch my sword Excalibar :
 Goe saddle mee my steede ;
 Nowe, by my faye, that grimme baróne
 Shall rue this ruthfulle deede.

* * * *

PERCY'S RELIQUES.

Wainsbeck, the River.

TO THE RIVER WAINSBECK.

WHILE slowly wanders thy sequestered stream,
 Wainsbeck ! the mossy-scattered rocks among,
 In fancy's ear still making plaintive song
 To the dark woods above, that waving seem

To bend o'er some enchanted spot ; removed
From life's vain coil, I listen to the wind,
And think I hear meek Sorrow's plaint, reclined
O'er the forsaken tomb of one she loved !—
Fair scenes ! ye lend a pleasure, long unknown,
To him who passes weary on his way—
The farewell tear, which now he turns to pay,
Shall thank you ;—and whence'er of pleasures flown
His heart some long-lost image would renew,
Delightful haunts ! he will remember you.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

Walkley.

WALKLEY.

SARAH and William Adams ! here we stood,
Roofed by the cloud, which cast his frown between
Wardsend and Loxley's moorlands. From the wood
Of one-starred Grenno, like a sea unseen,
The wind swept o'er us, seeming, in his might,
To shake the steadfast rocks ; while, rushing keen
Beyond the edge of darkness, stormy light,
As from a league-wide trumpet, on the scene
A cataract of glory poured ; and, bright
In gloom, the hill-tops islanded the night
Of billowy shade around us. Vale and hill,
Forest and cloud, were restless as a fight ;
They seemed as they would nevermore be still ;
While, anchored over all, the high-poised kite
Saw the foamed rivers dash their blue with white.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

Wallingford.

WALLINGFORD.

WHEN I climb to the top of some neighbouring height,
Where the walls of old Wallingford break on the sight,
My fancy the scenes of the past will renew
Till the forms of my forefathers rise to my view.

The fur-coated savage, the armour-clad knight,
Issue forth from its portals to join in the fight ;
And past generations repeople the town,
As o'er it the castle's high battlements frown.

I see the bold Briton contend for his home
In battle forlorn with the legions of Rome ;
And the flaxen-haired Saxon defending the plain
Against the wild rush of the death-dealing Dane.

Then the Norman invader appears on the scene,
On whose brow are the laurels of Hastings still green ;
And onward resistless his followers sweep
Till the proud flag of Normandy floats from the keep.

Next, when civil contentions the country divide,
By the river an army is seen on each side ;
But the high-swollen torrent bids bloodshed to cease,
And the factions of England are blended in peace.

Yet again and again are the ranks in array
Of Briton with Briton in mortal affray ;
And the air rings aloud with a Puritan cheer
Or the answering shout of the gay cavalier.

But the vision has vanished, and faded away
Like the dreams of the night at the dawning of day ;
And the feuds of old Wallingford rest and are still
As the ivy-crowned ruin that sleeps on its hill.

All hushed are the din and the tumult of war,
 And the banners of battle are unfurléd no more ;
 While the husbandman ploughs and the meadow-grass
 waves,
 Where forgotten the warriors lie in their graves.

Calm, quiet, contented, the little town stands,
 Surrounded by fertile and prosperous lands ;
 And, crowned with antiquity, dwells at its ease,
 Encircled by hills and embosomed in trees.

What though restless spirits may murmur and say
 That its glories have with former times fled away ;
 And o'er its decay heave a pitying sigh
 That the busy world passes it heedlessly by ?

So rest thee, fair Wallingford, just as thou art ;
 Yet still to thy country fulfilling thy part,
 And rearing thy children, though humble they be,
 To stand in the ranks of the land of the free :

So live, though obscure and unhonoured thy name,
 Content in thy duty to seek for thy fame ;
 And so thy old age uneventfully fleet,
 As calm as the river that flows at thy feet.

W. BLAKE ATKINSON.

Walsingham.

GENTLE HERDSMAN, TELL TO ME.

THE scene of this beautiful old ballad is laid near Walsingham, in Norfolk, where was anciently an image of the Virgin Mary, famous over all Europe for the numerous pilgrimages made to it, and the great riches it possessed.

GENTLE herdsman, tell to me,
 Of curtesy I thee pray,
 Unto the towne of Walsingham
 Which is the right and ready way.

“ Unto the towne of Walsingham
The way is hard for to be gon ;
And verry crooked are those pathes
For you to find out all alone.”

Weere the miles doubled thrise,
And the way never soe ill,
Itt were not enough for mine offence,
Itt is soe grievous and soe ill.

“ Thy yeeares are young, thy face is faire,
Thy witts are weake, thy thoughts are greene ;
Time hath not given thee leave, as yett,
For to commit so great a sinne.”

Yes, herdsman, yes, soe woldest thou say,
If thou knewest soe much as I ;
My witts, and thoughts, and all the rest,
Have well deserved for to dye.

I am not what I seeme to bee,
My clothes and sexe doe differ farr :
I am a woman, woe is me !
Born to greeffe and irksome care.

For my beloved, and well-beloved,
My wayward cruelty could kill :
And though my teares will nought avail,
Most dearely I bewail him still.

He was the flower of noble wights,
None ever more sincere colde bee ;
Of comely mien and shape hee was,
And tenderly hee loved mee.

When thus I saw he loved me well,
I grewe so proud his paine to see,
That I, who did not know myselfe,
Thought scorne of such a youth as hee.

And grew soe coy and nice to please,
As women's lookes are often soe,
He might not kisse, nor hand forsooth,
Unlesse I willed him soe to doe.

Thus being wearyed with delayes
To see I pittyed not his greeffe,
He gott him to a secrett place,
And there he dyed without releeffe.

And for his sake these weeds I weare,
And sacrifice my tender age ;
And every day Ile begg my bread,
To undergoe this pilgrimage.

Thus every day I fast and pray,
And ever will doe till I dye ;
And gett me to some secrett place,
For soe did hee, and soe will I.

Now, gentle herdsman, aske no more,
But keepe my secretts I thee pray :
Unto the towne of Walsingham
Show me the right and ready way.

“ Now goe thy wayes, and God before !
For he must ever guide thee still :
Turne downe that dale, the right hand path,
And soe, faire pilgrim, fare thee well !”

PERCY'S RELIQUES.

AS I CAME FROM WALSINGHAM.

“ As you came from the holy-land
Of Walsingham,
Met you not with my true-love
By the way as you came ?”

- “ How should I know your true-love,
That have met many a one,
As I came from the holy-land,
That have come, that have gone ? ”
- “ She is neither white nor brown,
But as the heavens fair ;
There is none hath a form so divine,
On the earth, in the air. ”
- “ Such a one did I meet, good sir,
With angel-like face,
Who like a queen did appear
In her gait, in her grace. ”
- “ She hath left me here all alone,
All alone and unknown,
Who sometime loved me as her life,
And called me her own. ”
- “ What’s the cause she hath left thee alone,
And a new way doth take,
That sometime did love thee as her life,
And her joy did thee make ? ”
- “ I loved her all my youth,
But now am old, as you see ;
Love liketh not the fallen fruit,
Nor the withered tree. ”
- “ For Love is a careless child,
And forgets promise past ;
He is blind, he is deaf, when he list,
And in faith never fast. ”
- “ For Love is a great delight,
And yet a trustless joy ;
He is won with a word of despair,
And is lost with a toy. ”

“Such is the love of womankind,
Or the word abused,
Under which many childish desires
And conceits are excused.

“But love is a durable fire,
In the mind ever burning ;
Never sick, never dead, never cold,
From itself never turning.”

CHILD'S ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH BALLADS

Waltham.

KING HENRY'S HUNT.

WALTHAM,—“in the Saxons' speech *Wealdham*, that is, *a wild or woody habitation*” (Camden),—included what is now called Epping Forest. The tradition of this particular hunt is traceable up to the time of Elizabeth, and still survives.

KING HENRY stood in Waltham Wood,
One morn in merry May-time ;
Years fifteen hundred thirty-six,
From Christ, had roll'd away time.

King Henry stood in Waltham Wood,
All young green, sunny-shady.
He would not mount his pawing horse,
Though men and dogs were ready.

“What ails his Highness? Up and down
In moody sort he paceth ;
He is not wont to be so slack,
Whatever game he chaseth.”

He paced and stopp'd ; he paced and turn'd ;
At times he inly mutter'd ;
He pull'd his girdle, twitch'd his beard ;
But not one word he utter'd.

The hounds in couples nosed about,
Or on the sward lay idle ;
The huntsmen stole a fearful glance,
While fingering girth or bridle.

Among themselves, but not too loud,
The young lords laughed and chatter'd,
Or broke a branch of hawthorn-bloom,
As though it nothing matter'd.

King Henry sat on a fell'd oak,
With gloomier eyes and stranger ;
His brows were knit, his lip he bit ;
To look that way was danger.

Mused he on Pope and Emperor ?
Denied them and defied them ?
Or traitors in his very realm
Complotting ?—woe betide them !

Suddenly on the southern breeze,
Distinct though distant, sounded
A cannon shot,—and to his feet
The King of England bounded.

“ My horse ! ” he shouts,—“ Uncouple now ! ”
And all were quickly mounted.
A hind was found ; man, horse, and hound
Like furious demons hunted.

Fast fled the deer by grove and glade,
The chase did faster follow ;
And every wild-wood alley rang
With hunter's horn and hollo.

Away together stream'd the hounds ;
Forward press'd every rider.
You're free to slay a hind in May,
If there's no fawn beside her.

King Harry rode a mighty horse,
His grace being broad and heavy,
And like a stormy wind he crash'd
Through copse and thicket leavy.

He rode so hard, and roar'd so loud,
All men his course avoided ;
The fiery steed, long held on fret,
With many a snort enjoy'd it.

The hind was killed, and down they sat
To flagon and to pasty.
“ Ha, by Saint George, a noble Prince !
Tho' hot, by times, and hasty.”

Lord Norfolk knew, and other few,
Wherefore that chase began on
The signal of a gun far off,
One growl of distant cannon,—

And why so jovial grew his Grace,
That erst was sad and sullen :
With that boom from the Tower, had fall'n
The head of fair Anne Bullen.

Her neck, which Henry used to kiss,
The bloody axe did sever ;
Their little child, Elizabeth,
She'll see no more for ever.

Gaily the King rides west away ;
Each moment makes his glee more ;
To-morrow brings his wedding-day
With beautiful Jane Seymour.

The sunshine falls, the wild-bird calls,
Across the slopes of Epping ;
From grove to glade, through light and shade,
The troops of deer are stepping.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

Waltham Abbey.

WALTHAM HOLY CROSS.

TIME has left the shrine
Where the last Saxon, canonised, lay,
And every trace has vanished, like the light
That from the high-arched eastern window fell,
With broken sunshine on his marble tomb—
So have they passed ; and silent are the choirs
That to his spirit sang eternal rest ;
And scattered are his bones who raised those walls
Where, from the field of blood slowly conveyed
His mangled corse, with torch and orison,
Before the altar and in holy earth
Was laid ! Yet oft I muse upon the theme ;
And now, whilst solemn the slow curfew tolls,
Years and dim centuries seem to unfold
Their shroud, as at the summons ; and I think
How sad that sound on every English heart
Smote, when along these darkening vales, where Lea
Beneath the woods of Waltham winds, it broke
First on the silence of the night, far heard
Through the deep forest ! Phantoms of the past,
Ye gather round me ! Voices of the dead,
Ye come by fits ! And now I hear, far off,
Faint Eleasons swell, whilst to the fane
The long procession, and the pomp of death,
Moves visible ; and now one voice is heard
From a vast multitude, “ Harold, farewell !
Farewell, and rest in peace ! ” That sable car
Bears the last Saxon to his grave ; the last
From Hengist, of the long illustrious line
That swayed the English sceptre. Hark ! a cry !
’Tis from his mother, who with frantic mien
Follows the bier : with manly look composed,
Godwin, his eldest-born, and Adela,

Her head declined, her hand upon her brow
 Beneath the veil, supported by his arm,
 Sorrowing succeed ! Lo ! pensive Edmund there
 Leads Wolfe, the least and youngest, by the hand !
 Brothers and sisters, silent and in tears,
 Follow their father to the dust, beneath
 Whose eye they grew. Last and alone, behold,
 Magnus, subduing the deep sigh, with brow
 Of sterner acquiescence. Slowly pace
 The sad remains of England's chivalry,
 The few whom Hastings' field of carnage spared,
 To follow their slain monarch's hearse this night,
 Whose corse is borne beneath the escutcheoned pall,
 To rest in Waltham Abbey. So the train,
 Imagination thus embodies it,
 Moves onward to the abbey's western porch,
 Whose windows and retiring aisles reflect
 The long funereal lights. Twelve stoled monks,
 Each with a torch, and pacing, two and two,
 Along the pillared nave, with crucifix
 Aloft, begin the supplicating chant,
 Intoning, "Miserere Domine."

* * * * *

One parting sunbeam yet upon the floor
 Rested,—it passed away, and darker gloom
 Was gathering in the aisles. Each footstep's sound
 Was more distinctly heard, for all beside
 Was silent. Slow along the glimmering fane
 They passed, like shadows risen from the tombs.
 The entrance door was closed, lest aught intrude
 Upon the sanctity of this sad hour.
 The inner choir they enter, part in shade
 And part in light, for now the rising moon
 Began to glance upon the shrines and tombs
 And pillars. Trembling through the windows high,
 One beam, a moment, on that cold gray stone
 Is flung,—the word "Infelix" is scarce seen.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

Walton.

WALTON CASTLE.

LOOK around !

Above the winding reach of Severn stands,
With massy fragments of forsaken towers,
Thy castle, solitary Walton. Hark !
Through the lone ivied arch was it the wind
Came fitful ! There by moonlight we might stand,
And deem it some old castle of romance ;
And on the glimmering ledge of yonder rock,
Above the wave, fancy it was the form
Of a spectre-lady for a moment seen,
Lifting her bloody dagger, then with shrieks
Vanishing ! Hush ! there is no sound,—no sound
But of the Severn sweeping onward ! Look !
There is no bleeding apparition there,—
No fiery phantoms glare along thy walls !
Surrounded by the works of silent art,
And far, far more endearing, by a group
Of breathing children, their possessor lives ;
And ill should I deserve the name of bard,
Of courtly bard, if I could touch this theme
Without a prayer,—an earnest, heartfelt prayer,—
When one, whose smile I never saw but once,
Yet cannot well forget,—when one now blooms,
Unlike the spectre-lady of the rock,
A living and a lovely bride !

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

Wardour Castle.

WARDOUR CASTLE.

IF rich designs of sumptuous art may please,
Or nature's loftier views august and old,

Stranger ! behold this spreading scene ;—behold
 This amphitheatre of aged trees
 That solemn wave above thee, and around
 Darken the towering hills ! Dost thou complain
 That thou shouldst cope with penury or pain,
 Or sigh to think what pleasures might be found
 Amid such wide possessions !—Pause awhile ;
 Imagine thou dost see the sick man smile ;
 See the pale exiles that in yonder dome,
 Safe from the wasteful storm, have found a home ;
 And thank the Giver of all good, that lent
 To the humane, retired, beneficent
 The power to bless. Nor lift thy heart elate
 If such domains be thine ; but emulate
 The fair example, and those deeds that rise
 Like holy incense wafted to the skies ;
 Those deeds that shall sustain the conscious soul,
 When all this empty world hath perished like a scroll !

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

Warkworth Hermitage.

THE HERMITAGE.

WARKWORTH Hermitage is situated about half a mile above Warkworth Castle, on the brink of the Coquet River. This venerable retreat is probably the best preserved and the most entire work of its kind now remaining in the kingdom. It contains three apartments, all of them formed by excavation of the solid rock, and impends over the river clothed in a rich mantle of ancient trees, remains of the venerable woods which in olden times sheltered the inmates of this romantic solitude.

THE lonely cavern, like a chapel carved,
 Is situate amid the lonely hills ;
 The scutcheon, cross, and altar hewn in rock,
 And by the altar is a cenotaph.
 In marble there a lovely lady lies ;

An angel, with a welcome at her side,
 A welcome to the soul he beareth heaven.
 And near a warrior stands,—the desolate !
 The wide earth only holds one tomb for him.
 Such must have been his history, who first
 Cut this sad hermitage within the rock :
 Some spirit-broken and world-weary man,
 Whose love was in the grave, whose hope in heaven.
 Yet a fine nature must have been his own ;
 A sense of beauty, and a strong delight
 In the brave seeming of the visible world,
 Whose loveliness is like a sympathy.
 Winds the fair river through the vale below,
 With sunshine on its waters. Green the woods
 Hang the far summits with their changeful shade.
 In the soft summer fields are many flowers,
 Which breathe at evening on the scented wind.
 Still the wild cherry-trees are growing round,
 Which first he planted ;—yet he loved the world,—
 The bright, the beautiful, the glorious world,—
 But loved it as those love who love on earth,
 Only the hope that looketh up to heaven.

ANONYMOUS.

Warlock Woods.

WARLOCK WOODS.

THE oaks are doomed in pleasant Warlock Woods ;
 Soon they 'll come crashing through the hazel copse ;
 Already rocking like poor wind-tossed ships,
 I see their reeling spars and waving tops.

Shipwrecked indeed : the old estate is gone ;
 The knights have yielded to King Mammon's lords ;
 Rent is the good escutcheon,—sable, gules ;
 Shivered at last the brave Crusaders' swords.

Soon barked and bare, the oak-trees' giant limbs
Will strew the covert, all o'ergrown with fern :
I hear the jarring axe that cleaves and splits ;
I see the woodmen's fires that crackling burn.

'T would be a dismal sight in winter-time,
When boughs are snapped, and branches tempest-cleft,
When dead leaves drift across the rainy skies,
And not a wayside flower of hope is left,

How much more mournful now in sunny air,
When hyacinths in shade grow blue and rank,
When echoing cuckoos greet the spring again,
And violets purple every primrose bank.

Here has the flying rebel cowering hid,
Waiting the footfall and the pitying eyes ;
And here, with sullen psalms and gloomy prayers,
The Ironsides have doled their prophecies.

And here the outlaws, in the Norman time,
Strung their big bows, and filed their arrow-heads,
While the wine-jug went round so fierce and fast,
When near them lay the fallow-deer just dead.

These trees have heard full many a parting kiss,
The suicide's last prayer, the lover's sigh,
The murdered one's wild scream : it is for this,
I hold them bound to man in sympathy.

The oak woods pay for many a spendthrift's fault ;
Old giants, centuries long without a fear,
Fall prostrate at one scornful tap from thee,
Frail ivory hammer of the auctioneer.

“ Bare ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang,”
No more to be the homes of hawk or owl ;
No more on stormy nights the banshee wind
Shall through thy riven branches gasp and howl.

WALTER THORNBURY.

Warwick.

THE LEGEND OF SIR GUY.

WAS ever knight for ladyes sake
Soe tost in love, as I, Sir Guy,
For Phelis fayre, that lady bright
As ever man beheld with eye ?

She gave me leave myself to try,
The valiant knight with sheeld and speare,
Ere that her love she would grant me ;
Which made mee venture far and neare.

Then proved I a baron bold,
In deeds of armes the doughtyest knight
That in those dayes in England was,
With sworde and speare in feild to fight.

An English man I was by birthe :
In faith of Christ a christyan true :
The wicked lawes of infidells
I sought by prowesse to subdue.

Nine hundred and twenty yeere and odde
After our Saviour Christ his birth,
When King Athelstone wore the crowne,
I lived heere upon the earth.

Sometime I was of Warwicke erle,
And, as I sayd, of very truth
A ladyes love did me constraine
To seeke strange ventures in my youth ;

To win me fame by feates of armes
In strange and sundry heathen lands ;
Where I atchieved for her sake
Right dangerous conquests with my hands.

For first I sayled to Normandye,
And there I stoutlye wan in fight
The emperours daughter of Almaine,
From manye a vallyant worthy knight.

Then passed I the seas to Greece,
To helpe the emperour in his right,
Against the mighty souldans hoaste
Of puissant Persians for to fight :

Where I did slay of Sarazens,
And heathen pagans, manye a man ;
And slew the souldans cozen deere,
Who had to name doughtye Coldrán.

Eskeldered, a famous knight,
To death likewise I did pursue :
And Elmayne, King of Tyre, alsoe,
Most terrible in fight to viewe.

I went into the souldans hoast,
Being thither on embassage sent,
And brought his head awaye with mee ;
I having slaine him in his tent.

There was a dragon in that land
Most fiercelye mett me by the waye,
As hee a lyon did pursue,
Which I myself did alsoe slay.

Then soon I past the seas from Greece,
And came to Pavye land aright ;
Where I the duke of Pavye killed,
His hainous treason to requite.

To England then I came with speede,
To wedd faire Phelis, lady bright ;
For love of whome I travelled farr
To try my manhood and my might.

But when I had espoused her,
I stayd with her but fortye dayes,
Ere that I left this ladye faire,
And went from her beyond the seas.

All cladd in gray, in pilgrim sort,
My voyage from her I did take
Unto the blessed Holy-Land,
For Jesus Christ my Saviour's sake.

Where I Erle Jonas did redeeme,
And all his sonnes, which were fifteene,
Who with the cruell Sarazens
In prison for long time had beene.

I slew the gyant Amarant
In battel fiercelye hand to hand,
And doughty Barknard killed I,
A treacherous knight of Pavye land.

Then I to England came againe,
And here with Colbronde fell I fought ;
An ugly gyant, which the Danes
Had for their champion hither brought.

I overcame him in the feild,
And slewe him soone right valliantlye ;
Wherebye this land I did redeeme
From Danish tribute utterlye.

And afterwards I offered upp
The use of weapons solemnlye
At Winchester, whereas I fought,
In sight of manye farr and nye.

But first, neare Winsor, I did slaye
A bore of passing might and strength ;
Whose like in England never was
For hugenesse both in bredth and length.

Some of his bones in Warwicke yett
Within the castle there doth lye ;
One of his sheeld-bones to this day
Hangs in the citye of Coventrye.

On Dunsmore heath I alsoe slewe
A monstrous wyld and cruell beast,
Cald the Dun-cow of Dunsmore heath ;
Which manye people had opprest.

Some of her bones in Warwicke yett
Still for a monument doth lye,
And there exposed to lookers viewe,
As wondrous strange, they may espye.

A dragon in Northumberland
I alsoe did in fight destroye,
Which did bothe man and beast oppresse,
And all the countrie sore annoye.

At length to Warwicke I did come,
Like pilgrim poore, and was not knowne ;
And there I lived a hermitt's life
A mile and more out of the towne.

Where with my hands I hewed a house
Out of a craggy rocke of stone,
And lived like a palmer poore
Within that cave myself alone :

And daylye came to begg my bread
Of Phelis att my castle gate ;
Not knowne unto my loved wiffe,
Who dailye mourned for her mate.

Till att the last I fell sore sicke,
Yea, sicke soe sore that I must die ;
I sent to her a ring of golde,
By which shee knew me presentlye.

Then shee repairing to the cave,
 Before that I gave up the ghost,
 Herself closed up my dying eyes ;
 My Phelis faire, whom I lov'd most.

Thus dreadful death did me arrest,
 To bring my corpes unto the grave,
 And like a palmer dyed I,
 Whereby I sought my soule to save.

My body that endured this toyle,
 Though now it be consumed to mold,
 My statue, faire engraven in stone,
 In Warwicke still you may behold.

PERCY'S RELIQUES.

LINES

WRITTEN AT WARWICK.

HAIL ! centre-county of our land, and known
 For matchless worth and valour all thine own,—
 Warwick ! renowned for him who best could write,
 Shakespeare the Bard, and him so fierce in fight,
 Guy, thy brave Earl, who made whole armies fly,
 And giants fall,—who has not heard of Guy ?

Him sent his lady, matchless in her charms,
 To gain immortal glory by his arms,
 Felice the fair, who, as her bard maintained,
 The prize of beauty over Venus gained ;
 For she, the goddess, had some trivial blot
 That marred some beauty, which our nymph had not :
 But this apart,—for in a favourite theme
 Poets and lovers are allowed to dream,—
 Still we believe the lady and her knight
 Were matchless both,—he in the glorious fight,
 She in the bower by day, and festive hall by night.

Urged by his love, the adventurous Guy proceeds,
And Europe wonders at his warlike deeds ;
Whatever prince his potent arm sustains,
However weak, the certain conquest gains ;
On every side the routed legions fly,
Numbers are nothing in the sight of Guy :
To him the injured make their sufferings known,
And he relieved all sorrows but his own ;
Ladies who owed their freedom to his might
Were grieved to find his heart another's right.

The brood of giants, famous in those times,
Fell by his arm, and perished for their crimes.
Colbrand the strong, who by the Dane was brought,
When he the crown of good Athelstan sought,
Fell by the prowess of our champion brave,
And his huge body found an English grave.

But what to Guy were men or great or small,
Or one or many ?—he despatched them all ;
A huge dun cow, the dread of all around,
A master-spirit in our hero found :
'Twas desolation all about her den,—
Her sport was murder, and her meals were men.
At Dunmore Heath the monster he assailed,
And o'er the fiercest of his foes prevailed.

Nor feared he lions, more than lions fear
Poor trembling shepherds, or the sheep they shear ;
A fiery dragon, whether green or red
The story tells not, by his valour bled :
What more I know not, but by these 'tis plain
That Guy of Warwick never fought in vain.

When much of life in martial deeds was spent,
His sovereign lady found her heart relent,
And gave her hand. Then all was joy around,
And valiant Guy with love and glory crowned ;
Then Warwick Castle wide its gate displayed,
And peace and pleasure this their dwelling made.

Alas ! not long,—a hero knows not rest ;
A new sensation filled his anxious breast.
His fancy brought before his eyes a train
Of pensive shades, the ghosts of mortals slain ;
His dreams presented what his sword had done ;
He saw the blood from wounded soldiers run,
And dying men, with every ghastly wound,
Breathed forth their souls upon the sanguine ground.

Alarmed at this, he dared no longer stay,
But left his bride, and as a pilgrim gray,
With staff and beads, went forth to weep and fast and
 pray
In vain his Felice sighed,—nay, smiled in vain ;
With all he loved he dare not long remain,
But roved he knew not where, nor said, “ I come again.”

The widowed countess passed her years in grief,
But sought in alms and holy deeds relief ;
And many a pilgrim asked, with many a sigh,
To give her tidings of the wandering Guy.

Perverse and cruel ! could it conscience ease,
A wife so lovely and so fond to tease ?
Or could he not with her a saint become,
And, like a quiet man, repent at home ?

How different those who now this seat possess !
No idle dreams disturb their happiness :
The lord who now presides o’er Warwick’s towers
To nobler purpose dedicates his powers ;
No deeds of horror fill his soul with fear,
Nor conscience drives him from a home so dear :
The lovely Felice of the present day
Dreads not her lord should from her presence stray ;
He feels the charm that binds him to a seat
Where love and honour, joy and duty meet.

But forty days could Guy his fair afford ;
Not forty years would weary Warwick’s lord :

He better knows how charms like hers control
All vagrant thoughts, and fill with her the soul ;
He better knows that not on mortal strife
Or deeds of blood depend the bliss of life,
But on the ties that first the heart enchain,
And every grace that bids the charm remain :
Time will, we know, to beauty work despite,
And youthful bloom will take with him its flight ;
But love shall still subsist, and, undecayed,
Feel not one change of all that time has made.

GEORGE CRABBE.

The Washes.

THE WASHES.

Now in upon thy earth, rich Lincolnshire, I strain,
At Deeping, from whose street the plenteous ditches drain,
Hemp-bearing Holland's fen, at Spalding that do fall
Together in their course, themselves as emptying all
Into one general sewer, which seemeth to divide
Low Holland from the high, which on their eastern side
The inbending ocean holds, from the Norfolkian lands,
To their more northern point, where Wainfleet drifted
stands,

Do shoulder out those seas, and Lindsey bids her stay,
Because to that fair part a challenge she doth lay.
From fast and firmer earth, whereon the Muse of late
Trode with a steady foot, now with a slower gait,
Through quicksands, beach, and ouze, the Washes she
must wade,

Where Neptune every day doth powerfully invade
The vast and queachy soil with hosts of wallowing waves,
From whose impetuous force that who himself not saves
By swift and sudden flight is swallowed by the deep,
When from the wrathful tides the foaming surges sweep
The sands which lay all naked to the wide heaven before,
And turneth all to sea which was but lately shore,

From this our southern part of Holland, called the Low,
Where Crowland's ruins yet (though almost buried) show
Her mighty founder's power, yet his more Christian zeal.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

Wellesbourne Hastings.

WELLESBOURNE AND CHARLCOTE FORD.

By Wellesbourne and Charlcote ford
At break of day I saw a sword.
Wessex warriors, rank by rank,
Rose on Avon's hither bank ;
Mercia's men in fair array
Looked at them from Marraway ;
Close and closer ranged they soon,
And the battle joined at noon.

By Wellesbourne and Charlcote Lee
I heard a sound as of the sea ;
Thirty thousand rushing men,
Twenty thousand met by ten ;
Rang the shield and brake the shaft,
Tosty yelled, Harcather laughed ;
Thorough Avon's waters red
Chased by ten the twenty fled.

By Charlcote ford and Wellesbourne
I saw the moon's pale face forlorn,
River flowed and rushes sighed,
Wounded warriors groaned and died.
Ella took his early rest,
The raven stood on his white breast ;
Hoarsely in the dead man's ear
Raven whispered, " Friend, good cheer !
Ere the winter pinch the crow
He that slew thee shall lie low."

HENRY TAYLOR.

Westmoreland.

LAKE LAND.

ALL our haunts have graceful titles.
Silver-sounding Windermere,
With its Brathay and its Rothay,
Falls like music soft and clear ;
Out from under noble Kirkstone,
All adown the mountain-side,
Like a swift yet gentle motion,
'Lights the white-walled Ambleside ;
Freshly wave the woods of Rydal,
Our Grasmere may all men know
For a haunt of peace and pleasure
Whose eyes have ne'er seen Silver How,
Sought the happy glen of Easedale,
Or Seat-Sandal's height explored,
Or looked upon our own Helvellyn
Over all things mountain-lord ;
Glaramara, home of thunder,
Little Langdale fair to see,
Heights of awe or scenes of beauty
Seem to tell us what they be ;
Whether Dungeon Ghyll the gloomy
Or the lofty lone Red Tarn,
Or Troutbeck vale or Elterwater,
These can beckon, those can warn :
Save one nursling, no true daughter,
Wrynose, set amidst the south,
A hideous child that was deserted
By its mother Cockermouth.

JAMES PAYN.

SONG FOR THE SPINNING-WHEEL.

FOUNDED UPON A BELIEF PREVALENT AMONG THE
PASTORAL VALES OF WESTMORELAND.

SWIFTLY turn the murmuring wheel !
Night has brought the welcome hour
When the weary fingers feel
I help, as if from faery power ;
Dewy night o'ershades the ground ;
Turn the swift wheel round and round !

Now, beneath the starry sky,
Couch the widely scattered sheep ;—
Ply the pleasant labour, ply !
For the spindle, while they sleep,
Runs with speed more smooth and fine,
Gathering up a trustier line.

Short-lived likings may be bred
By a glance from fickle eyes ;
But true love is like the thread
Which the kindly wool supplies,
When the flocks are all at rest
Sleeping on the mountain's breast.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Weybridge.

THE FOREST.

WEYBRIDGE, a neighbouring nymph, the only remnant
left
Of all that forest kind, by time's injurious theft
Of all that tract destroyed, with wood which did abound,
And former times had seen the goodliest forest-ground
This island ever had : but she so left alone,
The ruin of her kind, and no man to bemoan.

The deep-entranced flood, as thinking to awake,
Thus from her shady bower she silently bespake :

“ O flood in happy plight, which to this time remain'st,
As still along in state to Neptune's court thou strain'st ;
Revive thee with the thought of those forepasséd hours,
When the rough wood-gods kept, in their delightful
 bowers

On thy embroidered banks, when now this country filled
With villages, and by the labouring ploughman tilled,
Was forest, where the fir and spreading poplar grew.
O, let me yet the thought of those past times renew,
When as that woody kind, in our umbrageous wild,
Whence every living thing save only they exiled,
In this their world of waste the sovereign empire swayed,
O, who would e'er have thought that time could have
 decayed

Those trees whose bodies seemed by their so massy
 weight

To press the solid earth, and with their wondrous height
To climb into the clouds, their arms so far to shoot,
As they in measuring were of acres, and their root,
With long and mighty spurs to grapple with the land,
As nature would have said, that they shall ever stand :
So that this place where now this Huntingdon is set,
Being an easy hill where mirthful hunters met,
From that first took the name.”

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

Whichwood Forest.

WHICHWOOD FOREST.

THE hinds how blest, who ne'er beguiled
To quit their hamlet's hawthorn-wild ;
Nor haunt the crowd, nor tempt the main,
For splendid care and guilty gain !

When morning's twilight-tinctured beam
Strikes their low thatch with slanting gleam,

They rove abroad in ether blue,
To dip the scythe in fragrant dew ;
The sheaf to bind, the beech to fell,
That nodding shades a craggy dell.

Midst gloomy glades, in warbles clear,
Wild nature's sweetest notes they hear ;
On green untrodden banks they view
The hyacinth's neglected hue ;
In their lone haunts and woodland rounds
They spy the squirrel's airy bounds,
And startle from her ashen spray,
Across the glen, the screaming jay :
Each native charm their steps explore
Of Solitude's sequestered store.

For them the moon with cloudless ray
Mounts, to illume their homeward way ;
Their weary spirits to relieve,
The meadows incense breathe at eve.
No riot mars the simple fare
That o'er a glimmering hearth they share ;
But when the curfew's measured roar
Duly, the darkening valleys o'er,
Has echoed from the distant town,
They wish no beds of cygnet-down,
No trophied canopies, to close
Their drooping eyes in quick repose.

Their little sons, who spread the bloom
Of health around the clay-built room,
Or through the primrosed coppice stray,
Or gambol in the new-mown hay,
Or quaintly braid the cowslip-twine
Or drive afield the tardy kine,
Or hasten from the sultry hill
To loiter at the shady rill,
Or climb the tall pine's gloomy crest
To rob the raven's ancient nest.

Their humble porch with honeyed flowers
The curling woodbine's shade embowers ;

From the small garden's thymy mound
 Their bees in busy swarms resound :
 Nor fell disease, before his time,
 Hastes to consume life's golden prime ;
 But when their temples long have wore
 The silver crown of tresses hoar,
 As studious still calm peace to keep,
 Beneath a flowery turf they sleep.

THOMAS WARTON.

Whitby.

WHITBY ABBEY.

THOU relic of a bygone generation,
 Thou crumbling record of a vanished race,
 Towering aloft in lonely desolation,
 Like the great guardian spirit of the place :

Thy walls with age are mouldering, gray and hoary,
 Where thy long transept lay the grass waves green ;
 And scarce a remnant of thy former glory
 Remains to tell us what thou once hast been.

Yet here in days of yore a royal maiden
 Has ministered upon the sacred shrine ;
 And knights and nobles with their symbols laden
 Have joined the orisons and rites divine.

Here images of saints in dark-niched spaces
 Have peered on black-cowled monks devoid of smiles ;
 And meek-eyed nuns, with fair and pensive faces,
 Have flitted through the solemn whispering aisles.

Here oft the sweet strains of an Ave Mary
 Have stolen through the twilight, still and clear ;
 And the wild cadence of a Miserere
 Has struck upon the midnight's startled ear.

And in the frequent pauses of devotion,
When silence brooded o'er the prostrate band,
Was heard the deep-mouthed wailing of the ocean
Beating forever on the rocky strand.

But all is changed!—no more the night-wind, stealing
Through thy dim galleries and vacant nave,
Will catch the sound of music's measured pealing
And bear it far across the moonlit wave :

No more when morning gilds the eastern heaven
Will early matins rise or organ swell ;
And when the first stars gem the brow of even
No more will sound the sweet-toned vesper bell.

Thy glory has gone by ! and thou art standing
In lonely pomp upon thy sea-washed hill,
Wearing in hoary age a mien commanding,
And in thy desolation stately still !

WILLIAM LEIGHTON.

Widdecombe-in-the-Moor.

WIDDECOMBE CHURCH.

FAR o'er hill and dale
Their summons glad the Sabbath-bells had flung ;—
From hill and dale obedient they had sped
Who heard the holy welcoming ; and now
They stood above the venerable dead
Of centuries, and bowed where they had bowed
Who slept below. The simple touching tones
Of England's psalmody upswelled, and all,
With lip and heart united, loudly sang
The praises of the Highest. But anon,
Harsh mingling with that minstrelsy, was heard
The fitful blast ;—the pictured windows shook,—
Around the aged tower the rising gale

Shrill whistled ; and the ancient massive doors
Swung on their jarring hinges. Then—at once—
Fell an unnatural calm, and with it came
A fearful gloom, deepening and deepening, till
'Twas dark as night's meridian ; for the cloud,
Descending, had within its bosom wrapt
The fated dome. At first a herald flash
Just chased the darkness, and the thunder spoke,
Breaking the strange tranquillity. But soon
Pale horror reigned,—the mighty tempest burst
In wrath appalling ;—forth the lightning sprang,
And death came with it, and the living writhed
In that dread flame-sheet.

Clasped by liquid fire,
Bereft of hope, they madly said the hour
Of final doom was nigh, and soul and sense
Wild reeled ; and, shrieking, on the sculptured floor
Some helpless sank ; and others watched each flash
With haggard look and frenzied eye, and cowered
At every thunder-stroke. Again a power
Unseen dealt death around ! In speechless awe
The boldest stood ; and when the sunny ray,
Glancing again on river, field, and wood,
Had chased the tempest, and they drank once more
The balmy air, and saw the bow of God,
His token to the nations, throwing wide
Its arch of mercy o'er the freshened earth,
How welcome was that light, that breeze, that bow !
And O, how deep the feeling that awoke
To Heaven the hymn of thankfulness and joy !

NOEL THOMAS CARRINGTON.

Widemouth Bay.

FEATHERSTONE'S DOOM.

THE Blackrock is a bold, dark, pillared mass of schist, which rises midway on the shore of Widemouth Bay, near Bude, and is held to be the lair of the troubled spirit of Featherstone the wrecker, imprisoned therein until he shall have accomplished his doom.

TWIST thou and twine ! in light and gloom
A spell is on thine hand ;
The wind shall be thy changeful loom,
Thy web the shifting sand.

Twine from this hour, in ceaseless toil,
On Blackrock's sullen shore ;
Till cordage of the sand shall coil
Where crested surges roar.

'Tis for that hour when from the wave
Near voices wildly cried ;
When thy stern hand no succour gave,
The cable at thy side.

Twist thou and twine ! in light and gloom
The spell is on thine hand ;
The wind shall be thy changeful loom,
Thy web the shifting sand.

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER.

Wight, the Isle.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

WHEN as the pliant Muse, with fair and even flight,
Betwixt her silver wings is wafted to the Wight ;
That isle, which jutting out into the sea so far,
Her offspring traineth up in exercise of war,

Those pirates to put back, that oft purloin her trade,
Or Spaniards or the French attempting to invade.
Of all the southern isles she holds the highest place,
And evermore hath been the great'st in Britain's grace :
Not one of all her nymphs her sovereign favoureth thus,
Embraced in the arms of old Oceanus.

For none of her account so near her bosom stand,
'Twixt Penwith's farthest point and Goodwin's queachy
sand,

Both for her seat and soil, that far before the other
Most justly may account great Britain for her mother.
A finer fleece than hers not Lemster's self can boast,
Nor Newport, for her mart, o'ermatched by any coast.
To these the gentle South, with kisses smooth and soft,
Doth in her bosom breathe, and seems to court her oft.
Besides her little rills, her inlands that do feed,
Which with their lavish streams do furnish every need ;
And meads, that with their fine soft grassy towels stand
To wipe away the drops and moisture from her hand ;
And to the north, betwixt the fore-land and the firm,
She hath that narrow sea which we the Solent term ;
Where those rough ireful tides, as in her streights they
meet,

With boisterous shocks and roars each other rudely
greet :

Which fiercely when they charge, and sadly make re-
treat,

Upon the bulwarkt forts of Hurst and Calsheot beat,
Then to Southampton run : which by her shores sup-
plied

(As Portsmouth by her strength), doth vilify their pride.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

Wilford.

LINES WRITTEN IN WILFORD CHURCHYARD ON
RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

HERE would I wish to sleep. This is the spot
Which I have long marked out to lay my bones in ;
Tired out and wearied with the riotous world,
Beneath this yew I would be sepulchred.
It is a lovely spot ! the sultry sun,
From his meridian height, endeavours vainly
To pierce the shadowy foliage, while the zephyr
Comes wafting gently o'er the rippling Trent,
And plays about my wan cheek. 'Tis a nook
Most pleasant. Such a one perchance did Gray
Frequent, as with the vagrant muse he wantoned.
Come, I will sit me down and meditate,
For I am wearied with my summer's walk,
And here I may repose in silent ease ;
And thus, perchance, when life's sad journey's o'er,
My harassed soul in this same spot may find
The haven of its rest,—beneath this sod
Perchance may sleep it sweetly, sound as death.

* * * * *

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

Wilton.

THE SWANS OF WILTON.

O, HOW the swans of Wilton
Twenty abreast did go,
Like country girls bound for the church,
Sails set and all aglow !
With pouting breast in pure white dressed
Softly gliding in a row.

Where through the weed's green fleeces,
The perch in brazen coat,
The golden shuttles mermaids use
Shot past my crimson float ;
Where swinish carp were snoring loud
Around the anchored boat.

Adown the gentle river
The white swans bore in sail,
Their full, soft feathers puffing out
Like canvas in the gale ;
And all the kine and dappled deer
Stood watching in the vale.

The stately swans of Wilton
Strutted and puffed along,
Like canons in their full white gowns
Late for an evening song,
When up the vale the peevish bell
In vain has chided long.

O, how the swans of Wilton
Bore down the radiant stream !
As calm as holy hermits' lives,
Or a play-tired infant's dream ;
Like fairy beds of last year's snow,
Did these radiant creatures seem.

ANONYMOUS.

SONNET

WRITTEN AFTER SEEING WILTON HOUSE.

FROM Pembroke's princely dome, where mimic art
Decks with a magic hand the dazzling bowers,
Its living hues where the warm pencil pours,
And breathing forms from the rude marble start,
How to life's humbler scene can I depart ?
My breast all glowing from those gorgeous towers,
In my low cell how cheat the sullen hours !

Vain the complaint ; for fancy can impart
 (To fate superior, and to fortune's doom)
 Whate'er adorns the stately-storied hall :
 She, 'mid the dungeon's solitary gloom,
 Can dress the graces in their Attic pail,
 Bid the green landskip's vernal beauty bloom,
 And in bright trophies clothe the twilight wall.

THOMAS WARTON.

Wiltshire.

THE WILTSHIRE CAIRN.

CARADOC with the golden torque,
 Amber anklets and sword of bronze,
 A wolf-skin clothing his giant limbs
 Tawny with thirty summers' suns,
 Was slain beneath those great beech-trees
 By Roman spearmen, who had found
 His last retreat, and burnt his hut,
 And dragged his wife in fetters bound.

Now see the mound that scarcely swells
 Above the level of the downs,
 Upon whose summit, dry and sear,
 Ground-thistles spread their purple crowns ;
 While round it nets the dry crisp thyme
 The bees love so : those old trees wave
 Just where the Roman spearmen struck,
 And Caradoc had here his grave.

'Twas fourteen hundred years ago ;
 And now the thrush upon the thorn
 Sings heedless of that chieftain's fate ;
 And on this golden July morn
 A little butterfly, all blue,
 In the mid air is hovering
 Around the flowering grass that grows
 Above the ashes of the king.

And far away the cornfields stretch
 In golden sections, fading dim
 To the gray ridge of farther down ;
 That burring murmur is the hymn
 Of the great conqueror Steam, the chief
 Of new reformers. See that whiff
 Of flying smoke,—that is the train ;
 Fast burrowing in the tunnelled cliff.

WALTER THORNBURY.

Winchester.

ARTHUR'S ROUND TABLE.

WHERE Venta's Norman castle still uprears
 Its raftered hall, that o'er the grassy foss
 And scattered flinty fragments clad in moss
 On yonder steep in naked strength appears,
 High hung remains, the pride of warlike years,
 Old Arthur's board ;—on the capacious round
 Some British pen has sketched the names renowned,
 In marks obscure, of his immortal peers.
 Though joined by magic skill with many a rhyme
 The Druid frame, unhonoured, falls a prey
 To the slow vengeance of the wizard Time,
 And fade the British characters away ;
 Yet Spenser's page, that chants in verse sublime
 Those chiefs, shall live, unconscious of decay.

THOMAS WARTON.

ON LEAVING WINCHESTER SCHOOL.

THE spring shall visit thee again,
 Itchin ! and yonder ancient fane,
 That casts its shadow on thy breast,
 As if, by many winters beat,
 The blooming season it would greet,
 With many a straggling wild-flower shall be dressed.

But I amid the youthful train
 That stray at evening by thy side,
 No longer shall a guest remain
 To mark the spring's reviving pride.
 I go not unrejoicing ; but who knows
 When I have shared, O world ! thy common woes,
 Returning I may drop some natural tears ;
 As these same fields I look around,
 And hear from yonder dome the slow bell sound,
 And think upon the joys that crowned my stripling years !
 WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

DULCE DOMUM.

ABOUT two hundred and thirty years ago, a scholar of St. Mary's College, Winchester, was, for some offence committed, confined by order of the master, and it being just previous to the Whitsuntide vacation, was not permitted to visit his friends, but remained a prisoner at the college, as report says, tied to a pillar. During this period he composed [in Latin] the well-known "Dulce Domum," being the recollections of the pleasures he was wont to join in at that season of the year. Grief at the disgrace and the disappointment he endured so heavily affected him that he did not live to witness the return of his companions at the end of their holidays.

In commemoration of the above, annually on the evening preceding the Whitsun holidays, the master, scholars, and choristers of the above college, attended by a band of music, walk in procession round the court of the college and the pillar to which it is alleged the unfortunate youth was tied, and chant the verses which he composed in his affliction.—HONE'S *Every-Day Book*, ii. 710.

SING a sweet melodious measure,
 Waft enchanting lays around ;
 Home ! a theme replete with pleasure !
 Home ! a grateful theme resound !

CHORUS.

Home, sweet home ! an ample treasure !
 Home ! with every blessing crowned !
 Home ! perpetual source of pleasure !
 Home ! a noble strain, resound.

Lo ! the joyful hour advances ;
Happy season of delight !
Festal songs and festal dances
All our tedious toil requite.

Leave, my wearied Muse, thy learning,
Leave thy task, so hard to bear ;
Leave thy labour, ease returning,
Leave this bosom, O my care.

See the year, the meadow, smiling !
Let us then a smile display,
Rural sports, our pain beguiling,
Rural pastimes call away.

Now the swallow seeks her dwelling,
And no longer roves to roam ;
Her example thus impelling,
Let us seek our native home.

Let our men and steeds assemble,
Panting for the wide champaign ;
Let the ground beneath us tremble,
While we scour along the plain.

O what raptures, O what blisses,
When we gain the lovely gate !
Mother's arms and mother's kisses
There our blessed arrival wait.

Greet our household-gods with singing,
Lend, O Lucifer, thy ray ;
Why should light, so slowly springing,
All our promised joys delay ?

TR. ANONYMOUS.

Windermere (Winandermere).

WINANDER.

MIDWAY on long Winander's eastern shore,
Within the crescent of a pleasant bay,
A tavern stood ; no homely-featured house,
Primeval like its neighbouring cottages,
But 'twas a splendid place, the door beset
With chaises, grooms, and liveries, and within
Decanters, glasses, and the blood-red wine.
In ancient times, and ere the hall was built
On the large island, had this dwelling been
More worthy of a poet's love, a hut,
Proud of its own bright fire and sycamore shade.
But, though the rhymes were gone that once inscribed
The threshold, and large golden characters,
Spread o'er the spangled sign-board, had dislodged
The old Lion and usurped his place, in slight
And mockery of the rustic painter's hand,
Yet, to this hour, the spot to me is dear,
With all its foolish pomp. The garden lay
Upon a slope surmounted by a plain
Of a small bowling-green ; beneath us stood
A grove, with gleams of water through the trees
And over the tree-tops ; nor did we want
Refreshment, strawberries and mellow cream.
There, while through half an afternoon we played
On the smoth platform, whether skill prevailed
Or happy blunder triumphed, bursts of glee
Made all the mountains ring. But ere nightfall,
When in our pinnace we returned at leisure
Over the shadowy lake, and to the beach
Of some small island steered our course with one,
The minstrel of the troop, and left him there,
And rowed off gently, while he blew his flute
Alone upon the rock,—O, then the calm

And dead still water lay upon my mind
 Even with a weight of pleasure, and the sky,
 Never before so beautiful, sank down
 Into my heart, and held me like a dream !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE BOY OF WINANDER.

THERE was a boy : ye knew him well, ye cliffs
 And islands of Winander !—many a time
 At evening, when the earliest stars began
 To move along the edges of the hills,
 Rising or setting, would he stand alone
 Beneath the trees or by the glimmering lake,
 And there, with fingers interwoven, both hands
 Pressed closely palm to palm, and to his mouth
 Uplifted, he, as through an instrument,
 Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls,
 That they might answer him ; and they would shout
 Across the watery vale, and shout again,
 Responsive to his call, with quivering peals,
 And long halloos and screams, and echoes loud,
 Redoubled and redoubled, concourse wild
 Of jocund din ; and, when a lengthened pause
 Of silence came and baffled his best skill,
 Then sometimes, in that silence while he hung
 Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise
 Has carried far into his heart the voice
 Of mountain torrents ; or the visible scene
 Would enter unawares into his mind,
 With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,
 Its woods, and that uncertain heaven, received
 Into the bosom of the steady lake.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Windsor.

THE LADY JANE.

JAMES THE FIRST of Scotland, a prisoner at Windsor, sees from his window the Lady Jane Beaufort, who afterwards became his Queen.

BEWAILING in my chamber, thus alone,
Despaired of all joy and remedy,
For-tired of my thought, and woe-begone,
And to the window gan I walk in hy
To see the world and folk that went forbye,
As, for the time, though I of mirthis food
Might have no more, to look it did me good.

Now was there made, fast by the towris wall,
A garden fair ; and in the corners set
Ane arbour green, with wandis long and small
Railed about, and so with trees set
Was all the place, and hawthorn hedges knet
That lyf was none walking there forbye,
That might within scarce any wight espy.

So thick the boughis and the leavis green
Beshaded all the alleys that there were,
And mids of every arbour might be seen
The sharpe greene sweete juniper,
Growing so fair with branches here and there,
That as it seemed to a lyf without,
The boughis spread the arbour all about.

And on the smalle greene twistis sat,
The little sweete nightingale, and sung
So loud and clear, the hymnis consecrat
Of lovis use, now soft, now loud among,
That all the gardens and the wallis rung
Right of their song.

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And therewith cast I down mine eyes again,
Where as I saw, walking under the tower,
Full secretly, new comen here to plain,
The fairist or the freshest younge flower
That ever I saw, methought, before that hour,
For which sudden abate, anon astart
The blood of all my body to my heart.

And though I stood abasit tho a lite,
No wonder was ; for why ? my wittis all
Were so overcome with pleasance and delight,
Only through letting of my eyen fall,
That suddenly my heart became her thrall,
For ever of free will,—for of menace
There was no token in her sweete face.

And in my head I drew right hastily,
And eftesoons I leant it out again,
And saw her walk that very womanly,
With no wight mo', but only women twain.
Then gan I study in myself, and sayn,

“ Ah, sweet ! are ye a worldly creature,
Or heavenly thing in likeness of nature ?

“ Or are ye god Cupidis own princess,
And comin are to loose me out of band ?
Or are ye very Nature the goddess,
That have depainted with your heavenly hand,
This garden full of flowers as they stand ?
What shall I think, alas ! what reverence
Shall I mister unto your excellence ?

“ If ye a goddess be, and that ye like
To do me pain, I may it not astart :
If ye be warldly wight, that doth me sike,
Why list God make you so, my dearest heart,
To do a seely prisoner this smart,
That loves you all, and wot of nought but wo ?
And therefore mercy, sweet ! sin' it is so.”

Of her array the form if I shall write,
Towards her golden hair and rich attire,
In fretwise couchit with pearlis white
And great balas leaming as the fire,
With mony ane emeraut and fair sapphire ;
And on her head a chaplet fresh of hue,
Of plumis parted red, and white, and blue.

Full of quaking spangis bright as gold,
Forged of shape like to the amoretis,
So new, so fresh, so pleasant to behold,
The plumis eke like to the flower jonets ;
And other of shape like to the flower jonets ;
And above all this, there was, well I wot,
Beauty enough to make a world to doat.

About her neck, white as the fire amail,
A goodly chain of small orfevery,
Whereby there hung a ruby, without fail,
Like to ane heart shapen verily,
That as asp ark of low, so wantonly
Seemed burning upon her white throat,
Now if there was good party, God it wot.

And for to walk that fresh May's morrow,
Ane hook she had upon her tissue white,
That goodlier had not been seen to-forow
As I suppose ; and girt she was alite,
Thus halflings loose for haste, to such delight
It was to see her youth in goodlihede,
That for rudeness to speak thereof I dread.

In her was youth, beauty, with humble aport,
Bounty, riches, and womanly feature,
God better wot than my pen can report :
Wisdom, largess, estate, and cunning sure,
In every point so guided her measure,
In word, in deed, in shape, in countenance,
That nature might no more her child avance !

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And when she walked had a little thraw
 Under the sweete greene boughis bent,
 Her fair fresh face, as white as any snaw,
 She turned has, and furth her wayis went ;
 But then began mine aches and torment,
 To see her part and follow I na might ;
 Methought the day was turned into night.

JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND.

IMPRISONED IN WINDSOR, HE RECOUNTETH HIS
 PLEASURE THERE PASSED.

So cruel prison how could betide, alas !
 As proud Windsor ? Where I in lust and joy,
 With a king's son, my childish years did pass,
 In greater feast than Priam's sons of Troy ;
 Where each sweet place returns a taste full sour.
 The large green courts, where we were wont to rove,
 With eyes upcast unto the maiden's tower,
 And easy sighs, such as folk draw in love.
 The stately seats, the ladies bright of hue,
 The dances short, long tales of great delight ;
 With words and looks that tigers could but rue,
 When each of us did plead the other's right.
 The palm play, where desported for the game,
 With dazed eyes oft we, by gleams of love,
 Have missed the ball, and got sight of our dame,
 To bait her eyes, which kept the leads above.
 The gravelled ground, with sleeves tied on the helm,
 On foaming horse with swords and friendly hearts ;
 With cheer as though one should another whelm,
 Where we have fought, and chased oft with darts.
 With silver drops the meads yet spread for ruth ;
 In active games of nimbleness and strength,
 Where we did strain, trained with swarms of youth,
 Our tender limbs that yet shot up in length.
 The secret groves, which oft we made resound
 Of pleasant plaint, and of our ladies' praise ;

Recording oft what grace each one had found,
 What hope of speed, what dread of long delays.
 The wild forést, the clothed holts with green ;
 With reins availed, and swift ybreathéd horse,
 With cry of hounds, and merry blasts between,
 Where we did chase the fearful hart of force.
 The void walls eke that harboured us each night :
 Wherewith, alas ! revive within my breast
 The sweet accord, such sleeps as yet delight ;
 The pleasant dreams, the quiet bed of rest ;
 The secret thoughts, imparted with such trust ;
 The wanton talk, the divers change of play ;
 The friendship sworn, each promise kept so just,
 Wherewith we passed the winter night away.
 And with this thought the blood forsakes the face ;
 The tears berain my cheeks of deadly hue :
 The which, as soon as sobbing sighs, alas !
 Up-supped have, thus I my plaint renew :
 “ O place of bliss ! renewer of my woes !
 Give me account, where is my noble fere ?
 Whom in thy walls thou dost each night enclose ;
 To other lief ; but unto me most dear.”
 Echo, alas ! that doth my sorrow rue,
 Returns thereto a hollow sound of plaint.
 Thus I alone, where all my freedom grew,
 In prison pine, with bondage and restraint ;
 And with remembrance of the greater grief,
 To banish the less, I find my chief relief.

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY.

CHAUCER AND WINDSOR.

LONG shalt thou flourish, Windsor ! bodying forth
 Chivalric times, and long shall live around
 Thy Castle the old oaks of British birth,
 Whose gnarléd roots, tenacious and profound,
 As with a lion's talons grasp the ground.

But should thy towers in ivied ruin rot,
 There's one, thine inmate once, whose strain renowned
 Would interdict thy name to be forgot ;
 For Chaucer loved thy bowers and trode this very spot.
 Chaucer ! our Helicon's first fountain-stream,
 Our morning star of song,—that led the way
 To welcome the long-after coming beam
 Of Spenser's light and Shakespeare's perfect day
 Old England's fathers live in Chaucer's lay,
 As if they ne'er had died. He grouped and drew
 Their likeness with a spirit of life so gay,
 That still they live and breathe in Fancy's view,
 Fresh beings fraught with truth's imperishable hue.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

FUNERAL OF CHARLES THE FIRST,
 AT NIGHT, IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.

THE castle clock had tolled midnight ;
 With mattock and with spade,
 And silent, by the torches' light,
 His corse in earth we laid.

The coffin bore his name, that those
 Of other years might know,
 When earth its secrets should disclose,
 Whose bones were laid below.

'Peace to the dead' no children sung,
 Slow pacing up the nave ;
 No prayers were read, no knell was rung,
 As deep we dug his grave.

We only heard the winter's wind,
 In many a sullen gust,
 As o'er the open grave inclined,
 We murmured, "Dust to dust !"

A moonbeam, from the arches' height,
Streamed, as we placed the stone ;
The long aisles started into light,
And all the windows shone.

We thought we saw the banners then,
That shook along the walls,
While the sad shades of mailed men
Were gazing from the stalls.

'Tis gone ! again, on tombs defaced,
Sits darkness more profound,
And only, by the torch, we traced
The shadows on the ground.

And now the chilly, freezing air
Without blew long and loud ;
Upon our knees we breathed one prayer
Where he slept in his shroud.

We laid the broken marble floor,—
No name, no trace appears,—
And when we closed the sounding door,
We thought of him with tears.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

RETURN OF GEORGE THE THIRD TO WINDSOR CASTLE.

NOT that thy name, illustrious dome ! recalls
The pomp of chivalry in bannered halls,
The blaze of beauty, and the gorgeous sights
Of heralds, trophies, steeds, and crested knights ;
Not that young Surrey there beguiled the hour
With "eyes upturned unto the maiden's tower,"—
O, not for these the Muse officious brings
Her gratulations to the best of kings :
But that, from cities and from crowds withdrawn,
Calm peace may meet him on the twilight lawn ;

That here among these gray primeval trees
He may inhale health's animating breeze ;
That these old oaks which far their shadows cast,
May soothe him while they whisper of the past.
And when from that proud terrace he surveys
Slow Thames devolving his majestic maze
(Now lost on the horizon's verge, now seen
Winding through lawns, and woods, and pastures green),
May he reflect upon the waves that roll,
Bearing a nation's wealth from pole to pole,
And own (ambition's proudest boast above)
A king's best glory is his country's love.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

THE CONTRAST.

WRITTEN UNDER WINDSOR TERRACE THE DAY
AFTER THE FUNERAL OF GEORGE THE THIRD.

I SAW him last on this terrace proud,
Walking in health and gladness,
Begirt with his court ; and in all the crowd
Not a single look of sadness.

Bright was the sun, and the leaves were green,
Blithely the birds were singing,
The cymbal replied to the tambourine,
And the bells were merrily ringing.

I have stood with the crowd beside his bier,
When not a word was spoken ;
But every eye was dim with a tear,
And the silence by sobs was broken.

I have heard the earth on his coffin pour
To the muffled drum's deep rolling,
While the minute-gun with its solemn roar
Drowned the death bell's tolling.

The time since he walked in his glory thus,
To the grave till I saw him carried,
Was an age of the mightiest change to us,
But to him a night unvaried.

We have fought the fight ; from his lofty throne
The foe of our land we have tumbled ;
And it gladdened each eye, save his alone,
For whom that foe we humbled.

A daughter beloved,—a Queen,—a son,—
And a son's sole child have perished ;
And sad was each heart, save the only one
By which they were fondest cherished.

For his eyes were sealed, and his mind was dark,
And he sat in his age's lateness,
Like a vision throned, as a solemn mark
Of the frailty of human greatness.

His silver beard o'er a bosom spread,
Unvexed by life's commotion,
Like a yearly-lengthening snow-drift shed
On the calm of a frozen ocean.

O'er him oblivion's waters boomed,
As the stream of time kept flowing ;
And we only heard of our king when doomed
To know that his strength was going.

At intervals thus the waves disgorge,
By weakness rent asunder,
A part of the wreck of the Royal George,
For the people's pity and wonder.

HORACE SMITH.

THE GUARD-CHAMBER.

“THE most striking object, as you enter, is a bronze bust of Lord Nelson, by Sir Francis Chantrey, on a pedestal composed of a portion of the foremast of the Victory, Nelson’s flag-ship (with the British flags drooping over it), completely shot through by a cannon-ball at the battle of Trafalgar.”—CLAYTON’S *Companion to the Sights of London*.

THIS trophy bore, near Calpe’s tide,
The British standard, floating wide,
And led our gallant fleet with pride
Immortal fame to find ;
Around its base were heroes lying,
Their glory with existence buying,
And Nelson, wounded, faint, and dying,
With yet unconquered mind.

Red flashes from the wreathing smoke
Athwart the gloom as lightning broke,
When Albion’s thundering broadsides woke
Iberia’s rocks afar ;
At morn two nations for our foes
All redolent of life arose,
But thousands, ere the evening’s close,
Lay dead at Trafalgar.

’Twas then, O France ! in homage due
Thy banner sank, of triple hue :
And (shame to Andalusia’s view !)
The flag of Spain was furled.
St. George’s ensign reigned alone ;
Nor till that hour his fate was known,
The chief who made the day our own
And sought a better world.

When, far beyond the reach of art,
Fond thoughts were busy at his heart,
And whispered it was hard to part
From glory, love, and life ;

The shades of death around him fell,
 But, ere he breathed his last farewell,
 He heard the shout of conquest swell,
 And terminate the strife.

True friendship lives beyond the grave,
 Preserves the memory of the brave,
 And prompts a naval King to save
 This record of his fame ;
 That long as Britain shall endure,
 Within her circling waves secure,
 Her warrior sons, and patriots pure,
 May honour Nelson's name.

Some yet survive his toils who shared,
 Whose lives the God of Battles spared,
 Though death in every form they dared,
 Ere rose the vesper star ;
 And all who saw that glorious day,
 Near fifty years now passed away,
 May proudly to their children say,
 “ We fought at Trafalgar ! ”

ANONYMOUS.

Windsor Forest.

HERNE'S OAK.

THERE is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,
 Sometime a keeper here in Windsor Forest,
 Doth all the winter time at still midnight,
 Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns ;
 And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle ;
 And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain
 In a most hideous and dreadful manner :
 You have heard of such a spirit ; and well you know,
 The superstitious idle-headed eld
 Receiv'd and did deliver to our age,
 This tale of Herne the hunter, for a truth.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

WINDSOR FOREST.

THE groves of Eden, vanished now so long,
Live in description, and look green in song :
These, were my breast inspired with equal flame,
Like them in beauty, should be like in fame.
Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water, seem to strive again ;
Not chaos-like together crushed and bruised,
But, as the world, harmoniously confused :
Where order in variety we see,
And where, though all things differ, all agree.
Here waving groves a checkered scene display,
And part admit, and part exclude the day ;
As some coy nymph her lover's warm address
Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress.
There, interspersed in lawns and opening glades,
Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades.
Here in full light the russet plains extend ;
There, wrapt in clouds, the bluish hills ascend.
Even the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
And, 'midst the desert, fruitful fields arise,
That, crowned with tufted trees and springing corn,
Like verdant isles the sable waste adorn.
Let India boast her plants, nor envy we
The weeping amber or the balmy tree,
While by our oaks the precious loads are born,
And realms commanded which those trees adorn.
Nor proud Olympus yields a nobler sight,
Though gods assembled grace his towering height,
Than what more humble mountains offer here,
Where, in their blessings, all those gods appear.
See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crowned ;
Here blushing Flora paints the enamelled ground ;
Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,
And, nodding, tempt the joyful reaper's hand ;
Rich Industry sits smiling on the plains,
And peace and plenty tell, a Stuart reigns.

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See ! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
 And mounts exulting on triumphant wings :
 Short is his joy ; he feels the fiery wound,
 Flutters in blood, and, panting, beats the ground.
 Ah ! what avail his glossy, varying dyes,
 His purple crest, and scarlet-circled eyes,
 The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
 His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold ?

Nor yet, when moist Arcturus clouds the sky.
 The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny.
 To plains with well-breathed beagles we repair,
 And trace the mazes of the circling hare
 (Beasts, urged by us, their fellow-beasts pursue,
 And learn of man each other to undo).
 With slaughtering guns the unwearied fowler roves,
 When frosts have whitened all the naked groves ;
 Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'ershade,
 And lonely woodcocks haunt the watery glade.
 He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye ;
 Strait a short thunder breaks the frozen sky :
 Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,
 The clamorous lapwings feel the leaden death ;
 Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
 They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

In genial spring, beneath the quivering shade,
 Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
 The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
 Intent, his angle trembling in his hand ;
 With looks unmoved, he hopes the scaly breed,
 And eyes the dancing cork and bending reed.
 Our plenteous streams a various race supply,—
 The bright-eyed perch with fins of Tyrian dye ;
 The silver eel, in shining volumes rolled ;
 The yellow carp, in scales bedropped with gold ;
 Swift trouts diversified with crimson stains ;
 And pikes, the tyrants of the watery plains.

Thy trees, fair Windsor! now shall leave their woods,
 And half thy forests rush into thy floods,
 Bear Britain's thunder, and her cross display,
 To the bright regions of the rising day ;
 Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,
 Where clearer flames glow round the frozen pole ;
 Or under southern skies exalt their sails,
 Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales !
 For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,
 The coral redden, and the ruby glow,
 The pearly shell its lucid globe infold,
 And Phœbus warm the ripening ore to gold.
 The time shall come, when free as seas or wind
 Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind,
 Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
 And seas but join the regions they divide ;
 Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,
 And the new world launch forth to seek the old.

ALEXANDER POPE.

THE GREENWOOD SHRIFT.

THE royal minister was George the Third. The anecdote is related on the authority of the Rev. George Crabbe, the well-known poet of humble life.

OUTSTRETCHED beneath the leafy shade
 Of Windsor Forest's deepest glade,
 A dying woman lay ;
 Three little children round her stood,
 And there went up from the greenwood
 A woful wail that day.

“ O mother !” was the mingled cry,
 “ O mother, mother do not die,
 And leave us all alone.”
 “ My blessed babes !” she tried to say,
 But the faint accents died away
 In a low sobbing moan.

And then life struggled hard with death,
And fast and strong she drew her breath,
And up she raised her head ;
And, peeping through the deep-wood maze,
With a long, sharp, unearthly gaze,
“ Will he not come ? ” she said.

Just then the parting boughs between,
A little maid’s light form was seen,
All breathless with her speed ;
And, following close, a man came on
(A portly man to look upon),
Who led a panting steed.

“ Mother ! ” the little maiden cried
Or e’er she reached the woman’s side,
And kissed her clay-cold cheek,—
“ I have not idled in the town,
But long went wandering up and down,
The minister to seek.

“ They told me here, they told me there,
I think they mocked me everywhere ;
And when I found his home,
And begged him on my bended knee,
To bring his book and come with me,
Mother ! he would not come.

“ I told him how you dying lay,
And would not go in peace away
Without the minister ;
I begged him, for dear Christ his sake,
But oh ! my heart was fit to break—
Mother he would not stir.

“ So, though my tears were blinding me,
I ran back, fast as fast could be,
To come again to you ;

And here, close by, this squire I met,
Who asked (so mild) what made me fret ;
And when I told him true,

“ ‘I will go with you, child,’ he said,
‘God sends me to this dying bed.’
Mother, he’s here, hard by.”
While thus the little maiden spoke,
The man, his back against an oak,
Looked on with glistening eye.

The bridle on his neck flung free,
With quivering flank and bended knee,
Pressed close his bonny bay ;
A statelier man, a statelier steed,
Never on greensward paced I rede,
Than those stood there that day.

So, while the little maiden spoke,
The man, his back against an oak,
Looked on with glistening eye
And folded arms ; and in his look
Something that like a sermon book
Preached, “All is vanity.”

But when the dying woman’s face
Turned toward him with a wishful gaze,
He stepped to where she lay ;
And, kneeling down, bent over her,
Saying, “I am a minister,—
My sister ! let us pray.”

And well, withouten book or stole
(God’s words were printed on his soul),
Into the dying ear
He breathed, as ’twere, an angel’s strain,
The things that unto life pertain,
And death’s dark shadows clear.

He spoke of sinners' lost estate,
In Christ renewed, regenerate,
Of God's most blest decree
That not a single soul should die
Who turns repentant, with the cry
"Be merciful to me!"

He spoke of trouble, pain, and toil,
Endured but for a little while
In patience, faith, and love,
Sure, in God's own time, to be
Exchanged for an eternity
Of happiness above.

Then, as the spirit ebbed away,
He raised his hands and eyes, to pray
That peaceful it might pass;
And then the orphans' sobs alone
Were heard, as they knelt every one
Close round on the green grass.

Such was the sight their wondering eyes
Beheld, in heart-struck, mute surprise,
Who reined their coursers back,
Just as they found the long astray,
Who, in the heat of chase that day,
Had wandered from their track.

But each man reined his pawing steed,
And lighted down, as if agreed,
In silence at his side;
And there, uncovered all, they stood—
It was a wholesome sight and good—
That day for mortal pride.

For of the noblest of the land
Was that deep-hushed, bare-headed band;
And central in the ring,

By that dead pauper on the ground,
 Her ragged orphans clinging round,
 Knelt their anointed king.

CAROLINE BOWLES SOUTHEY.

Win-Hill.

WIN-HILL.

THE CENTRAL MOUNTAIN OF THE PEAK OF
 DERBYSHIRE.

KING of the Peak, Win-Hill ! thou, throned and
 crowned,

That reign'st o'er many a stream and many a vale !
 Star-loved, and meteor-sought, and tempest-found !
 Prond centre of a mountain-circle, hail !

The might of man may triumph or may fail ;
 But, eldest brother of the Air and Light,

Firm shalt thou stand when demigods turn pale !
 For thou, ere science dawned on reason's night,
 Wast, and wilt be when mind shall rule all other might.

To be a crowned and sceptred curse, that makes

Immortals worms ! a wolf, that feeds on souls !
 One of the names which vengeance whips with snakes,
 Whose venom cannot die ! a king of ghouls,

Whose drink is blood ! To be clear-eyed as owls,
 Still calling darkness light, and winter spring !

To be a tiger-king, whose mercy grows !

To be of meanest things the vilest thing !

Throned asp o'er lesser asps ! What grub would be a
 king ?

But, crowned Win-Hill ! to be a king like thee !

Older than death ! as God's thy calm behest !

Only heaven-rivalled in thy royalty !

Calling the feeble to thy sheltering breast,
 And shaking beauty from thy gorgeous vest,

And loved by every good and happy thing !

With naught beneath thee that thou hast not blessed,
And naught above thee but the Almighty's wing !

O, glorious godlike aim ! Who would not be a king ?

But, lo, the Inn ! the mountain-girded Inn !

Whose amber stream is worth all Helicon !

To pass it fasting were a shame and sin ;

Stop ! for the gate hangs well that hinders none ;

Refresh, and pay, then stoutly travel on !

Ay, thou hast need to pree the barley-wine ;

Steep is the ascent, O hard ! thou look'st upon :

To reach that cloud-capt seat and throne divine

Might try a stronger frame and younger limbs than thine.

* * * * *

High on the topmost jewel of thy crown,

Win-Hill ! I sit bare-headed, ankle-deep

In tufts of rose-cupped bilberries ; and look down

On towns that smoke below, and homes that creep

Into the silvery clouds, which far off keep

Their sultry state ! and many a mountain stream,

And many a mountain vale “and ridgy steep ;”

The Peak, and all his mountains, where they gleam

Or frown, remote or near, more distant than they seem !

There flows the Ashop, yonder bounds the Wye,

And Derwent here towards princely Chatsworth
trends :

But, while the Nough steals purple from the sky,

Lo ! northward far, what giant's shadow bends ?

A voice of torrents, hark ! its wailing sends ;

Who drives yon tortured cloud through stone-still air ?

A rush ! a roar ! a wing ! a whirlwind rends

The stooping larch ! The moorlands cry, “Prepare !

It comes ! ye gore-gorged foes of want and toil, beware !”

It comes ! Behold !—Black Blakelow hoists on high

His signals to the blast from Gledhill's brow.

Then, slowly glooming on the lessening sky,
 The bread-taxed exile sees (in speechless woe,
 Wandering the melancholy main below,
 Where round the shores of Man the dark surge heaves),
 And while his children's tears in silence flow,
 Thinks of sweet scenes to which his soul still cleaves,
 That home on Etherow's side, which he forever leaves.

Now expectation listens, mute and pale,
 While, ridged with sudden foam, the Derwent brawls;
 Arrow-like comes the rain, like fire the hail;
 And, hark! Mam-Tor on shuddering Stanage calls!
 See what a frown o'er castled Winnat falls!
 Down drops the death-black sky! and Kinderscout,
 Conscious of glory, laughs at intervals;
 Then lifts his helmet, throws his thunders out,
 Bathes all the hills in flame, and hails their stormy shout.

Hark! how my Titan guards laugh kings to scorn!
 See what a fiery circle girds my state!
 Hail, mountains! River-Gatherers! Eldest born
 Of Time and Nature, dreadful, dark, and great!
 Whose tempests, winged from brows that threaten fate,
 Cast shadows, blackened with intensest light,
 Like the despair of angels fallen, that wait
 On God's long-sleeping wrath, till, roofed with night,
 The seas shall burn like oil, and Death be waked with
 fright.

* * * *

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

Winslade.

SONNET

WRITTEN AT WINSLADE, IN HAMPSHIRE.

WINSLADE, thy beech-capt hills, with waving grain
 Mantled, thy checkered views of wood and lawn,

Whilom could charm, or when the gradual dawn
 'Gan the gray mist with orient purple stain,
 Or evening glimmer'd o'er the folded train,
 Her fairest landscapes whence my Muse has drawn,
 Too free with servile courtly phrase to fawn,
 Too weak to try the buskin's stately strain :
 Yet now no more thy slopes of beech and corn,
 Nor views invite, since he far distant strays,
 With whom I traced their sweets at eve and morn,
 From Albion far, to cull Hesperian bays ;
 In this alone they please, howe'er forlorn,
 That still they can recall those happier days.

THOMAS WARTON.

Woodspring Abbey.

WOODSPRING ABBEY.

THREE mailed men in Canterbury Cathedral rushed on the Archbishop of Canterbury, and murdered him before the altar. Conscience-stricken, they fled and built Woodspring Abbey, in the remote corner of Somersetshire, near Weston-super-Mare, where the land looks on the Atlantic Sea. There are three unknown graves on the Flat Holms.

THESE walls were built by men who did a deed
 Of blood ;—terrific conscience day by day
 Followed, where'er their shadow seemed to stay,
 And still in thought they saw their victim bleed,
 Before God's altar shrieking : pangs succeed,
 As dire upon their heart the deep sin lay,
 No tears of agony could wash away :
 Hence ! to the land's remotest limits speed !
 These walls are raised in vain, as vainly flows
 Contrition's tear : earth, hide them, and thou sea,
 Which round the lone isle, where their bones repose,
 Dost sound forever, their sad requiem be
 In fancy's ear, at pensive evening's close
 Still murmuring *Miserere Domine*.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

Woodstock.

FAIR ROSAMOND.

WHEN as king Henry rulde this land,
The second of that name,
Besides the queene, he dearly lovde
A faire and comely dame.

Most peerlesse was her beautye founde,
Her favour, and her face ;
A sweeter creature in this worlde
Could never prince embrace.

Her crisped lockes like threads of golde
Appeard to each mans sight ;
Her sparkling eyes, like Orient pearles,
Did cast a heavenlye light.

The blood within her crystal cheekes
Did such a colour drive,
As though the lillye and the rose
For mastership did strive.

Yea Rosamonde, fair Rosamonde,
Her name was called so,
To whom our queene, dame Ellinor,
Was known a deadlye foe.

The king therefore, for her defence,
Against the furious queene,
At Woodstocke builded such a bower,
The like was never secne.

Most curiously that bower was built
Of stone and timber strong,
An hundered and fifty doors
Did to this bower belong :

And they so cunninglye contriv'd
 With turnings round about,
 That none but with a clue of thread,
 Could enter in or out.

And for his love and ladyes sake,
 That was so faire and brighte,
 The keeping of this bower he gave
 Unto a valiant knighte.

* * * *

“ My Rosamonde, my only Rose,
 That pleasest best mine eye :
 The fairest flower in all the worlde
 To feed my fantasie :

“ The flower of mine affected heart,
 Whose sweetness doth excelle :
 My royal Rose, a thousand times
 I bid thee nowe farwelle !

“ For I must leave my fairest flower,
 My sweetest Rose, a space,
 And cross the seas to famous France,
 Proud rebelles to abase.

“ But yet, my Rose, be sure thou shalt
 My coming shortlye see,
 And in my heart, when hence I am,
 Ile bear my Rose with mee.”

* * * *

And at their parting well they mighte
 In heart be grieved sore :
 After that daye faire Rosamonde
 The king did see no more.

For when his grace had past the seas,
 And into France was gone ;
 With envious heart, queene Ellinor,
 To Woodstocke came anone.

And forth she calls this trustye knight,
In an unhappy houre ;
Who with his clue of twined thread,
Came from this famous bower.

And when that they had wounded him,
The queene this thread did gette,
And went where ladye Rosamonde
Was like an angell sette.

But when the queene with stedfast eye
Beheld her beauteous face,
She was amazed in her minde
At her exceeding grace.

“ Cast off from thee those robes,” she said
“ That rich and costlye bee ;
And drinke thou up this deadlye draught,
Which I have brought to thee.”

Then presentlye upon her knees
Sweet Rosamonde did falle ;
And pardon of the queene she crav'd
For her offences all.

“ Take pittie on my youthfull yeares,”
Fair Rosamonde did crye ;
“ And lett mee not with poison stronge
Enforced bee to dye.

“ I will renounce my sinfull life,
And in some cloyster bide ;
Or else be banisht, if you please,
To range the worlde soe wide.

“ And for the fault which I have done,
Though I was forc'd theretoe,
Preserve my life, and punish mee
As you thinke meet to doe.”

And with these words, her lillie handes
She wrunge full often there ;
And downe along her lovely face
Did trickle many a teare.

But nothing could this furious queene
Therewith appeased bee ;
The cup of deadlye poyson stronge,
As she knelt on her knee,

Shee gave this comelye dame to drinke ;
Who tooke it in her hand,
And from her bended knee arose,
And on her feet did stand :

And casting up her eyes to heaven,
Shee did for mercye calle ;
And drinking up the poison stronge,
Her life she lost withalle.

And when that death through everye limbe
Had showde its greatest spite,
Her chiefest foes did plaine confesse
Shee was a glorious wight.

Her body then they did entomb,
When life was fled away,
At Godstowe, neare to Oxforde towne,
As may be seene this day.

PERCY'S RELIQUES.

ROSAMOND TO KING HENRY.

SOMETIMES, to pass the tedious irksome hours,
I climb the top of Woodstock's mounting tow'rs,
Where in a turret secretly I lie,
To view from far such as do travel by :
Whither, methinks, all cast their eyes at me,
As through the stones my shame did make them see ;

And with such hate the harmless walls do view,
As ev'n to death their eyes would me pursue.
The married women curse my hateful life,
Wronging a fair queen and a virtuous wife :
The maidens wish I buried quick may die,
And from each place near my abode to flie.
Well knew'st thou what a monster I would be,
When thou didst build this labyrinth for me,
Whose strange meanders turning ev'ry way,
Be like the course wherein my youth did stray :
Only a clue doth guide me out and in,
But yet still walk I circular in sin.

As in the gallery this other day,
I and my woman past the time away,
'Mongst many pictures which were hanging by,
The silly girl at length hapt to espy
Chaste Lucrece' image, and desires to know
What she should be, herself that murder'd so ?
Why, girl (quoth I), this is that Roman dame—
Not able then to tell the rest for shame,
My tongue doth mine own guiltiness betray ;
With that I sent the prattling wench away,
Lest when my lisping guilty tongue should halt,
My lips might prove the index to my fault.
As that life-blood which from the heart is sent,
In beauty's field pitching his crimson tent,
In lovely sanguine sute the lily cheek,
Whilst it but for a resting-place doth seek ;
And changing oftentimes with sweet delight,
Converts the white to red, the red to white :
The blush with paleness for the place doth strive,
The paleness thence the blush would gladly drive :
Thus in my breast a thousand thoughts I carry,
Which in my passion diversly do vary.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

ROSAMOND'S SONG.

FROM walk to walk, from shade to shade,
From stream to purling stream conveyed,
Through all the mazes of the grove,
Through all the mingling tracts I rove,

Turning,
Burning,
Changing,
Ranging,

Full of grief and full of love,
Impatient for my lord's return,
I sigh, I pine, I rave, I mourn,
Was ever passion crossed like mine ?

To rend my breast,
And break my rest,
A thousand thousand ills combine.
Absence wounds me,
Fear surrounds me,
Guilt confounds me,

Was ever passion crossed like mine ?

How does my constant grief deface
The pleasures of this happy place !
In vain the spring my senses greets,
In all her colours, all her sweets ;

To me the rose
No longer glows,
Every plant
Has lost his scent ;

The vernal blooms of various hue,
The blossoms fresh with morning dew,
The breeze that sweeps these fragrant bowers,
Filled with the breath of opening flowers,

Purple scenes,
Winding greens,
Glooms inviting,
Birds delighting

(Nature's softest, sweetest store),
 Charm my tortured soul no more.
 Ye powers, I rave, I faint, I die :
 Why so slow ! great Henry, why ?
 From death and alarms
 Fly, fly to my arms,
 Fly to my arms, my monarch, fly.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S VERSES WHILE PRISONER AT WOODSTOCK.

WRIT WITH CHARCOAL ON A SHUTTER.

OH, Fortune ! how thy restlesse wavering state
 Hath fraught with cares my troubled witt !
 Witness this present prisonn, whither fate
 Could beare me, and the joys I quit.
 Thou causedest the guiltie to be losed
 From bandes, wherein are innocents inclosed :
 Causing the guiltles to be strait reserved,
 And freeing those that death hath well deserved.
 But by her envie can be nothing wroughte,
 So God send to my foes all they have thoughte.

A.D. MDLV.

ELIZABETHE, PRISONNER.

PERCY'S RELIQUES.

WOODSTOCK.

FROM fields of death to Woodstock's peaceful glooms
 (The poet's haunt) Britannia's hero comes—
 Begin, my Muse, and softly touch the string :
 Here Henry loved ; and Chaucer learned to sing.
 Hail fabled grotto ! hail Elysian soil !
 Thou fairest spot of fair Britannia's isle !
 Where kings of old concealed forgot the throne,
 And beauty was content to shine unknown ;

Where love and war by turns pavilions rear,
 And Henry's bowers near Blenheim's dome appear ;
 The wearied champion lull in soft alcoves,
 The noblest boast of thy romantic groves.
 Oft, if the Muse presage, shall he be seen
 By Rosamonda fleeting o'er the green,
 In dreams be hailed by heroes' mighty shades,
 And hear old Chaucer warble through the glades :
 O'er the famed echoing vaults his name shall bound,
 And hill to hill reflect the favourite sound.

THOMAS TICKELL.

WOODSTOCK PARK.

HIS chamber was
 Ful wel depainted, and with glas
 Were al the windowes wel yglased,
 Ful clere, and not a hole ycrased,
 That to beholde it was grete joy ;
 For wholly al the storie of Troy
 Was in the glaising ywrought thus ;
 Of Hector and kinge Priamus,
 Achilles and kinge Lamedon,
 And eke Medea and Jason,
 Of Paris, Heleine, and Lavine :
 And al the walles with colours fine
 Were painted, both the texte and glose,
 And al the Romaunt of the Rose.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

WOODSTOCK PARK.

HERE, in a little rustic hermitage
 Alfred the Saxon King, Alfred the Great,
 Postponed the cares of kingship to translate
 The Consolations of the Roman Sage.
 Here Geoffrey Chaucer in his ripe old age
 Wrote the unrivalled Tales, which soon or late

The venturous hand that strives to imitate
 Vanquished must fall on the unfinished page.
 Two kings were they, who ruled by right divine
 And both supreme ; one in the realm of Truth,
 One in the realm of Fiction and of Song.
 What Prince hereditary of their line,
 Uprising in the strength and flush of youth
 Their glory shall inherit and prolong ?

ANONYMOUS.

FOR A STATUE OF CHAUCER AT WOODSTOCK.

SUCH was old Chaucer. Such the placid mien
 Of him who first with harmony informed
 The language of our fathers. Here he dwelt
 For many a cheerful day. These ancient walls
 Have often heard him while his legends blithe
 He sang of love or knighthood, or the wiles
 Of homely life, through each estate and age,
 The fashions and the follies of the world
 With cunning hand portraying. Though perchance
 From Blenheim's towers, O stranger ! thou art come
 Glowing with Churchill's trophies, yet in vain
 Dost thou applaud them if thy breast be cold
 To him, this other hero, who in times
 Dark and untaught, began with charming verse
 To tame the rudeness of his native land,

MARK AKENSIDE.

CHAUCER.

AN old man in a lodge within a park ;
 The chamber walls depicted all around
 With portraitures of huntsman, hawk, and hound,
 And the hurt deer. He listeneth to the lark,
 Whose song comes with the sunshine through the dark

Of painted glass in leaden lattice bound ;
 He listeneth and he laugheth at the sound,
 Then writeth in a book like any clerk.
 He is the poet of the dawn, who wrote
 The Canterbury Tales, and his old age
 Made beautiful with song ; and as I read
 I hear the crowing cock, I hear the note
 Of lark and linnet, and from every page
 Rise odours of ploughed field or flowery mead.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

BLENHEIM.

WHEN Europe, freed, confessed the saving power
 Of Marlborough's hand, Britain, who sent him forth
 Chief of confederate hosts, to fight the cause
 Of liberty and justice, grateful raised
 This palace, sacred to her leader's fame ;
 A trophy of success ; with spoils adorned
 Of conquered towns, and glorying in the name
 Of that auspicious field where Churchill's sword
 Vanquished the might of Gallia, and chastised
 Rebel Bavar. Majestic in its strength
 Stands the proud dome, and speaks its great design.

* * * * *

Now through the stately portals issuing forth,
 The Muse to softer glories turns, and seeks
 The woodland shade, delighted. Not the vale
 Of Tempé, famed in song, or Ida's grove
 Such beauty boasts. Amid the mazy gloom
 Of this romantic wilderness once stood
 The bower of Rosamonda, hapless fair,
 Sacred to grief and love : the crystal fount
 In which she used to bathe her beauteous limbs
 Still warbling flows, pleased to reflect the face
 Of Spencer, lovely maid, when tired she sits
 Beside its flowery brink, and views those charms
 Which only Rosamond could once excel.

But see where flowing with a nobler stream,
 A limpid lake of purest waters rolls
 Beneath the wide-stretched arch, stupendous work,
 Through which the Danube might collected pour
 His spacious urn ! Silent awhile and smooth
 The current glides, till with an headlong force
 Broke and disordered, down the steep it falls
 In loud cascades ; the silver-sparkling foam
 Glitters relucet in the dancing ray.

In these retreats reposed the mighty soul
 Of Churchill, from the toils of war and state,
 Splendidly private, and the tranquil joy
 Of contemplation felt, while Blenheim's dome
 Triumphal ever in his mind renewed
 The memory of his fame, and soothed his thoughts
 With pleasing record of his glorious deeds.
 So by the rage of faction home recalled,
 Lucullus, while he waged successful war
 Against the pride of Asia and the power
 Of Mithridates, whose aspiring mind
 No losses could subdue, enriched with spoils
 Of conquered nations, back returned to Rome,
 And in magnificent retirement past
 The evening of his life.

* * * * *

Lo ! where towering on the height
 Of yon aerial pillar proudly stands
 Thy image, like a guardian god, sublime,
 And awes the subject plain : beneath his feet
 The German eagles spread their wings, his hand
 Grasps Victory, its slave. Such was thy brow
 Majestic, such thy martial port, when Gaul
 Fled from thy frown, and in the Danube sought
 A refuge from thy sword.

* * * * *

Nor shall the constant love

Of her who raised this monument be lost

In dark oblivion : that shall be the theme
 Of future bards in ages yet unborn,
 Inspired with Chaucer's fire, who in these groves
 First tuned the British harp, and little deemed
 His humble dwelling should the neighbour be
 Of Blenheim, house superb ; to which the throng
 Of travellers approaching shall not pass
 His roof unnoted, but respectful hail
 With reverence due. Such honour does the Muse
 Obtain her favourites.

ANONYMOUS.

VERSES ON BLENHEIM.

"A LION tearing a cock to pieces was placed in front of Blenheim House ; a wretched pun in architecture, deservedly criticised in the Spectator."—SCOTT.

SEE, here's the grand approach,
 That way is for his grace's coach ;
 There lies the bridge, and there the clock,
 Observe the lion and the cock ;
 The spacious court, the colonnade,
 And mind how wide the hall is made ;
 The chimneys are so well designed,
 They never smoke in any wind :
 The galleries contrived for walking,
 The windows to retire and talk in ;
 The council-chamber to debate,
 And all the rest are rooms of state.
 " Thanks, sir," cried I, "'t is very fine,
 But where d'ye sleep, or where d'ye dine ?
 I find, by all you have been telling,
 That 't is a house, but not a dwelling."

JONATHAN SWIFT.

INSCRIPTION OVER A SPRING IN BLenheim
GARDENS.

HERE quench your thirst, and mark in me
An emblem of true charity,
Who, while my bounty I bestow,
Am neither heard nor seen to flow.

THOMAS WARTON.

Wootton.

SONNET

WRITTEN AT WOOTTON, KENT.

YE scenes, my melancholy soul that fill !
Where nature's voice no crowds tumultuous drown,
And but through breaks of trees, the lawns that crown
The paths of men are seen ; and farther still
Scarce peeps the city spire o'er many a hill ;
Your green retreats, lone walks, and shadows brown,
While sheep feed round beneath the branches' frown,
Shall calm my mind and holy thoughts instil.
What though with passion oft my trembling frame
Each real and each fancied wrong inflame,
Wandering alone I here my thoughts reclaim :
Resentment sinks ; disgust within me dies ;
And charity and meek forgiveness rise,
And melt my soul, and overflow my eyes.

SIR EDGERTON BRYDGES.

Worcester.

MISERRIMUS.

A GRAVESTONE UPON THE FLOOR IN THE CLOISTERS
OF WORCESTER CATHEDRAL.

“ MISERRIMUS !” and neither name nor date
Prayer, text, or symbol, graven upon the stone ;
Naught but that word assigned to the unknown,
That solitary word,—to separate
From all, and cast a cloud around the fate
Of him who lies beneath. Most wretched one,
Who chose his epitaph ?—Himself alone
Could thus have dared the grave to agitate,
And claim among the dead this awful crown ;
Nor doubt that he marked also for his own
Close to these cloistral steps a burial-place,
That every foot might fall with heavier tread,
Trampling upon his vileness. Stranger, pass
Softly ;—To save the contrite, Jesus bled.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Workington.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

LANDING AT THE MOUTH OF THE DERWENT,
WORKINGTON.

DEAR to the Loves and to the Graces vowed,
The Queen drew back the wimple that she wore ;
And to the throng, that on the Cumbrian shore
Her landing hailed, how touchingly she bowed !
And like a star (that, from a heavy cloud
Of pine-tree foliage poised in air, forth darts,
When a soft summer gale at evening parts
The gloom that did its loveliness enshroud)

She smiled ; but Time, the old Saturnian seer,
Sighed on the wing as her foot pressed the strand,
With step prelusive to a long array
Of woes and degradations hand in hand,—
Weeping captivity and shuddering fear
Stilled by the ensanguined block of Fotheringay !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Worthing.

A FIRST VIEW OF THE SEA.

ARE these the famed, the brave South Downs,
That like a chain of pearls appear ;
Their pale-green sides and graceful crowns ?
To freedom, thought, and peace, how dear !
To freedom, for no fence is seen ;
To thought, for silence soothes the way ;
To peace, for o'er the boundless green
Unnumbered flocks and shepherds stray.

Now, now we've gained the utmost height :
Where shall we match the vale below ?
The Weald of Sussex, glorious sight,
Old Chankbury, from the tufted brow.
And here old Sissa, so they tell,
The Saxon monarch, closed his days ;
I judge they played their parts right well,
But cannot stop to sing their praise.

For yonder, near the ocean's brim,
I see, I taste, the coming joy ;
There Mary binds the withered limb,—
The mother tends the poor lame boy.
My heart is there—Sleep, Romans, sleep ;
And what are Saxon kings to me ?
Let me, O thou majestic Deep,
Let me descend to love and thee.

And may thy calm, fair-flowing tide
Bring Peace and Hope, and bid them live ;
And Night, whilst wandering by thy side,
Teach wisdom,—teach me to forgive.
Then, when my heart is whole again,
And Fancy's renovated wing
Sweeps o'er the terrors of thy reign,
Strong on my soul those terrors bring.

Oaks, British oaks, form all its shade,
Dark as a forest's ample crown ;
Yet by rich herds how cheerful made,
And countless spots of harvest brown !
But what's yon southward dark-blue line,
Along the horizon's utmost bound,
On which the weary clouds recline,
Still varying half the circle round ?

The sea ! the sea ! my God ! the sea !
Yon sunbeams on its bosom play !
With milk-white sails expanded free
There ploughs the bark her cheerful way !
I come, I come, my heart beats high ;
The greensward stretches southward still ;
Soft in the breeze the heath-bells sigh ;
Up, up, we scale another hill !

A spot where once the eagle towered
O'er Albion's green primeval charms,
And where the harmless wild-thyme flowered
Did Rome's proud legions pile their arms.
In Infant's haunts I've dreamed of thee,
And where the crystal brook ran by
Marked sands and waves and open sea,
And gazed, but with an infant's eye.

'Twas joy to pass the stormy hour
In groves, when childhood knew no more ;

Increase that joy, tremendous power,
 Loud let thy world of waters roar.
 And if the scene reflection drowns,
 Or draws too strongly rapture's tear,
 I'll change it for these lovely Downs,
 This calm smooth turf, and worship here !

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

Wye, the River.

LINES

COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY, ON RE-VISITING THE BANKS OF THE WYE DURING A TOUR.

FIVE years have past ; five summers with the length
 Of five long winters ! and again I hear
 These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs
 With a soft inland murmur. Once again
 Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
 That on a wild, secluded scene impress
 Thoughts of more deep seclusion, and connect
 The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
 The day is come when I again repose
 Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
 These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,
 Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
 Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
 'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see
 These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines
 Of sportive wood run wild : these pastoral farms,
 Green to the very door ; and wreaths of smoke
 Sent up in silence from among the trees !
 With some uncertain notice, as might seem
 Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
 Or of some hermit's cave, where by his fire
 The hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As in a landscape to a blind man's eye :
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart ;
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration ;—feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure ; such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime ; that blessed mood
In which the burden of the mystery
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world
Is lightened,—that serene and blessed mood
In which the affections gently lead us on,
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame,
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul ;
While with an eye made quiet with the power
Of harmony and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

If this
Be but a vain belief, yet, O, how oft
In darkness and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight, when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart,—
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye ! thou wanderer through the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee !
And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,

With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again ;
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
I came among these hills ; when like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led : more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days
And their glad animal movements all gone by)
To me was all in all. I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion ; the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite ; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm
By thoughts supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye. That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur ; other gifts
Have followed ; for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,

Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man :
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods
And mountains, and of all that we behold
From this green earth ; of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear,—both what they half create
And what perceive ; well pleased to recognise
In nature and the language of the sense
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.

Nor perchance

If I were not thus taught, should I the more
Suffer my genial spirits to decay :
For thou art with me here upon the banks
Of this fair river ; thou, my dearest friend,
My dear, dear friend ! and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. O, yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear sister ! and this prayer I make,
Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her ; 't is her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy ; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold

Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk ;
And let the misty mountain-winds be free
To blow against thee ; and in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies, O, then
If solitude or fear or pain or grief
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations ! Nor perchance,
If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
Of past existence, wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together ; and that I, so long
A worshipper of nature, hither came
Unwearied in that service : rather say
With warmer love,—O, with far deeper zeal
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

TO THE RIVER WYE.

IF, gentle stream, by promised sacrifice
Of kid or yearling, or by scattered flowers
Of votive roses culled from thy thick bowers,
Or goldon cistus, we could thee entice
To be propitious to our love, no price
Should save these errant flocks : each nook but ours
Should shed its eglantine in twinkling showers,
For tribute from thy wooded paradise.

But not thy flocks, nor brier-roses hung
 In natural garlands down thy rocky hills,
 Shall win thee to be ours ; more precious far
 Than summer blossoms or rich offerings are,
 We bring thee sweet poetic descants, sung
 To the wild music of thy tinkling rills.

HENRY ALFORD.

Wytham, the River.

THE WYTHAM.

“ From Wytham, mine own town, first watered with my
 source,
 As to the Eastern sea I hasten on my course,
 Who sees so pleasant plains, or is of fairer seen
 Whose swains in shepherds’ gray, and girls in Lincoln
 green ?
 Whilst some the rings of bells, and some the bagpipes
 ply,
 Dance many a merry round, and many a hydeggy.
 I envy any brook should in my pleasure share,
 Yet for my dainty pikes I am without compare.
 No land floods can me force to over-proud a height ;
 Nor am I in my course too crooked or too streight :
 My depths fall by descents, too long, nor yet too broad ;
 My fords with pebbles clear as orient pearls are strowed ;
 My gentle winding banks with sundry flowers are dressed,
 The higher rising heaths hold distance with my breast.”
 Thus to her proper song the burthen still she bare ;
 “ Yet for my dainty pikes I am without compare.”

By this to Lincoln come, upon whose lofty scite,
 Whilst wistly Wytham looks with wonderful delight
 Enamoured of the state and beauty of the place,
 That her of all the rest especially doth grace,
 Leaving her former course, in which she first set forth,
 Which seemed to have been directly to the north,

She runs her silver front into the muddy fen,
Which lies into the east, in her deep journey, when
Clear Ban, a pretty brook, from Lindsey coming down,
Delicious Wytham leads to holy Botulph's town,
Where proudly she puts in amongst the great resort,
That their appearance make in Neptune's watery court.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

Wymeswold.

WYMESWOLD, APRIL 1837.

I.

DEAR streamlet, tripping down thy devious course,
Or lulled in smoothest pools of sombre hue,
Or breaking over stones with murmurs hoarse,
To thee one grateful strain is surely due
From me, the poet of thy native wolds,
Now that the sky is golden in the west,
And distant flocks are bleating from their folds,
And the pale eve-star lifts her sparkling crest.
Would it were thus with thee, when summer suns
Shed their strong heats, and over field and hill
Swims the faint air, and all the cattle shuns
The brighter slopes ; but then thy scanty rill
Has dwindled to a thread, and, creeping through
The tangled herbage, shelters from the view.

II.

NOR is a thankful strain from me not due
To you, ye company of cherished flowers,
That look upon, throughout the weary hours
My study and my prison ; for from you
I learn that Nature to her charge is true ;
That she, who clothes with bloom your lavish bowers
In kindlier climates, can, in skies like ours,
Paint your soft petals with their native hue.

And thence I learn that this poetic soul,
That fain would revel in the warmth and light
Of heavenly beauty, yet in strict control
Dwelling, and chilly realms of damp and blight,
Must not the more its proper task forego ;
But in the dreariest clime its blossoms show.

HENRY ALFORD.

Yardley.

THE YARDLEY OAK.

SURVIVOR sole, and hardly such, of all
That once lived here, thy brethren, at my birth
(Since which I number threescore winters past),
A shattered veteran, hollow-trunked perhaps,
As now, and with excoriate forks deform,
Relics of ages ! Could a mind, imbued
With truth from Heaven, created thing adore,
I might with reverence kneel, and worship thee.

It seems idolatry with some excuse,
When our forefather Druids in their oaks
Imagined sanctity. The conscience, yet
Unpurified by an authentic act
Of amnesty, the meed of blood divine,
Loved not the light, but, gloomy, into gloom
Of thickest shades, like Adam after taste
Of fruit proscribed, as to a refuge, fled.

Thou wast a bawble once ; a cup and ball,
Which babes might play with ; and the thievish jay
Seeking her food, with ease might have purloined
The auburn nut that held thee, swallowing down
Thy yet close-folded latitude of boughs
And all thine embyro vastness at a gulp.
But Fate thy growth decreed ; autumnal rains
Beneath thy parent tree mellowed the soil

Designed thy cradle ; and a skipping deer,
With pointed hoof dibbling the glebe, prepared
The soft receptacle, in which, secure,
Thy rudiments should sleep the winter through.

So Fancy dreams. Disprove it, if ye can,
Ye reasoners broad awake, whose busy search
Of argument, employed too oft amiss,
Sifts half the pleasures of short life away !

Thou fell'st mature ; and in the loamy clod
Swelling with vegetative force instinct
Didst burst thine egg, as theirs the fabled Twins,
Now stars ; two lobes, protruding, paired exact ;
A leaf succeeded, and another leaf,
And, all the elements thy puny growth
Fostering propitious, thou becam'st a twig.

Who lived, when thou wast such ? O, couldst thou
speak,
As in Dodona once thy kindred trees
Oracular, I would not curious ask
The future, best unknown, but at thy mouth
Inquisitive, the less ambiguous past.

By thee I might correct, erroneous oft,
The clock of history, facts and events
Timing more punctual, unrecorded facts
Recovering, and misstated setting right,—
Desperate attempt, till trees shall speak again !

Time made thee what thou wast, king of the wood ;
And Time hath made thee what thou art, a cave
For owls to roost in. Once thy spreading boughs
O'erhung the champaign ; and the numerous flocks
That grazed it stood beneath that ample cope
Uncrowded, yet safe-sheltered from the storm.
No flock frequents thee now. Thou hast outlived
Thy popularity, and art become
(Unless verse rescue thee awhile) a thing
Forgotten, as the foliage of thy youth.

While thus through all the stages thou hast pushed
 Of treeship,—first a seedling, hid in grass ;
 Then twig ; then sapling ; and, as century rolled
 Slow after century, a giant bulk
 Of girth enormous, with moss-cushioned root
 Upheaved above the soil, and sides embossed
 With prominent wens globose,—till at the last
 The rottenness which time is charged to inflict
 On other mighty ones found also thee.

* * * * *

Thought cannot spend itself, comparing still
 The great and little of thy lot, thy growth
 From almost nullity into a state
 Of matchless grandeur, and declension thence,
 Slow into such magnificent decay.
 Time was, when, settling on thy leaf, a fly
 Could shake thee to the root,—and time has been
 When tempests could not. At thy firmest age
 Thou hadst within thy bole solid contents,
 That might have ribbed the sides and planked the deck
 Of some flagged admiral ; and tortuous arms,
 The shipwright's darling treasure, didst present
 To the four-quartered winds, robust and bold,
 Warped into tough knee-timber, many a load !
 But the axe spared thee. In those thriftier days
 Oaks fell not, hewn by thousands, to supply
 The bottomless demands of contest, waged
 For senatorial honours. Thus to Time
 The task was left to whittle thee away
 With his sly scythe, whose ever-nibbling edge,
 Noiseless, an atom, and an atom more,
 Disjoining from the rest, has, unobserved,
 Achieved a labour which had far and wide,
 By man performed, made all the forest ring.

Embowelled now, and of thy ancient self
 Possessing naught but the scooped rind, that seems
 An huge throat, calling to the clouds for drink,

Which it would give in rivulets to thy root,
Thou temptest none, but rather much forbidd'st
The feller's toil, which thou couldst ill requite.
Yet is thy root sincere, sound as the rock,
A quarry of stout spurs and knotted fangs,
Which, crooked into a thousand whimsies, clasp
The stubborn soil, and hold thee still erect.

So stands a kingdom, whose foundation yet
Fails not, in virtue and in wisdom laid,
Though all the superstructure, by the tooth
Pulverised of venality, a shell
Stands now, and semblance only of itself !

Thine arms have left thee. Winds have rent them off
Long since, and rovers of the forest wild,
With bow and shaft, have burnt them. Some have left
A splintered stump, bleached to a snowy white ;
And some, memorial none where once they grew.
Yet life still lingers in thee, and puts forth
Proof not contemptible of what she can,
Even where death predominates. The spring
Finds thee not less alive to her sweet force,
Than yonder upstarts of the neighbouring wood,
So much thy juniors, who their birth received
Half a millennium since the date of thine.

But since, although well qualified by age
To teach, no spirit dwells in thee, nor voice
May be expected from thee, seated here
On thy distorted root, with hearers none,
Or prompter, save the scene, I will perform,
Myself the oracle, and will discourse
In my own ear such matter as I may.

One man alone, the father of us all,
Drew not his life from woman ; never gazed,
With mute unconsciousness of what he saw,
On all around him ; learned not by degrees,
Nor owed articulation to his ear ;

But, moulded by his Maker into man
At once, upstood intelligent, surveyed
All creatures, with precision understood
Their purport, uses, properties, assigned
To each his name significant, and, filled
With love and wisdom, rendered back to Heaven
In praise harmonious the first air he drew.
He was excused the penalties of dull
Minority. No tutor charged his hand
With the thought-tracing quill, or tasked his mind
With problems. History, not wanted yet,
Leaned on her elbow, watching Time, whose course,
Eventful, should supply her with a theme.

WILLIAM COWPER.

LINES WRITTEN UNDER A DRAWING OF
YARDLEY OAK.

THIS sole survivor of a race
Of giant oaks, where once the wood
Rang with the battle or the chase,
In stern and lonely grandeur stood.

From age to age it slowly spread
Its gradual boughs to sun and wind ;
From age to age its noble head
As slowly withered and declined.

A thousand years are like a day,
When fled ; no longer known than seen
This tree was doomed to pass away,
And be as if it ne'er had been ;

But mournful Cowper, wandering nigh,
For rest beneath its shadow came,
When, lo ! the voice of days gone by
Ascended from its hollow frame.

O that the poet had revealed
 The words of those prophetic strains,
 Ere death the eternal mystery sealed !
 Yet in his song the oak remains.

And, fresh in undecaying prime,
 There may it live, beyond the power
 Of storm and earthquake, man and time,
 Till nature's conflagration-hour.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Yarmouth.

NELSON'S PILLAR.

THERE is a gloomy splendour in the sun,
 That levels his last beam along the shore ;
 The clouds are rolling downwards stern and dun ;
 The long, slow wave is streaked with red, like gore
 On some vast field of battle ; and the roar
 Of wave and wind comes like the battle's sound.
 From the sea's verge a column seems to soar,
 A shaft of silver, on whose summit, wound
 With golden beams, sits Britain's Image throned and
 crowned !

And now the sun sinks deeper ; and the clouds,
 In folds of purple fire, still heavier lower ;
 Till sudden storm the shore and ocean shrouds.
 But o'er the darkness glows that stately tower,
 A giant height, on which the sunbeams shower
 Their undiminished glories. Nelson's name
 Is on the column. Thus the battle's hour
 But showed the splendour of his spirit's flame,
 Thus in earth's final light shall blaze the hero's fame.

GEORGE CROLY.

YARMOUTH.

BUT in these trivial things, Muse, wander not too long,
 But now to nimble Yar turn we our active song,
 Which in our winding course, from Norwich to the
 main,
 By many a stately seat lasciviously doth strain,
 To Yarmouth till she come, her only christened town,
 Whose fishing through the realm doth her so much
 renown,
 Where those that with their nets still haunt the bound-
 less lake,
 Her such a sumptuous feast of salted herrings make,
 As they had robbed the sea of all his former store,
 And, past that very hour, it could produce no more.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

York.

YORK MINSTER.

YORK MINSTER ! what a monument is this
 Out of one meek and simple life uprist !
 Within these walls what sceptic but needs kiss
 Thy garment's hem, O Christ !

For not on fable, but immortal fact,
 Could anything so real be upreared, —
 Thy every thought enshrined, thy every act
 Re-acted and endeared.

It were enough to glorify thy name,
 This one great monument, this single one ;
 But only think how many such proclaim
 God's best-beloved Son !

The domed cities, and the steepled towns,
 The village spires that gleam at morn and even,
 The belfry on the bleak unpeopled downs,
 Lone hearts, to worship given.

Lord Christ ! methinks they challenge and reprove
 The warrior's pillar and the sage's shrine,
 And bid thy weaker brothers look above
 To something more divine.

ROBERT LEIGHTON.

IN YORK.

ADRIFT in the sunlight the autumn wind mourns
 Through the ripe orchards' rosy, luxuriant bending ;
 Let us go past the hedges of blackberry-thorns
 With wild roses blending,—

Across the arched bridges where softly below
 The pale river moves with a murmurous flowing
 'Twixt shadowy banks where the long rushes grow
 And sweet winds are blowing ;

Along the close streets of the city so quaint,
 So divinely o'erbrimmed with the sound of the swinging
 Of bells in brown towers, whose musical plaint
 Around us is ringing.

* * * * *

Then on to the square,—here erect in the shade
 The solemn cathedral stands up like a warning,
 And calls with its wonderful voice from the dead
 At evening and morning.

The broad, vaulted aisles are so still we can hear
 The silences bend through the loneliness listening
 To the eloquent brasses that burn at our feet
 With holy signs glistening.

The church is so dark that the sun looking in
Among the stained windows to list to the praying,
Seeing only the motionless worshippers lean
 To inaudible saying,

Falls tremblingly over each monument stone,
And moves like a dream o'er the meek, saintly faces,
With halos above them that softly look down
 From their sanctified places.

Here ranged side by side, disdaining the tomb,
Buckled spurs and girt armour so stern and so steady
Lies many a knight in the darkness and gloom,
 And many a lady.

O treacherous eyes, through their stony lids pressed
Perchance they can see where mutely we're wandering ;
It may be they're weary of stillness and rest,
 Of their ages of pondering !

So close to each other, so white and so grand,
Who knows how they're musing, these grave, quiet lovers,
When the old city sleeps and they lie hand in hand
 And the night darkness covers !

I dream of their loves and their lives as I kneel
Alone on the steps leading up to the choir,—
Of their lives of sweet patience and turbulent zeal,
 Of their loves mounted higher.

I kneel with my face 'gainst the huge grated door,
Behind which the pulpit leans carved with devices
Of devils that tempt, of saints that implore
 From the sin that entices.

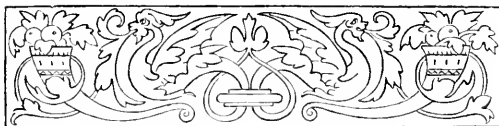
I kneel with a prayer on my lips for the dead
Whose hands stretching upward are folded for praying,—
For the dead whose cold limbs are so heavily clad
 In colder arraying,—

For the dead who still cling to the beads and the Book,
To the crucifix pale, blessed sign of salvation !
For the dead who look into my heart, till the look
Burns with life's inspiration.

But hark, how the silence is drifting away !
And curious people impatient are coming
All alive from the sparkle and sunlight of day
To death's mystical gloaming.

O'er the exquisite voices of dreams each by each
They move through the church with a noisy delaying.
Let us go, nor disturb with vain, mortal speech,
What the dead have been saying.

CORA KENNEDY AITKEN.



MISCELLANEOUS.



TO AN OLD ENGLISH VILLAGE.

WHAT unto thee are cities vast,
Small village here among these elms?
The care that eats, the show that cheats,
The noise that overwhelms?

Few sounds are thine, and clearly heard,—
The whimple of the brook,
The woodman's axe that distant sounds,
Dogs' bay, or cawing rook.

How filled with quiet are these fields !
Far off is heard the peasant's tread.
How clothed with peace is human life !
How tranquil seem the dead !

Here Time and Nature are at strife,—
The only strife that here is seen ;
Whate'er decay has tinged with gray,
Has Nature touched with green.

The market cross o'ergrown with moss,
All quaintly carved, still lingers on,
And dreams, even in this hoary place,
Of ages longer gone.

The Maypole, hung with garlands sere,
Thou fondly dost retain as yet,
All good old pastimes of the land
Unwilling to forget.

The Gothic church, the manor hall,
And cottages low roofed with stone,
With waving grass and lichens all
Are grayly overgrown.

Haunt for the meditative mind !
Some hermit long hath near thee dwelt,
And breathed his soul forth on the air
In quiet that is felt.

I round me look some monk to see,
Some stately old monastic fane ;
Nor should I start, were I to meet
The Norman or the Dane.

Here, as to all the world unknown,
A sage seclusion dost thou keep ;
And here Antiquity enjoys
A deep and mossy sleep.

Across the moors far I have sped,
Intent upon a glowing theme ;
And here the first time round me look
Awake, as in a dream.

Thy name I know not, nor would know ;
No common name would I be told :
Yet often shall I see thee now,
Thou village quaint and old.

RICHARD HOWITT.

THE SQUIRE'S PEW.

A SLANTING ray of evening light
Shoots through the yellow pane ;
It makes the faded crimson bright,
And gilds the fringe again :
The window's Gothic framework falls
In oblique shadow on the walls.

And since those trappings first were new
How many a cloudless day,
To rob the velvet of its hue,
Has come and passed away !
How many a setting sun hath made
That curious lattice-work of shade !

Crumbled beneath the hillock green
The cunning hand must be,
That carved this fretted door, I ween,
Acorn, and fleur-de-lis ;
And now the worm hath done her part
In mimicking the chisel's art.

In days of yore (as now we call),
When the first James was king,
The courtly knight from yonder hall
Hither his train did bring ;
All seated round in order due,
With brodered suit and buckled shoe.

On damask cushions, set in fringe,
All reverently they knelt ;
Prayer-books, with brazen hasp and hinge,
In ancient English spelt,
Each holding in a lily hand,
Responsive at the priest's command,

Now, streaming down the vaulted aisle,
The sunbeam, long and lone,

Illumes the characters awhile
Of their inscription stone ;
And there, in marble hard and cold,
The knight and all his train behold.

Outstretched together, are expressed
He and my lady fair ;
With hands uplifted on the breast,
In attitude of prayer ;
Long visaged, clad in armour, he,—
With ruffled arm and bodice, she.

Set forth in order ere they died,
The numerous offspring bend ;
Devoutly kneeling side by side,
As though they did intend
For past omissions to atone,
By saying endless prayers in stone.

Those mellow days are past and dim,
But generations new,
In regular descent from him,
Have filled the stately pew,
And in the same succession go,
To occupy the vault below.

And now the polished, modern squire,
And his gay train appear,
Who duly to the hall retire,
A season, every year,
And fill the seats with belle and beau,
As 't was so many years ago.

Perchance, all thoughtless as they tread
The hollow sounding floor
Of that dark house of kindred dead,
Which shall, as heretofore,
In turn, receive, to silent rest,
Another and another guest,—

The feathered hearse and sable train,
 In all its wonted state,
 Shall wind along the village lane,
 And stand before the gate ;
 Brought many a distant county through,
 To join the final rendezvous.

And when the race is swept away,
 All to their dusty beds,
 Still shall the mellow evening ray
 Shine gaily o'er their heads ;
 While other faces, fresh and new,
 Shall occupy the squire's pew.

JANE TAYLOR.

THE DARK WAGGON.

THE Water-Wraith shrieked over Clyde,
 The winds through high Dumbarton sighed,
 When to the trumpet's call replied
 The deep drum from the square ;
 And in the midnight's misty shade,
 With helm, and cloak, and glancing blade,
 Two hundred horsemen stood arrayed
 Beneath the torch's glare.

Around a huge sepulchral van
 They took their station, horse and man.
 The outer gateway's bolts withdrawn,
 In haste the drawbridge fell ;
 And out, with iron clatter, went
 That sullen midnight armament,
 Alone the leader knew where bent,
 With what—he might not tell.

Into the darkness they are gone :
 The blinded waggon thundered on,
 And, save of hoof-tramp, sound was none :
 Hurriedly on they scour

The eastward track—away—away ;
 To none they speak, brook no delay,
 Till farm-cocks heralded the day,
 And hour had followed hour.

Behind them, mingling with the skies,
 Westward the smoke of Glasgow dies.—
 The pastoral hills of Campsie rise
 Northward in morning's air,—
 By Kirkintilloch, Cumbernold,
 And Castlecary, on they hold,
 Till Lythgo shows, in mirrored gold,
 Its palaced loch so fair.

Brief baiting-time ;—the bugle sounds,
 Onwards the ponderous van rebounds
 'Mid the grim squadron, which surrounds
 Its path with spur and spear.
 Thy shrine, Dumanie, fades on sight,
 And, seen from Niddreffe's hazelly height,
 The Forth, amid its islands bright,
 Shimmers with lustre clear.

The Maiden Castle next surveyed,
 Across the furzy hills of Braid,
 By Craig Milor, through Wymet's glade
 To Inneresc they wound ;
 Then o'er the Garlton crags afar,
 Where, oft a check to England's war,
 Cospatrick's stronghold of Dunbar
 In proud defiance frowned.

* * * * *

The password given, o'er bridge of Tweed
 The cavalcade, with slackened speed,
 Rolled on, like one from nightmare freed,
 That draws an easier breath ;
 But o'er and round it hung the gloom
 As of some dark, mysterious doom,—
 Shadows cast forward from the tomb,
 And auguries of death.

Scotland receded from the view,
 And, on the far horizon blue,
 Faded her last, dear hills,—the mew
 Screamed to its sea-isle near.
 As day-beams ceased the west to flout,
 Each after each the stars came out,
 Like camp-fires heaven's high hosts about,
 With lustre calm and clear.

And on, through many a Saxon town
 Northumbrian, and of quaint renown,
 Before the morning star went down,
 With thunderous reel they hied ;
 While from the lattices aloof,
 Of many an angled, gray-stone roof,
 Rose sudden heads, as sound of hoof
 And wheel to southward died.

Like Hope's voice preaching to Despair,
 Sweetly the chimes for matin prayer
 Melted upon the dewy air
 From Hexham's holy pile ;
 But, like the adder deaf, no sound,
 Or stern or sweet, an echo found
 'Mid that dark squadron, as it wound
 Still onward, mile on mile.

* * * * *

Bright are thy shadowy forest-bowers,
 Fair Ashby-de-la-Zouche ! with flowers ;
 The wild-deer in its covert cowers,
 And, from its pine-tree old,
 The startled cushat, in unrest,
 Circles around its airy nest,
 As forward, on its route unblest,
 Aye on that waggon rolled.

And many a grove-encircled town,
 And many a keep of old renown,
 That grimly watched o'er dale and down,

They passed unheeding by ;
 Prone from the rocks the waters streamed,
 And, mid the yellow harvests, gleamed
 The reapers' sickles, but all seemed
 Mere pictures to the eye.

* * * * *

Hundreds and hamlets far from sight,
 By lonely granges through the night
 They camped ; and, ere the morning light
 Crimsoned the orient, they,
 By royal road or baron's park,
 Waking the watchful ban-dog's bark,
 Before the first song of the lark,
 Were on their southward way.

By Althorpe, and by Oxendon,
 Without a halt they hurried on,
 Nor paused by that fair cross of stone.
 Now for the first time seen,
 (For death's dark billows overwhelm
 Both jewelled braid and knightly helm !)
 Raised, by the monarch of the realm,
 To Eleanor his queen.

Five times through darkness and through day,
 Since crossing Tweed, with fresh relay
 Ever in wait, their forward way
 That cavalcade had held ;
 Now joy ! for on the weary wights
 Loomed London from the Hampstead heights,
 As, by the opal morning, night's
 Thin vapours were dispelled.

With spur on heel and spear in rest,
 And bucklered arm and trellised breast,
 Closer around their charge they pressed,—
 On whirled, with livelier roll,

The wheels begirt with prancing feet,
 And arms, a serried mass complete,
 Until, by many a stately street,
 They reached their destined goal.

Grim Westminster ! thy pile severe
 Struck to the heart like sudden fear ;
 “ Hope flies from all that enter here ! ”
 Seemed graven on its crest.
 The moat o’erpassed at warn of bell,
 Down thundering the portcullis fell,
 And clanged the studded gates,—a knell
 Despairing and unblest.

Ye guardian angels ! that fulfil
 Heaven’s high decrees, and work its will,—
 Ye thunderbolts ! launched forth to kill,—
 Where was it then ye slept,
 When, foe-bemocked, in prison square,
 To death foredoomed, with dauntless air,
 From out that van, a shackled man,
 Sir William Wallace stept !

DAVID MACBETH MOIR.

THE BALLAD OF ELEANORE.

WE need hardly remind our readers of the Crosses erected by King Edward I. wherever his wife’s corpse stopped on its way to interment at Westminster.

O, FAIRER than vermilion
 Shed upon western skies
 Was the blush of that sweet Castilian
 Girl, with the deep brown eyes,
 As her happy heart grew firmer,
 In the strange bright days of yore,
 When she heard young Edward murmur,
 “ I love thee, Eleanore ! ”

Sweeter than musical cadence
Of the wind 'mid cedar and lime
Is love to a timorous maiden's
Heart, in the fresh spring-time ;
Sweeter than waves that mutter
And break on a sinuous shore,
Are the songs her fancies utter
To brown-eyed Eleänore.

They twain went forth together
Away o'er the Midland Main,
Through the golden summer weather
To Syria's mystic plain.
Together, toil and danger
And the death of their loved ones bore,
And perils from Paynim, stranger
Than death to Eleänore.

Where Lincoln's towers of wonder
Soar high o'er the vale of Trent,
Their lives were torn asunder ;
To her home the good Queen went.
Her corse to the tomb he carried,
With grief at his heart's stern core ;
And where'er at night they tarried
Rose a cross to Eleänore.

As ye trace a meteor's onset
By a line of silver rain,
As ye trace a regal sunset
By streaks of a saffron stain,
So to the minster holy
At the west of London's roar
May ye mark how, sadly, slowly,
Passed the corse of Eleänore.

Back to where lances quiver,—
Straight back, by tower and town,

By hill and wold and river,—
For the love of Scotland's crown.
But ah ! there is woe within him
For the face he shall see no more ;
And conquest cannot win him
From the love of Eleänore,

Years after, sternly dying
In his tent by the Solway sea,
With the breezes of Scotland flying
O'er the wild sands, wide and free,
His dim thoughts sadly wander
To the happy days of yore,
And he sees, in the gray sky yonder,
The eyes of his Eleänore.

Time must destroy those crosses
Raised by the Poet-King ;
But as long as the blue sea tosses,
As long as the skylarks sing,
As long as London's river
Glides stately down to the Nore,
Men shall remember ever
How he loved Queen Eleänore.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

W A L E S.



INTRODUCTORY.



THE WELSH BARDS.

THISE olde gentil Bretons in hir dayes
Of diverse adventures maden layes,
Rimeyed in hir firste Breton tonge ;
Which layes with hir instruments they songe,
Or elles redden hem for hir plesance.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

THE CIRCUIT THROUGH POWYS.

AT this early period the king was compelled to visit his subjects in various parts of his dominions to receive his revenue at stated periods, and also to hold his court. Owain has finely described his circuit, and named, one by one, the various places he was in the habit of visiting.

To share the festal joy and song,
Owain's train we move along ;
Every passion now at rest
That clouds the brow or rends the breast ;
But oppression's foes the same,
Quick to kindle into flame,
Setting off from Mostyn, say
Whither shall we bend our way ?

Quick despatch thee, boy ; take heed
That thou slack not of thy speed,
Or with idle gossip greet
The loiterer thou mayst chance to meet,
Onward push, and look not back ;
Let naught divert thee from thy track.

To Keri hie thee, lad, and say,
Thither will we bend our way.

Keri greeted, onward haste,
Thy time will not admit of waste,
With no vulgar message sent,
On thy duty be intent :
Dread our anger to excite,
Lest our vengeance on thee light.
Then announce that in our rounds
We visit next Arwystli's bounds.

Thy errand told, stay not long,
Herald of a princely throng :
But onward still thy steps pursue,
Ceredig's confines in thy view,
Thither with speed increasing go,
Swift as arrow from a bow :
And to Penwedig tidings bear,
Of our approach and visit there.

Hence without delaying, boy,
To toil familiar by employ ;
Scorn fatigue, and unsubdued
Be thy painful march renewed ;
Then with shout as hunter's loud,
Publish this our message proud :
That Meirion's mountains shall detain
The course of our convivial train.

Quick proceed the mountain crost,
That not a moment may be lost ;

Fast by the margins of the deep,
Where storms eternal uproar keep.
The road to shorten mend thy pace,
Be thy speed contracting space ;
 And faithful to thy message say
 We take Ardudwy in our way.

No delaying, boy, push on,
Ardudwy visited, be gone,
Haste the region to survey
Which Mervyn gloried erst to sway,
To Nevyn go, inquire for Nest,
And lodging there become her guest,
 By which untold it may be seen,
 That we are on our road to Lleyrn.

Messenger, set off again,
Forerunner of our gallant train,
Hurry at our chief's command,
Prince of liberal heart and hand :
And as through Arvon winds thy way
Armed knight, we charge thee stay,
 That having journeyed many a mile,
 We mean to visit Mona's isle.

We are Owain's princely host,
Spoils of foes the wealth we boast,
Tyrant Lloegyr overthrown
Gives us title to renown,
Then our toilsome marches o'er
Can we want an opening door?
 Shall we not find in Rhos a bed
 Whereon to lay the weary head ?

Thy prince commands thee to depart,
(Except the mistress of his heart
Haply thou shouldst chance to meet),
With strictest orders none to greet ;

But quickly mount the fleetest steed,
Not confiding to thy speed ;
 To Llanerch tidings to convey
 That we shall stop there on our way.

Off again, that region face,
Nurse of a renowned race,
Who, for many a gallant deed,
Deserve the horn, the hero's meed ;
Thither haste with our commands,
Quitting Tyno Bedwal's lands,
 And say we purpose no regale,
 And taste of social joys at Iâl.

But tarry not, no respite take,
This witching region quick forsake,
Howe'er her sons, to charm thy stay,
May throw temptation in thy way ;
We forbid thy lingering there
Beyond the opening of the year,
 To Maelor then thy steps direct,
 That she our coming may expect.

This performed, yet loiter not,
Be thy very food forgot :
Every hindrance put away,
All that can create delay.
To stop at Maelor's not allowed,
For further still extends thy road ;
 To visit Kynllaith we propose,
 Then haste the message to disclose.

Thy progress then, with counsel due,
And forms that suit our rank pursue,
Worthy of our commission prove,
For not like petty tribes we move ;
Prompt to discharge the duty, go,
And borrow fleetness from the roe,
 That Mechain in her turn may hear
 Of our intended visit there.

What though our prince, with prosperous rounds,
 Has measured Cambria's lovely bounds,
 Though conquered realms enrich our train,
 Heaven's kingdom yet is ours to gain,
 Which to possess may we aspire,
 Faith lending pinions to desire ;
 Where we, our earthly journeys past,
 May find eternal rest at last.

OWAIN GWYNEDD. TR. R. FENTON.

TALIESIN'S PROPHECY.

A PROPHECY of Taliesin relating to the ancient Britons is still extant, and has been strikingly verified. It is to the following effect :—

“ Their God they shall worship,
 Their language they shall retain,
 Their land they shall lose,
 Except wild Wales.”

A VOICE from time departed yet floats thy hills among,
 O Cambria ! thus thy prophet bard, thy Taliesin, sung :
 “ The path of unborn ages is traced upon my soul,
 The clouds which mantle things unseen away before me
 roll,
 A light the depths revealing hath o'er my spirit passed,
 A rushing sound from days to be swells fitful in the
 blast,
 And tells me that forever shall live the lofty tongue
 To which the harp of Mona's woods by freedom's hand
 was strung.

“ Green island of the mighty ! I see thine ancient race
 Driven from their fathers' realm to make the rocks their
 dwelling-place !
 I see from Uthyr's kingdom the sceptre pass away,
 And many a line of bards and chiefs and princely men
 decay.

But long as Arvon's mountains shall lift their sovereign
forms,
And wear the crown to which is given dominion o'er
the storms,
So long, their empire sharing, shall live the lofty tongue
To which the harp of Mona's woods by freedom's hand
was strung !”

FELICIA HEMANS.

THE HIRLAS HORN.

“THIS instrument was sometimes called Corn Hirlas, Corn Cyweithas, and Corn Cychwin ; names which signify the long blue horn, the horn of the household, and the marching horn. It was made, and received its general appellation, from the horn of the buffalo, bugle, or wild ox, an animal formerly common in Wales. In the time of King Howel it was the office of the master of the royal hounds to sound his bugle-horn, in war, for a march, and to give the alarm and signal of battle. He likewise used it in hunting, to animate the hunters and the dogs, and to call the latter together. . . . There were three bugle-horns belonging to the King ; his drinking-horn, the horn for calling together the household, and the horn of the master of the hounds.”—JONES'S *Relicks of the Welsh Bards*.

UPROSE the ruddy dawn of day ;
The armies met in dread array
On Maelor Drefred's field :
Loud the British clarions sound,
The Saxons, gasping on the ground,
The bloody contest yield.

By Owen's arm the valiant bled ;
From Owen's arm the coward fled
Aghast with wild affright :
Let then their hanghty lords beware
How Owen's just revenge they dare,
And tremble at his sight.

Fill the Hirlas Horn, my boy,
Nor let the tuneful lips be dry
That warble Owen's praise ;
Those walls with warlike spoils are hung,
And open wide his gates are flung
In Cambria's peaceful days.

This hour we dedicate to joy ;
Then fill the Hirlas Horn, my boy,
That shineth like the sea ;
Whose azure handle, tipped with gold,
Invites the grasp of Britons bold,
The sons of liberty.

Fill it higher still, and higher,
Mead with noblest deeds inspire.
Now the battle's lost and won,
Give the horn to Gronwy's son ;
Put it into Gwgan's hand,
Bulwark of his native land,
Guardian of Sabrina's flood,
Who oft has dyed his spear in blood.
When they hear their chieftain's voice,
Then his gallant friends rejoice ;
But when to fight he goes, no more
The festal shout resounds on Severn's winding
shore.

Fill the gold-tipped horn with speed
(We must drink, it is decreed).
Badge of honour, badge of mirth,
That calls the soul of music forth !
As thou wilt thy life prolong,
Fill it with Metheglin strong.
Gruffudd thirsts, to Gruffudd fill ;
Whose bloody lance is used to kill ;
Matchless in the field of strife,
His glory ends not with his life :

Dragon-son of Cynvyn's race,
Owen's shield, Arwystli's grace,
To purchase fame the warriors flew,
Dire, and more dire, the conflict grew ;
When flushed with mead they bravely fought,
Like Belyn's warlike sons, that Edwin's downfall
wrought.

Fill the horn with foaming liquor,
Fill it up, my boy, be quicker ;
Hence away, despair and sorrow !
Time enough to sigh to-morrow.
Let the brimming goblet smile,
And Ednyfed's care beguile ;
Gallant youth, unused to fear,
Master of the broken spear,
And the arrow-pierced shield,
Brought with honour from the field.
Like an hurricane is he,
Bursting on the troubled sea.
See their spears distained with gore !
Hear the din of battle roar.
Bucklers, swords, together clashing,
Sparkles from their helmets flashing !
Hear ye not their loud alarms ?
Hark ! they shout,—to arms ! to arms !
Thus were Garthen's plains defended,
Maelor fight began and ended.
There two princes fought, and there
Was Morach Vorvran's feast exchanged for rout
and fear.

Fill the horn : 'tis my delight,
When my friends return from fight,
Champions of their country's glory,
To record each gallant story.
To Ynyr's comely offsprings fill,
Foremost in the battle still ;

Two blooming youths, in counsel sage,
As heroes of maturer age ;
In peace and war alike renowned ;
Be their brows with garlands crowned,
Decked with glory let them shine,
The ornament and pride of Ynyr's ancient line !

To Selyf fill, of Eagle-heart,
Skilled to hurl the fatal dart :
With the Wolf's impetuous force
He urgeth on his headlong course.
To Tudor next, great Madoc's son,
They the race of honour run
Together in the tented field,
And both alike disdain to yield.
Like a lion in the fray,
Tudor darts upon his prey.

Rivals in the feats of war,
Where danger called they rushed from far ;
Till shattered by some hostile stroke,
With horrid clang their shields were broke ;
Loud as the foaming billows roar,
Or fierce contending winds on Talgath's stormy
shore.

Fill the horn with rosy wine,
Brave Moreiddig claims it now,
Chieftain of an ancient line,
Dauntless heart, and open brow.
To the warrior it belongs,
Prince of battles, theme of songs !
Pride of Powys, Mochnant's boast !
Guardian of his native coast !—
But ah ! his short-lived triumph's o'er,
Brave Moreiddig is no more !
To his pensive ghost we'll give
Due remembrance while we live ;

Pour the sweet transparent mead
(The spear is red in time of need),
And give to each departed spirit
The honour and reward of merit.
What cares surround the regal state,
What anxious thoughts molest the great,
None but a prince himself can know,
And Heaven, that ruleth kings, and lays the mighty low.

For Daniel fill the horn so green,
Of haughty brow and angry mien ;
While the lessening tapers shine
Fill it up with generous wine.
He nor quarter takes nor gives,
But by spoils and rapine lives.
Comely is the youth, and brave ;
But obdurate as the grave.
Hadst thou seen, in Maelor fight,
How we put the foe to flight !
Hadst thou seen the chiefs in arms,
When the foe rushed on in swarms !
Round about their prince they stood,
And stained their swords with hostile blood.
Glorious bulwarks ! to their praise
Their prince devotes his latest lays.—

Now, my boy, thy task is o'er ;
Thou shalt fill the horn no more.
Long may the King of kings protect,
And crown with bliss my friends elect ;
Where Liberty and Truth reside,
And Virtue, Truth's immortal bride !
There may we all together meet,
And former times renew in heavenly converse sweet !

OWAIN CYFEILIOG. TR. ROBERT WILLIAMS.

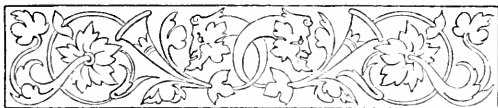
A FAREWELL TO WALES.

ON LEAVING THAT COUNTRY WITH MY CHILDREN.

THE sound of thy streams in my spirit I bear,—
Farewell, and a blessing be with thee, green land !
On thy hearths, on thy halls, on thy pure mountain air,
On the chords of the harp, and the minstrel's free hand,
From the love of my soul with my tears it is shed,
As I leave thee, green land of my home and my dead !
I bless thee !—yet not for the beauty which dwells
In the heart of thy hills, on the rocks of thy shore ;
And not for the memory set deep in thy dells,
Of the bard and the hero, the mighty of yore ;
And not for thy songs of those proud ages fled,—
Green land, poet land of my home and my dead !

I bless thee for all the true bosoms that beat
Where'er a low hamlet smiles up to thy skies ;
For thy cottage hearths burning the stranger to greet,
For the soul that shines forth from thy children's kind
eyes !
May the blessing, like sunshine, about thee be spread,
Green land of my childhood, my home, and my dead !

FELICIA HEMANS.



WALES.



Aberglasney.

THE COUNTRY WALK.

Up Grongar Hill I labour now,
And reach at last his bushy brow.
O, how fresh, how pure the air !
Let me breathe a little here ;
Where am I, Nature ? I descry
Thy magazine before me lie !
Temples and towns, and towers and woods,
And hills and vales, and fields and floods,
Crowding before me, edged around
With naked wilds and barren ground.

See, below, the pleasant dome,
The poet's pride, the poet's home,
Which the sunbeams shine upon
To the even from the dawn.
See her woods, where Echo talks,
Her gardens trim, her terrace-walks,
Her wildernesses, fragrant brakes,
Her gloomy bowers and shining lakes.
Keep, ye gods, this humble seat
Forever pleasant, private, neat.

See yonder hill, uprising steep
Above the river slow and deep ;

It looks from hence a pyramid
Beneath a verdant forest hid,
On whose high top there rises great
The mighty remnant of a seat,—
An old green tower, whose battered brow
Frowns upon the vale below.

Look upon that flowery plain,
How the sheep surround their swain,
How they crowd to hear his strain !
All careless with his legs across,
Leaning on a bank of moss,
He spends his empty hours at play,
Which fly as light as down away.

And there behold a bloomy mead,
A silver stream, a willow shade,
Beneath the shade a fisher stand
Who, with the angle in his hand,
Swings the nibbling fry to land.

In blushes the descending sun
Kisses the streams, while slow they run ;
And yonder hill remoter grows,
Or dusky clouds do interpose.
The fields are left, the labouring hind
His weary oxen does unbind ;
And vocal mountains, as they low,
Re-echo to the vales below ;
The jocund shepherds piping come,
And drive the herd before them home ;
And now begin to light their fires,
Which send up smoke in curling spires :
While with light heart all homeward tend,
To Aberglasney I descend.

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JOHN DYER.

Anglesea (Mona).

ANGLESEA.

WHAT one of all the isles to Cambria doth belong
(To Britain, I might say, and yet not do her wrong)
Doth equal me in soil, so good for grass and grain?
As should my Wales (where still Brute's offspring doth
remain)

That mighty store of men, yet more of beasts doth breed,
By famine or by war constrained be to need,
And England's neighbouring shires their succour would
deny;

My only self her wants could plenteously supply.

What island is there found upon the Irish coast,
In which that kingdom seems to be delighted most,
And seek you all along the rough Vergivian shore,
Where the encountering tides outrageously do roar,
That bows not at my beck, as they to me did owe
The duty subjects should unto their sovereign show;
So that the Eubonian man, a kingdom long time known,
Which wisely hath been ruled by princes of her own,
In my alliance joys, as in the Albanian seas
The Arrans, and by them the scattered Eubides
Rejoice even at my name; and put on mirthful cheer,
When of my good estate they by the sea-nymphs hear.

Sometimes within my shades, in many an ancient wood,
Whose often-twined tops great Phœbus' fires withstood,
The fearless British priests, under an aged oak,
Taking a milk-white bull, unstrained with the yoke,
And with an ax of gold, from that Jove-sacred tree
The misleto cut down; then with a bended knee
On the unhewed altar laid, put to the hallowed fires:
And whilst in the sharp flame the trembling flesh expires,
As their strong fury moved (when all the rest adore)
Pronouncing their desires the sacrifice before,
Up to the eternal heaven their bloodied hands did rear;

And, whilst the murmuring woods even shuddered as
 with fear,
 Preached to the beardless youth the soul's immortal state ;
 To other bodies still how it should transmigrate,
 That to contempt of death them strongly might excite.
 To dwell in my black shades the wood-gods did
 delight,
 Untrodden with resort that long so gloomy were,
 As when the Roman came, it strook him sad with fear
 To look upon my face, which then was called the Dark ;
 Until in after-time, the English for a mark
 Gave me this hateful name, which I must ever bear,
 And Anglesey from them am called everywhere.

* * * * *

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

TO THE QUEEN

ENTERTAINED AT NIGHT BY THE COUNTESS OF
 ANGLESEA.

FAIR as unshaded light, or as the day
 In its first birth, when all the year was May ;
 Sweet as the altar's smoke, or as the new
 Unfolded bud, swelled by the early dew ;
 Smooth as the face of waters first appeared,
 Ere tides began to strive or winds were heard ;
 Kind as the willing saints, and calmer far
 Than in their sleeps forgiven hermits are.
 You that are more than our discreeter fear
 Dares praise, with such full art, what make you here ?
 Here, where the summer is so little seen,
 That leaves, her cheapest wealth, scarce reach at green ;
 You come, as if the silver planet were
 Misled awhile from her much injured sphere ;
 And t' ease the travels of her beams to-night,
 In this small lanthorn would contract her light.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN.

A FRAGMENT. FROM THE WELSH.

OWEN succeeded his father Griffith ap Cynan in the principality of N. Wales, A.D. 1120. This battle was fought in the year 1157.

OWEN'S praise demands my song,
Owen swift and Owen strong ;
Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,
Gwyneth's shield and Britain's gem.
He nor heaps his brooded stores,
Nor on all profusely pours ;
Lord of every regal art,
Liberal hand and open heart.

Big with hosts of mighty name,
Squadrons three against him came ;
This the force of Eirin hiding,
Side by side as proudly riding,
On her shadow long and gay
Lochlin ploughs the watery way ;
There the Norman sails afar
Catch the winds and join the war :
Black and huge along they sweep,
Burdens of the angry deep.

Dauntless on his native sands
The dragon-son of Mona stands ;
In glittering arms and glory dress'd,
High he rears his ruby crest.
There the thundering strokes begin,
There the press and there the din ;
Talymalfra's rocky shore
Echoing to the battle's roar.
Check'd by the torrent-tide of blood,
Backward Menai rolls his flood ;
While, heap'd his master's feet around,
Prostrate warriors gnaw the ground.

Where his glowing eyeballs turn,
Thousand banners round him burn :

Where he points his purple spear,
Hasty, hasty Rout is there,
Marking with indignant eye
Fear to stop and Shame to fly,
There Confusion, Terror's child,
Conflict fierce, and ruin wild,
Agony that pants for breath,
Despair and honourable death.

* * * * *

THOMAS GRAY.

MONA.

IN THE CHANNEL, BETWEEN THE COAST OF CUMBER-
LAND AND THE ISLE OF MAN.

RANGING the heights of Scawfell or Black-comb,
In his lone course the shepherd oft will pause,
And strive to fathom the mysterious laws
By which the clouds, arrayed in light or gloom,
On Mona settle, and the shapes assume
Of all her peaks and ridges. What he draws
From sense, faith, reason, fancy, of the cause,
He will take with him to the silent tomb.
Or, by his fire, a child upon his knee,
Haply the untaught philosopher may speak
Of the strange sight, nor hide his theory
That satisfies the simple and the meek,
Blest in their pious ignorance, though weak
To cope with sages undevotly free.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

DRUID CHORUS ON THE LANDING OF THE
ROMANS.

By the dread and viewless powers,
Whom the storms and seas obey,
From the Dark Isle's¹ mystic bowers,
Romans! o'er the deep away!
Think ye, 'tis but nature's gloom
O'er our shadowy coast which broods?
By the altar and the tomb,
Shun these haunted solitudes!
Know ye Mona's awful spells?
She the rolling orbs can stay!
She the mighty grave compels
Back to yield its fettered prey!
Fear ye not the lightning-stroke?
Mark ye not the fiery sky?
Hence!—around our central oak
Gods are gathering,—Romans, fly!

FELICIA HEMANS.

EAST AND WEST.

IN the bare midst of Anglesey they show
Two springs which close by one another play,
And, "thirteen hundred years ago," they say,
"Two saints met often where those waters flow.
"One came from Penmon, westward, and a glow
Whitened his face from the sun's fronting ray.
Eastward the other, from the dying day;
And he with unsunned face did always go."
"Seiriol the Bright, Kybi the Dark," men said.
The Seer from the East was then in light,
The Seer from the West was then in shade.

¹ Anglesey.

Ah ! now 'tis changed. In conquering sunshine bright
 The man of the bold West now comes arrayed ;
 He of the mystic East is touched with night.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

AT HOLYHEAD.

O NEPTUNE ! Neptune ! must I still
 Be here detained against my will ?
 Is this your justice when I'm come
 Above two hundred miles from home,
 O'er mountains steep, o'er dusty plains,
 Half choked with dust, half drowned with rains,
 Only your godship to implore
 To let me kiss your other shore ?
 A boon so small ! but I may weep
 While you're, like Baal, fast asleep.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

MONA.

MONA on Snowdon calls :
 Hear, thou king of mountains, hear ;
 Hark, she speaks from all her strings ;
 Hark, her loudest echo rings ;
 King of mountains, bend thine ear ;
 Send thy spirits, send them soon,
 Now, when midnight and the moon
 Meet upon thy front of snow ;
 See, their gold and ebon rod,
 Where the sober sisters nod,
 And greet in whispers sage and slow.
 Snowdon, mark ! 'tis magic's hour,
 Now the muttered spell hath power,—
 Power to rend thy ribs of rock,
 And burst thy base with thunder's shock ;
 But to thee no ruder spell
 Shall Mona use, than those that dwell

In music's secret cells, and lie
 Steeped in the stream of harmony.
 Snowdon has heard the strain :
 Hark, amid the wondering grove
 Other harpings answer clear,
 Other voices meet our ear,
 Pinions flutter, shadows move,
 Busy murmurs hum around,
 Rustling vestments brush the ground ;
 Round and round and round they go,
 Through the twilight, through the shade,
 Mount the oak's majestic head,
 And gild the tufted mistletoe.
 Cease, ye glittering race of light,
 Close your wings, and check your flight ;
 Here, arranged in order due,
 Spread your robes of saffron hue :
 For lo ! with more than mortal fire
 Mighty Mador strikes the lyre :
 Hark ! he sweeps the master-strings ;
 Listen all—

WILLIAM NASON.

Argoed Llwyfain.

THE BATTLE OF ARGOED LLWYFAIN.

MORNING rose : the issuing sun
 Saw the dreadful fight begun ;
 And that sun's descending ray
 Closed the battle, closed the day.

Fflamddwyn poured his rapid bands,
 Legions four, o'er Reged's lands.
 The numerous host from side to side
 Spread destruction wild and wide,
 From Argoed's summits, forest-crowned,
 To steep Arfynydd's utmost bound.

Short their triumph, short their sway,
Born and ended with the day !

Flushed with conquest Fflamddwyn said,
Boastful at his army's head,
“ Strive not to oppose the stream,
Redeem your lands, your lives redeem.
Give me pledges,” Fflamddwyn cried ;
“ Never,” Urien's son replied,
Owen of the mighty stroke :
Kindling, as the hero spoke,
Cenau, Coel's blooming heir,
Caught the flame, and grasped the spear.

“ Shall Coel's issue pledges give
To the insulting foe, and live ?
Never such be Briton's shame,
Never, till this mangled frame,
Like some vanquished lion lie,
Drenched in blood, and bleeding die.”

Day advanced : and ere the sun
Reached the radiant point of noon,
Urien came with fresh supplies.
“ Rise, ye sons of Cambria, rise,
Spread your banners to the foe,
Spread them on the mountain's brow,
Lift your lances high in air,
Friends and brothers of the war,
Rush like torrents down the steep,
Through the vales in myriads sweep,
Fflamddwyn never can sustain
The force of our united train.”

Havoc, havoc raged around,
Many a carcase strewed the ground :
Ravens drank the purple flood,
Raven plumes were dyed in blood ;

Frighted crowds from place to place
 Eager, hurrying, breathless, pale,
 Spread the news of their disgrace,
 Trembling as they told the tale.

These are Taliesin's rhymes,
 These shall live to distant times,
 And the Bard's prophetic rage
 Animate a future age.
 Child of sorrow, child of pain,
 Never may I smile again,
 If till all-subduing death
 Close these eyes, and stop this breath,
 Ever I forgot to raise
 My grateful songs to Urien's praise !
 TALIESIN. TR. WILLIAM WHITEHEAD.

Arvon.

THE WILDS OF ARVON.

Now hath Prince Madoc left the holy isle,
 And homeward to Aberfraw, through the wilds
 Of Arvon, bent his course. A little way
 He turned aside, by natural impulses
 Moved, to behold Cadwallon's lonely hut.
 That lonely dwelling stood among the hills,
 By a gray mountain-stream ; just elevate
 Above the winter torrents did it stand,
 Upon a craggy bank ; an orchard slope
 Arose behind, and joyous was the scene
 In early summer, when those antic trees
 Shone with their blushing blossoms, and the flax
 Twinkled beneath the breeze its liveliest green.
 But save the flax-field and that orchard slope,
 All else was desolate, and now it wore
 One sober hue ; the narrow vale which wound
 Among the hills was gray with rocks, that peered

Above the shallow soil ; the mountain side
 Was loose with stones bestrewn, which oftentimes
 Clattered adown the steep, beneath the foot
 Of straggling goat dislodged ; or towered with crags
 One day when winter's work had loosened them,
 To thunder down. All things assorted well
 With that gray mountain hue ; the low stone lines,
 Which scarcely seemed to be the work of man,
 The dwelling rudely reared with stones unhewn,
 The stubble flax, the crooked apple-trees
 Gray with their fleecy moss and mistletoe,
 The white-barked birch now leafless, and the ash
 Whose knotted roots were like the rifted rock,
 Through which they forced their way. Adown the vale,
 Broken by stones and o'er a stony bed,
 Rolled the loud mountain-stream.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Bangor.

BANGOR.

THEN Madoc took
 His host aside, and in his private ear
 Told him the purport, and wherein his help
 Was needed. Night came on ; the hearth was heapt,
 The women went to rest. They twain, the while,
 Sate at the board, and while the untasted bowl
 Stood by them, watched the glass whose falling sands
 Told out the weary hours. The hour is come ;
 Prince Madoc helmed his head, and from his neck
 He slung the bugle-horn ; they took their shields,
 And lance in hand went forth. And now arrived,
 The bolts give back before them, and the door
 Rolls on its heavy hinge.

Beside the grave
 Stood Baldwin and the Prior, who, albeit

Cambrian himself, in fear and awe obeyed
The lordly Primate's will. They stood and watched
Their ministers perform the irreverent work.
And now with spade and mattock have they broken
Into the house of death, and now have they
From the stone coffin wrenched the iron cramps,
When sudden interruption startled them,
And, clad in complete mail from head to foot,
They saw the Prince come in. Their tapers gleamed
Upon his visage, as he wore his helm
Open ; and when in that pale countenance—
For the strong feeling blanched his cheek—they saw
His father's living lineaments, a fear
Like ague shook them. But anon that fit
Of scared imagination to the sense
Of other peril yielded, when they heard
Prince Madoc's dreadful voice. "Stay !" he exclaimed,
As now they would have fled ; "stir not a man,
Or if I once put breath into this horn,
All Wales will hear, as if dead Owen called
For vengeance from that grave. Stir not a man,
Or not a man shall live ! The doors are watched,
And ye are at my mercy !"

But at that,
Baldwin from the altar seized the crucifix,
And held it forth to Madoc, and cried out,
"He who strikes me strikes Him ; forbear, on pain
Of endless"—

"Peace !" quoth Madoc, "and profane not
The holy cross with those polluted hands
Of midnight sacrilege ! Peace ! I harm thee not ;
Be wise, and thou art safe. For thee, thou know'st,
Prior, that if thy treason were divulged,
David would hang thee on thy steeple-top,
To feed the steeple daws : obey and live !
Go, bring fine linen and a coffer meet
To bear these relics ; and do ye, meanwhile,
Proceed upon your work."

They at his word
Raised the stone cover, and displayed the dead,
In royal grave-clothes habited, his arms
Crossed on the breast, with precious gums and spice
Fragrant, and incorruptibly preserved.
At Madoc's bidding, round the corpse they wrap
The linen web, fold within fold involved ;
They laid it in the coffer, and with cloth
At head and foot filled every interval
And prest it down compact ; they closed the lid,
And Madoc with his signet sealed it thrice.
Then said he to his host, " Bear thou at dawn
This treasure to the ships. My father's bones
Shall have their resting-place where mine one day
May moulder by their side."

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

MONASTERY OF OLD BANGOR.

THE oppression of the tumult, wrath and scorn,
The tribulation, and the gleaming blades,—
Such is the impetuous spirit that pervades
The song of Taliesin ; ours shall mourn
The unarmed host who by their prayers would turn
The sword from Bangor's walls, and guard the store
Of aboriginal and Roman lore,
And Christian monuments, that now must burn
To senseless ashes. Mark ! how all things swerve
From their known course, or vanish like a dream ;
Another language spreads from coast to coast ;
Only perchance some melancholy stream
And some indignant hills old names preserve,
When laws and creeds and people all are lost !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE MONKS OF BANGOR'S MARCH.

WHEN the heathen trumpet's clang
Round beleaguered Chester rang,
Veiled nun and friar gray
Marched from Bangor's fair Abbaye ;
High their holy anthem sounds,
Cestria's vale the hymn rebounds,
Floating down the Sylvan Dee,
O miserere, Domine !

On the long procession goes,
Glory round their crosses glows,
And the Virgin-mother mild
In their peaceful banner smiled ;
Who could think such saintly band
Doomed to feel unhallowed hand !
Such was the Divine decree,
O miserere, Domine !

Bands that masses only sung,
Hands that censers only swung,
Met the northern bow and bill,
Heard the war-cry wild and shrill ;
Woe to Brockmael's feeble hand,
Woe to Olfrid's bloody brand,
Woe to Saxon cruelty,
O miserere, Domine !

Weltering amid warriors slain,
Spurned by steeds with bloody mane,
Slaughtered down by heathen blade,
Bangor's peaceful monks are laid ;
Word of parting rest unspoke,
Mass unsung and bread unbroke ;
For their souls for charity,
Sing, O miserere, Domine !

Bangor ! o'er the murder wail !
 Long thy ruins told the tale,
 Shattered towers and broken arch
 Long recalled the woful march :
 On thy shrine no tapers burn,
 Never shall thy priests return ;
 The pilgrim sighs and sings for thee,
O miserere, Domine !

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Bardsey.

THE HOLY ISLE.

To Bardsey was the lord of ocean bound,—
 Bardsey, the holy islet, in whose soil
 Did many a chief and many a saint repose,
 His great progenitors. He mounts the skiff ;
 Her canvas swells before the breeze ; the sea
 Sings round her sparkling keel ; and soon the lord
 Of ocean treads the venerable shore.

There was not, on that day, a speck to stain
 The azure heaven ; the blessed sun alone,
 In unapproachable divinity,
 Careered, rejoicing in his fields of light.
 How beautiful, beneath the bright-blue sky,
 The billows heave ! one glowing green expanse,
 Save where along the bending line of shore
 Such hue is thrown as when the peacock's neck
 Assumes its proudest tint of amethyst,
 Imbathed in emerald glory. All the flocks
 Of ocean are abroad ; like floating foam,
 The sea-gulls rise and fall upon the waves ;
 With long-protruded neck the cormorants
 Wing their far flight aloft ; and round and round
 The plovers wheel, and give their note of joy.

It was a day that sent into the heart
A summer feeling : even the insect-swarms
From their dark nooks and coverts issued forth,
To sport through one day of existence more ;
The solitary primrose on the bank
Seemed now as though it had no cause to mourn
Its bleak autumnal birth ; the rocks and shores,
The forest, and the everlasting hills,
Smiled in that joyful sunshine,—they partook
The universal blessing.

To this isle,
Where his forefathers were to dust consigned,
Did Madoc come for natural piety,
Ordering a solemn service for their souls.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Barkloughly Castle.

RICHARD THE SECOND AT BARKLOUGHLY CASTLE.

NEEDS must I like it well ; I weep for joy,
To stand upon my kingdom once again.—
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs.
As a long-parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles, in meeting :
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hands.
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense ;
But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way,
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,
Which with usurping steps do trample thee.
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies ;
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,

Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder ;
 Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
 Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.—
 Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords ;
 This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
 Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
 Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.

* * * * *

Of comfort no man speak.

Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs ;
 Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
 Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
 Let's choose executors, and talk of wills :
 And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,
 Save our deposed bodies to the ground ?
 Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
 And nothing can we call our own but death,
 And that small module of the barren earth
 Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
 For heaven's sake let us sit upon the ground,
 And tell sad stories of the death of kings :—
 How some have been depos'd, some slain in war,
 Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd,
 Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd ;
 All murder'd : for within the hollow crown,
 That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
 Keeps Death his court. And there the antic sits,
 Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp ;
 Allowing him a breath, a little scene
 To monarchise, be fear'd, and kill with looks ;
 Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—
 As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
 Were brass impregnable ; and, humour'd thus,
 Comes at the last, and with a little pin
 Bores through his castle wall, and—Farewell, king !
 Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
 With solemn reverence ; throw away respect,
 Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,

For you have but mistook me all this while.
 I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
 Need friends. Subjected thus, how can you say
 To me, I am a king?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Bodryddan.

BODRYDDAN.

TO THE MEMORY OF B. V. AND A. M. D.

OUR fairest dreams are made of truths,
 Nymphs are sweet women, angels youths,
 And Eden was an earthly bower :
 Not that the heavens are false ; O no !
 But that the sweetest thoughts that grow
 In earth must have an earthly flower ;
 Blest, if they know how sweet they are,
 And that earth also is a star.

I met a lady by the sea,
 A heart long known, a face desired,
 Who led me with sweet breathful glee
 To one that sat retired,—
 That sat retired in reverend chair,
 That younger lady's pride and care,
 Fading heavenward beauteously
 In a long-drawn life of love,
 With smiles below and thoughts above :
 And round her played that fairy she,
 Like Impulse by Tranquillity.

And truly might they, in times old,
 Have deemed her one of fairy mould
 Keeping some ancestral queen
 Deathless, in a bower serene :
 For oft she might be noticed walking
 Where the seas at night were talking ;

Or extracting with deep look
Power from out some learned book ;
Or with pencil or with pen
Charming the rapt thoughts of men :
And her eyes ! they were so bright,
They seemed to dance with elfin light,
Playmates of pearly smiles, and yet
So often and so sadly wet,
That Pity wondered to conceive
How lady so beloved could grieve.
And oft would both those ladies rare,
Like enchantments out of air,
In a sudden shower descend
Of balm on want, or flowers on friend ;
No matter how remote the place,
For fairies laugh at time and space.
From their hearts the gifts were given,
As the light leaps out of heaven.

Their very house was fairy ;—none
Might find it without favour won
For some great zeal, like errant knight,
Or want and sorrow's holy right ;
And then they reached it by long rounds
Of lanes between thick pastoral grounds
Nest-like, and alleys of old trees,
Until at last, in lawny ease,
Down by a garden and its fountains,
In the ken of mild blue mountains,
Rose, as if exempt from death,
Its many-centuried household breath.
The stone-cut arms above the door
Were such as earliest chieftains bore,
Of simple gear, long laid aside ;
And low it was, and warm and wide,—
A home to love, from sire to son,
By white-grown servants waited on.
Here a door opening breathed of bowers
Of ladies, who lead lives of flowers ;

There, walls were books ; and the sweet witch,
Painting, had there the rooms made rich
With knights, and dames, and loving eyes
Of heaven-gone kindred, sweet and wise ;
Of bishops, gentle as their lawn,
And sires, whose talk was one May-dawn.
Last, on the roof, a clock's old grace
Looked forth, like some enchanted face
That never slept, but in the night
Dinted the air with thoughtful might
Of sudden tongue which seemed to say,
“ The stars are firm, and hold their way.”

Behold me now, like knight indeed,
Whose balmed wound had ceased to bleed,
Behold me in this green domain
Leading a palfrey by the rein,
On which the fairy lady sat
In magic talk, which men call “ chat,”
Over mead, up hill, down dale,
While the sweet thoughts never fail,
Bright as what we plucked 'twixt whiles,
The mountain-ash's thick red smiles ;
And aye she laughed, and talked, and rode,
And to blest eyes her visions showed
Of nook, and tower, and mountain rare,
Like bosom, making mild the air ;
And seats, endeared by friend and sire,
Facing sunset's thoughtful fire.
And then, to make romances true,
Before this lady open flew
A garden gate ; and lo ! right in,
Where horse's foot had never been,
Rode she ! The gardener with a stare
To see her threat his lilies fair,
Uncapped his bent old silver hair,
And seemed to say, “ My lady good
Makes all things right in her sweet mood.”

O land of Druid and of bard,
Worthy of bearded Time's regard,
Quick-blooded, light-voiced, lyric Wales,
Proud with mountains, rich with vales,
And of such valour that in thee
Was born a third of chivalry
(And is to come again, they say,
Blowing its trumpets into day,
With sudden earthquake from the ground,
And in the midst, great Arthur crowned),
I used to think of thee and thine
As one of an old faded line
Living in his hills apart,
Whose pride I knew, but not his heart :
But now that I have seen thy face,
Thy fields, and ever youthful race,
And women's lips of rosiest word
(So rich they open), and have heard
The harp still leaping in thy halls,
Quenchless as the waterfalls,
I know thee full of pulse as strong
As the sea's more ancient song,
And of a sympathy as wide ;
And all this truth, and more beside,
I should have known, had I but seen,
O Flint, thy little shore, and been
Where Truth, and Dream walk, hand-in-hand,
Bodryddan's living Fairy-land.

LEIGH HUNT.

Builth.

THE DIRGE OF LLYWELYN.

HE had marched to South Wales, to meet some Cambrian partisans and English lords who had entered into a confederacy against Edward the First. The place of meeting was near Builth in Breconshire. He posted his army on a mountain in the neighbourhood, and went alone and unarmed to the appointed spot ; but the design having been betrayed, apparently by the persons implicated in the plot, instead of meeting with his confederates, the outposts were attacked by hostile forces. These made no impression, until a ford was shown where the river might be crossed, when a party of English horse surrounded the place where the prince stood. He in endeavouring to get back to his own army was followed by an English knight named Adam de Francton, who ran his spear through his body, not knowing it was Llywelyn.

FREQUENT is heard the voice of woe,
Frequent the tears of sorrow flow ;
Such sounds as erst in Camlan heard,
Roused to wrath old Arthur's bard,
Cambria's warrior we deplore ;
Our Llywelyn is no more.
Who like Llywelyn now remains,
To shield from wrong his native plains ?
My soul with piercing grief is filled ;
My vital blood with horror chilled :
Nature herself is changed, and lo !
Now all things sympathise below !
Hark how the howling wind and rain
In loudest symphony complain !
Hark how the consecrated oaks,
Unconscious of the woodman's strokes,
With thundering crash proclaim he's gone ;
Fall in each other's arms and groan !
Hark how the sullen tempests roar !
See how the white waves lash the shore !

See how eclipsed the sun appears !
 See how the stars fall from their spheres !
 Each awful Heaven-sent prodigy,
 Ye sons of infidelity,
 Believe and tremble. Guilty land,
 Lo ! thy destruction is at hand !
 Thou great Creator of the world,
 Why are not thy red lightnings hurled ?
 Will not the sea at thy command
 Swallow up this guilty land ?
 Why are we left to mourn in vain
 The guardian of our country slain ?
 No place, no refuge, for us left,
 Of homes, of liberty, bereft ;
 Where shall we flee ? to whom complain,
 Since our dear Llywelyn's slain ?

GRUFFYDD AP YR YNAD COCH.

Cader Idris.

THE ROCK OF CADER IDRIS.

IT is an old tradition of the Welsh bards, that on the summit of the mountain Cader Idris is an excavation resembling a couch ; and that whoever should pass a night in that hollow would be found in the morning either dead, in a frenzy, or endowed with the highest poetical inspiration.

I LAY on that rock where the storms have their dwelling,
 The birthplace of phantoms, the home of the cloud ;
 Around it forever deep music is swelling,
 The voice of the mountain wind solemn and loud.
 'Twas a midnight of shadows all fitfully streaming,
 Of wild waves and breezes, that mingle their moan ;
 Of dim shrouded stars, as from gulfs faintly gleaming ;
 And I met the dread gloom of its grandeur alone.

I lay there in silence,—a spirit came o'er me ;
Man's tongue hath no language to speak what I saw :
Things glorious, unearthly, passed floating before me,
And my heart almost fainted with rapture and awe.
I viewed the dread beings around us that hover,
Though veiled by the mists of mortality's breath ;
And I called upon darkness the vision to cover,
For a strife was within me of madness and death.

I saw them,—the powers of the wind and the ocean,
The rush of whose pinion bears onward the storms ;
Like the sweep of the white-rolling wave was their
motion,—
I felt their dim presence, but knew not their forms !
I saw them,—the mighty of ages departed,—
The dead were around me that night on the hill :
From their eyes, as they passed, a cold radiance they
darted,—
There was light on my soul, but my heart's blood was
chill.

I saw what man looks on, and dies,—but my spirit
Was strong, and triumphantly lived through that hour ;
And, as from the grave, I awoke to inherit
A flame all immortal, a voice and a power !
Day burst on that rock with the purple cloud crested,
And high Cader Idris rejoiced in the sun ;
But O, what new glory all nature invested,
When the sense which gives soul to her beauty was
won !

FELICIA HEMANS.

Caerleon-upon-Usk.

CAERLEON.

PERHAPS Caerleon, like Chepstow and Tintern Abbey, should have come under England, as Monmouthshire is now an English county. But as these poems refer to a period when this was not so, their proper place seems to be here.

THEN sing they how he first ordained the circled board,
The knights whose martial deeds far famed that Table
Round ;
Which, truest in their loves, which, most in arms renowned :
The laws which long upheld that order, they report ;
The Pentecosts prepared at Carleon in his court,
That table's ancient seat ; her temples and her groves,
Her palaces, her walks, baths, theatres, and stoves :
Her academy, then, as likewise they prefer :
Of Camilot they sing, and then of Winchester.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

GUINEVERE.

Now thrice that morning Guinevere had climbed
The giant tower, from whose high crest, they say,
Men saw the goodly hills of Somerset,
And white sails flying on the yellow sea ;
But not to goodly hill or yellow sea
Looked the fair Queen, but up the vale of Usk,
By the flat meadow.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

KING ARTHUR.

WHEN good King Arthur ruled this land,
He dwelt at Caerleon-upon-Usk ;
He held it with an armed right hand,
And drank red wine from dawn till dusk.

How stalwart were the warriors then,
In our time no such maidens are :
King Arthur was the first of men,
The fairest dame Queen Guenevar.

When Merlin waved his silver wand,
None dared dispute its awful spells ;
On summer nights the moonlit strand
Was musical with fairy bells.

And all the knights in Arthur's court
Made glorious that enchanted spot,—
And who was first in every sport,—
Ah, who was loved but Lancelot !

How bright the armour which they wore,
When setting out at morning-tide,—
The silken banners which they bore,
By gentle hands were wrought and dyed.

And who shall rise, and who shall fall,
When they the robber-bands assail ;
And whose pure hands shall duty call
To seek and find the holy Grail !

Fair company of noble knights
That ride in that mysterious land,
And celebrate your mystic rites
With stainless sword in stainless hand.

Ah, where is Caerleon-upon-Usk !
Though somewhere in the south of Wales,
The wanderer there, at gathering dusk,
When dreaming o'er these ancient tales,

Will hardly see such lovely dames,
Will hardly meet such noble men,
Till bards and prophets prove their claims,
And good King Arthur comes again !

BESSIE RAYNER PARKES.

Cardiff.

CARDIFF CASTLE.

“BECOME master of his brother (Robert, Duke of Normandy), Henry imprisoned him in the Castle of Cardiff. For greater security the eyes of the unhappy duke were put out. His detention lasted from 1106 to 1135, when he died, and it was during this long period that he endeavoured to soothe his weariness by becoming a poet. The songs of the Welsh bards were tried to alleviate his sorrows, and the deep distress he felt at being separated from his only child, whose prospects he had blighted. Forced to learn the language of his jailers, he made use of it to compose several pieces in Welsh, one of which remains, a sort of plaintive elegy. The prince looked on an old oak-tree rising above the forest, which covered the promontory on Penarth, on the Bristol Channel, and from the depths of his prison he thus mournfully addresses it, following the custom of the Welsh bards, who repeat the name of the person or thing they address in each stanza.”—CHAMBERS’ *Book of Days*.

OAK, born on these heights, theatre of carnage, where
blood has rolled in streams :

Misery to those who quarrel about words over wine.

Oak, nourished in the midst of meadows covered with
blood and corpses :

Misery to the man who has become an object of hatred.

Oak, grown up on this green carpet, watered with the
blood of those whose heart was pierced by the
sword :

Misery to him who delights in discord.

Oak, in the midst of trefoil and plants which whilst
surrounding thee have stopped thy growth and
hindered the thickening of thy trunk :

Misery to the man who is in the power of his enemies.

Oak, placed in the midst of woods which cover the
promontory from whence thou seest the waves of
the Severn struggle against the sea :

Misery to him who sees that which is not death.

Oak, which has lived through storms and tempests in the
midst of the tumult of war and the ravages of death :
Misery to the man who is not old enough to die.

FROM THE WELSH. TR. ANONYMOUS.

CARDIFF CASTLE.

RHYMED VERSION OF THE PRECEDING.

OAK that grew on battle mound,
Where crimson torrents drenched the ground ;
Woe waits the maddening broils where sparkling wine
goes round !

Oak that grew on verdant plain,
Where gushed the blood of warriors slain ;—
The wretch in hatred's grasp may well of woes complain !

Oak that grew in verdure strong,
After bloodshed's direful wrong ;—
Woe waits the wretch who sits the sons of strife among !

Oak that grew on greensward bourn,
Its once fair branches tempest torn ;—
Whom envy's hate pursues shall long in anguish mourn !

Oak that grew on woodcliff high,
Where Severn's waves to winds reply ;—
Woe waits the wretch whose years tell not that death is
nigh !

Oak that grew through years of woe,
'Mid battle broil's unequalled throes,—
Forlorn is he who prays that death his life may close.

TALIESEN WILLIAMS.

Celyddon.

THE APPLE-TREES OF CELYDDON.

WAS there such a gift given to any one as at the dawn
of day

Was given to Merddin ere age had overtaken him ?

Sevenscore and seven sweet apple-trees,

Of equal height, age, and magnitude,

They are a mark of a sovereign's benevolence,

And are overshadowed by lovely foliage.

A maid with beauteous ringlets watches over them,

Gloywedd by name, with teeth of pearly whiteness.

Sweet and excellent apple-tree !

Thou wilt be heavy when laden with fruit,

And I am full of care and trouble for thy safety,

Lest the woodman

Should destroy thy root, and injure thy seed,

And prevent any more apples from growing on thee ;

And I tear myself wildly with anxiety ;

Anguish pains me, and no clothes protect my body ;

These were the gift of Gwenddolau the free giver,

Who is now, as he was not.

Sweet apple-tree of delicate growth,

Thy shade is celebrated, profitable, and comely ;

Princes will combine upon false pretences,

With false, luxurious, and gluttonous monks,

And idle talkative youths, to get thy fruit ;

They all prophesy warlike exploits to the Prince.

Sweet apple-tree of vigorous growth and verdant foliage,

Large are thy branches, and beautiful thy form,

It was beautiful to see thee in a robe of vivid green,

Ere war had caused my heart to grieve ;

But my wrongs shall yet be avenged,

And the legions of Pengwern shall revel on mead.

Sweet apple-tree growing in the lonely glade !
 Valour shall still secure thee from the lords of Rhydderch ;
 Bare is the ground around thee, trodden by mighty warriors,
 Their heroic forms strike their foes with terror.
 Alas ! Gwendydd loves me not, greets me not,
 I am hated by the chiefs of Rhydderch,

I have ruined his son and his daughter,
 Death relieves all, why does he not visit me ?
 For after Gwenddolau no princes honour me.
 I am not soothed with diversion,
 I am no longer visited by the fair,
 Yet in the battle of Arderydd I wore golden torques,
 Though I am now despised by her who is fair as snowy swan,

Sweet apple-tree ! covered with delicate bloom,
 Growing unseen in the sequestered wood ;
 At break of day the tale was told me,
 That the high commissioned chief of Menwydd is offended with me ;
 Twice, thrice, yea, four times in one day,
 It rung in my ears ere the sun had marked the hour of noon ;
 O Jesus, why had I not been destroyed,
 Before I had the misfortune to slay the son of Gwendydd ?

Sweet apple-tree, which formest a stately grove,
 The wild dogs of the wood seek shelter about thy roots,
 Yet shall my prophetic song announce the re-coming
 Of Medrawd, and Arthur leader of hosts ;
 Again shall they rush to the battle of Camlan,
 And only seven escape from the two days' conflict.
 Let Gwenhwyvar remember her crimes,
 When Cadwaladr resumes possession of his throne,

And the religious hero leads his armies.
 Alas my lamentable destiny ! hope affords no refuge,
 Gwenddydd's son is slain, and by my accursed hand.

Sweet apple-tree of richest fruit,
 Growing in the lonely woods of Celyddon ;
 All seek thee for the sake of thy fruit,
 But in vain until Cadwaladr comes to the conference of
 Rhyd Rheon,
 And Kynan advances to oppose the Saxons ;
 Then shall Britons be again victorious,
 Led by their graceful and majestic chief ;
 Then shall be restored to every one his own,
 And the sounder of the horn of gladness proclaim
 The song of peace and days of happiness.

Delicious apple-tree with blossoms purely white,
 To those who eat them, sweet are the apples
 That have always grown on trees
 Which grow apart, with wide-spreading branches.
 The nymph who appears and disappears, prophesies ex-
 plicitly
 In signs of troublesome times which will surely come ;
 A fleet with anchors shall come on the sea,
 Seven ships, with seven hundred sailing over the waves ;
 They will descend on the shore under flights of arrows,
 And of those who come, there shall not return
 More than seven to their former home.

Delicious apple-tree of splendid growth !
 Its root has fed both it and me,
 When with shield on my shoulder and sword on my
 thigh,
 I slept all alone in the woods of Celyddon.

* * * * *

FROM THE WELSH. THOMAS STEPHENS.

Clwyd, the River.

THE RIVER CLWYD.

DEAR Clwyd, the abundant sweets that from thy bosom
 flow,
 When with my active wings into the air I throw,
 Those hills whose hoary heads seem in the clouds to
 dwell,
 Of aged become young, enamoured with the smell
 Of the odoriferous flowers in thy most precious lap ;
 Within whose velvet leaves, when I myself enwrap,
 They suffocate with scents ; that (from my native kind)
 I seem some slow perfume, and not the swiftest wind
 With joy, my Dyffren Clwyd, I see thee bravely spread,
 Surveying every part, from foot up to thy head ;
 Thy full and youthful breasts, which in their meadowy
 pride
 Are branched with rivery veins, meander-like that glide,
 MICHAEL DRAYTON.

THE RIVER CLWYD, IN NORTH WALES.

O CAMBRIAN river ! with slow music gliding
 By pastoral hills, old woods, and ruined towers ;
 Now 'midst thy reeds and golden willows hiding ;
 Now gleaming forth by some rich bank of flowers :
 Long flowed the current of my life's clear hours
 Onward with thine, whose voice yet haunts my dream,
 Though time and change and other mightier powers
 Far from thy side have borne me. Thou, smooth stream !
 Art winding still thy sunny meads along,
 Murmuring to cottage and gray hall thy song,
 Low, sweet, unchanged. My being's tide hath passed
 Through rocks and storms ; yet will I not complain,
 If, thus wrought free and pure from earthly stain,
 Brightly its waves may reach their parent deep at last.
 FELICIA HEMANS.

Conway.

WE ARE SEVEN.

A SIMPLE child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb.
What should it know of death ?

I met a little cottage girl :
She was eight years old, she said ;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad :
Her eyes were fair, and very fair ; —
Her beauty made me glad.

“ Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be ! ”
“ How many ? Seven in all,” she said.
And wondering looked at me.

“ And where are they ? I pray you tell.”
She answered, “ Seven are we ;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

“ Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother ;
And, in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother.”

“ You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven ! I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be.”

- Then did the little maid reply,
“ Seven boys and girls are we ;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree.”
- “ You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive ;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five.”
- “ Their graves are green, they may be seen,”
The little maid replied,
“ Twelve steps or more from my mother’s door,
And they are side by side.
- “ My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem ;
And there upon the ground I sit,
And sing a song to them.
- “ And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.
- “ The first that died was sister Jane ;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain ;
And then she went away.
- “ So in the churchyard she was laid ;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.
- “ And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side.”

“ How many are you, then,” said I,
 “ If they two are in heaven ?”
 Quick was the little maid’s reply,
 “ O master ! we are seven.”

“ But they are dead ; those two are dead !
 Their spirits are in heaven !”
 ’Twas throwing words away ; for still
 The little maid would have her will,
 And said, “ Nay, we are seven !”

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Conway, the River.

THE RIVER CONWAY.

AWHILE thus taking breath, our way yet fair in view,
 The Muse her former course doth seriously pursue.
 From Penmen’s craggy height to try her saily wings,
 Herself long having bathed in the delicious springs
 (That trembling from his top through long-worn crannies
 creep,
 To spend their liquid store on the insatiate deep),
 She meets with Conway first, which lieth next at hand,
 Whose precious orient pearl that breedeth in her sand
 Above the other floods of Britain doth her grace :
 Into the Irish Sea which making out her race,
 Supplied by many a mere (through many several rills
 Into her bosom poured), her plenteously she fills.
 O goodly river ! near unto thy sacred spring
 Prophetic Merlin sat, when to the British king
 The changes long to come auspiciously he told.
 Most happy were thy nymphs, that wondering did behold
 His graver wrinkled brow, amazed, and did bear
 The dreadful words he spake, that so ambiguous were.
 Thrice happy brooks, I say, that (every way about)
 Thy tributaries be : as is that town, whereout

Into the sea thou fall'st, which Conway of thy name
 Perpetually is called, to register thy fame.
 For thou, clear Conway, heard'st wise Merlin first relate
 The Destinies' decree, of Britain's future fate ;
 Which truly he foretold proud Vortiger should lose,
 As when him from his seat the Saxons should depose ;
 The forces that should here from Armoric arrive,
 Yet far too weak from hence the enemy to drive ;
 And to that mighty king, which rashly undertook
 A strong-walled tower to rear, those earthly spirits that
 shook
 The great foundation still, in dragons' horrid shape,
 That dreaming wizard told ; making the mountain gape
 With his most powerful charms, to view those caverns
 deep ;
 And from the top of Brith, so high and wondrous steep,
 Where Dinas Emris stood, showed where the serpents
 fought,
 The white that tore the red ; from whence the prophet
 wrought
 The Britons' sad decay then shortly to ensue.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

THE BARD.

I.

" RUIN seize thee, ruthless king !
 Confusion on thy banners wait ;
 Though fanned by Conquest's crimson wing,
 They mock the air with idle state.
 Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
 Nor e'en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
 To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
 From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears !"
 Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
 Of the first Edward scattered wild dismay,

As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array.
Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance ;
 “To arms !” cried Mortimer, and couched his quiver-
 ing lance.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
 Robed in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the poet stood
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Streamed like a meteor to the troubled air),
And with a master's hand and prophet's fire
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
 “ Hark how each giant oak and desert cave
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath !
O'er thee, O King ! their hundred arms they wave,
 Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe ;
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's harp or soft Llewellyn's lay.

 “ Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
That hushed the stormy main :
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed :
 Mountains ! ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topped head.

On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
Smeared with gore, and ghastly pale :
Far, far aloof the affrighted ravens sail ;
 The famished eagle screams, and passes by.
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
 Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
 Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
No more I weep. They do not sleep.

On yonder cliffs a grisly band,
I see them sit, they linger yet,
 Avengers of their native land :

With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

II.

“ Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding-sheet of Edward’s race.
Give ample room and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace.
Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death, through Berkley’s roof that ring,
Shrieks of an agonising king !

She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
That tear’st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
From thee be born, who o’er thy country hangs
The scourge of heaven. What terrors round him wait !
Amazement in his van, with flight combined,
And sorrow’s faded form, and solitude behind.

“ Mighty victor, mighty lord !
Low on his funeral couch he lies !
No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.
Is the sable warrior fled ?
Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
The swarm that in thy noontide beam were born ?
Gone to salute the rising morn.

Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o’er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes ;
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm ;
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind’s sway,
That, hushed in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

“ Fill high the sparkling bowl,
The rich repast prepare ;
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast :
Close by the regal chair

Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
 A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
 Heard ye the din of battle bray,
 Lance to lance, and horse to horse ?
 Long years of havoc urge their destined course,
 And through the kindred squadrons mow their way.
 Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
 With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
 Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,
 And spare the meek usurper's holy head.
 Above, below, the rose of snow,
 Twined with her blushing foe, we spread :
 The bristled boar in infant gore
 Wallows beneath the thorny shade,
 Now, brothers, bending o'er the accursed loom,
 Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

III.

" Edward, lo ! to sudden fate
 (Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)
 Half of thy heart we consecrate.
 (The web is wove. The work is done.)
 Stay, O, stay ! nor thus forlorn
 Leave me unblessed, unpitied, here to mourn :
 In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
 They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
 But, oh ! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
 Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll ?
 Visions of glory, spare my aching sight !
 Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul !
 No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.
 All hail, ye genuine kings, Britannia's issue hail !

" Girt with many a baron bold,
 Sublime their starry fronts they rear :
 And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
 In bearded majesty, appear.
 In the midst a form divine !
 Her eye proclaims her of the Briton line ;

Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
 Attempered sweet to virgin grace.
 What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
 What strains of vocal transport round her play,
 Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear ;
 They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
 Bright Rapture calls, and, soaring as she sings,
 Waves in the eye of heaven her many-coloured wings.

“ The verse adorn again
 Fierce war, and faithful love,
 And truth severe, by fairy fiction drest.
 In buskined measures move
 Pale grief, and pleasing pain,
 With horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
 A voice, as of the cherub-choir,
 Gales from blooming Eden bear ;
 And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
 That lost in long futurity expire.
 Fond impious man, think’st thou yon sanguine cloud,
 Raised by thy breath, has quenched the orb of day ?
 To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
 And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
 Enough for me ; with joy I see
 The different doom our fates assign.
 Be thine despair, and sceptred care ;
 To triumph, and to die, are mine.”
 He spoke, and headlong from the mountain’s height
 Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night.

THOMAS GRAY.

Coombe-Ellen.

COOMBE-ELLEN.

CALL the strange spirit that abides unseen
 In wilds and wastes and shaggy solitudes,
 And bid his dim hand lead thee through these scenes

That burst immense around ! By mountains, glens,
 And solitary cataracts that dash
 Through dark ravines ; and trees, whose wreathéd roots
 O'erhang the torrent's channelled course ; and streams,
 That far below, along the narrow vale,
 Upon their rocky way wind musical.

Stranger ! if Nature charm thee, if thou lovest
 To trace her awful steps in glade or glen,
 Or under covert of the rocking wood,
 That sways its murmuring and massy boughs
 Above thy head ; now, when the wind at times
 Stirs its deep silence round thee, and the shower
 Falls on the sighing foliage, hail her here
 In these her haunts ; and, rapt in musings high,
 Think that thou holdest converse with some Power
 Invisible and strange ; such as of yore
 Greece in the shades of piny Menelaus,
 The abode of Pan, or Ida's hoary caves,
 Worshipped ; and our old Druids, 'mid the gloom
 Of rocks and woods like these, with muttered spell
 Invoked, and the loud ring of choral harps.

* * * * *

Now wind we up the glen, and hear below
 The dashing torrent, in deep woods concealed,
 And now again white-flashing on the view,
 O'er the huge craggy fragments. Ancient stream,
 That murmurest through the mountain solitudes,
 The time has been when no eye marked thy course
 Save His who made the world ! Fancy might dream
 She saw thee thus bound on from age to age
 Unseen of man, whilst awful Nature sat
 On the rent rocks, and said : " These haunts be mine.
 How Taste has marked thy features ; here and there
 Touching with tender hand, but injuring not,
 Thy beauties ; whilst along thy woody verge
 Ascends the winding pathway, and the eye
 Catches at intervals thy varied falls."

But loftier scenes invite us ; pass the hill

And through the woody hanging, at whose feet
 The tinkling Ellen winds, pursue thy way.
 Yon bleak and weather-whitened rock, immense,
 Upshoots amidst the scene, shaggy and steep,
 And like some high-embattled citadel,
 That awes the low plain shadowing. Half-way up
 The purple heath is seen, but bare its brow,
 And deep intrenched, and all beneath it spread
 With massy fragments riven from its top.

* * * * *

How through the whispering wood
 We steal, and mark the old and mossy oaks
 Emboss the mountain slope ; or the wild ash,
 With rich red clusters mantling ; or the birch
 In lonely glens light-wavering, till, behold !
 The rapid river shooting through the gloom
 Its lucid line along ; and on its side
 The bordering pastures green, where the swinked ox
 Lies dreaming, heedless of the numerous flies
 That, in the transitory sunshine, hum
 Round his broad breast ; and further up the cot,
 With blue, light smoke ascending ;—images
 Of peace and comfort !

* * * * *

Pass on to the hoar cataract, that foams
 Through the dark fissures of the riven rock :
 Prone-rushing it descends, and with white whirl,
 Save where some silent shady pool receives
 Its dash ; thence bursting, with collected sweep
 And hollow sound, it hurries, till it falls
 Foaming in that wild stream that winds below.
 Dark trees, that to the mountain's height ascend,
 O'ershade with pendent boughs its massy course,
 And, looking up, the eye beholds it flash
 Beneath the incumbent gloom, from ledge to ledge
 Shooting its silvery foam, and far within
 Wreathing its curve fantastic. If the harp
 Of deep poetic inspiration, struck

At times by the pale minstrel, whilst a strange
 And beauteous light filled his uplifted eye,
 Hath ever sounded into mortal ears,
 Here I might think I heard its tones, and saw
 Sublime amidst the solitary scene,
 With dimly gleaming harp, and snowy stole,
 And cheek in momentary frenzy flushed,
 The great musician stand.

* * * * *

And now a little onward, where the way
 Ascends above the oaks that far below
 Shade the rude steep, let Contemplation lead
 Our footsteps ; from this shady eminence
 'Tis pleasant and yet fearful to look down
 Upon the river roaring, and far off
 To see it stretch in peace, and mark the rocks,
 One after one, in solemn majesty
 Unfolding their wild reaches ; here with wood
 Mantled, beyond abrupt and bare, and each
 As if it strove with emulous disdain
 To tower in ruder, darker amplitude.
 Pause, ere we enter the long craggy vale ;
 It seems the abode of solitude. So high
 The rock's bleak summit frowns above our head,
 Looking immediate down, we almost fear
 Lest some enormous fragment should descend
 With hideous sweep into the vale, and crush
 The intruding visitant. No sound is here,
 Save of the stream that shrills, and now and then
 A cry as of faint wailing, when the kite
 Comes sailing o'er the crags, or straggling lamb
 Bleats for its mother.

* * * * *

Scenes of retired sublimity, that fill
 With fearful ecstasy and holy trance
 The passing mind ! we leave your awful gloom,
 And lo ! the footway plank, that leads across
 The narrow torrent, foaming through the chasm

Below ; the rugged stones are washed and worn
Into a thousand shapes, and hollows scooped
By long attrition of the ceaseless surge,
Smooth, deep, and polished as the marble urn,
In their hard forms. Here let us sit, and watch
The struggling current burst its headlong way,
Hearing the noise it makes, and musing much
On the strange chances of this nether world.
How many ages must have swept to dust
The still succeeding multitudes that "fret
Their little hour" upon this restless scene,
Or ere the sweeping waters could have cut
The solid rock so deep ! As now its roar
Comes hollow from below, methinks we hear
The noise of generations as they pass,
O'er the frail arch of earthly vanity,
To silence and oblivion. The loud coil
Ne'er ceases ; as the remaining river sounds
From age to age, though each particular wave
That made its brief noise as we hurried on,
Even whilst we speak, is past, and heard no more ;
So ever to the ear of Heaven ascends
The long, loud murmur of the rolling globe ;
Its strifes, its toils, its sighs, its shouts, the same !

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

Devil's Bridge.

TO THE TORRENT AT THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE,
NORTH WALES, 1824.

How art thou named ? In search of what strange land,
From what huge height, descending ? Can such force
Of waters issue from a British source,
Or hath not Pindus fed thee, where the band
Of patriots scoop their freedom out, with hand
Desperate as thine ? Or come the incessant shocks

From that young stream that smites the throbbing rocks
 Of Viamala? There I seem to stand,
 As in life's morn; permitted to behold
 From the dread chasm, woods climbing above woods,
 In pomp that fades not; everlasting snows;
 And skies that ne'er relinquish their repose:
 Such power possess the family of floods
 Over the minds of poets, young or old!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Dôl Ciog.

THE LAMENT OF LLYWARCH.

"LLYWARCH HÊN, or Llywarch the aged, a Cumbrian prince, is the third great bard of the British annals. He passed his younger days at the court of King Arthur, with the honourable distinction of a free guest. When the British power was weakened by the death of Arthur, Llywarch was called to the aid of his kinsmen Urien Reged, king of Cumbria, and the defence of his own principality, against the irruptions of the Saxons.

This princely bard had four-and-twenty sons, all invested with the golden torques, which appears to have been the ancient badge of British nobility. Many of them were slain in the Cumbrian wars, and the Saxons at length prevailed. The unfortunate Llywarch, and his few surviving sons, fled into Powys, there to revive the unequal and unsuccessful contest under the auspices of the Prince of Powys. Cynddylan having lost, in the issue of these wars, all his sons and friends, he retired to a hut at Aber Ciog in North Wales, to soothe with his harp the remembrance of misfortune, and vent with elegiac numbers the sorrows of old age in distress."—JONES'S *Welsh Bards*.

THE Cuckow sends forth her longing and complaining
 voice,

When she has fled from the pursuit of the Hawk,
 And condoles with me at the waters of Ciog.

In spring all nature is beautiful and glad:
 It is the season when heroes hasten to the field of war:
 But I cannot go; infirmity will not suffer me.

The birds sing, and loud is the cry
Of the strong-scented hounds in the desert :
Again the birds are heard to warble.

The birds sing, the brooks murmur,
The moon shines out ; it is the cold hour of midnight ;
And my heart droops under its lingering cares.

Hear you not how the waves roar,
And dash from rock to rock ?
O my weak heart ! may my senses be granted me to-
night !

* * * * *

Before I used a staff, I was comely and eloquent :
I was a free and welcome guest in the palace
Of Powys, the paradise of Wales.

Before I used a staff, I was splendidly apparelled :
My spear was of the largest size ; its thrust was terrible :
But now my years are many ; I am feeble, I am
miserable.

O my staff ! in summer
The furrows are red, and the tender blades spring forth :
Thou art to me instead of my lost kindred, when I look
upon thy beak.

Valleys were thrown up for the trenches of the fortress :
And I will arm myself with my shield.
My mind must be disordered ere I give way.

When danger overtakes thee, O Urien,
Blow thou the horn which I gave thee,
Whose mouth is tipped with gold.

Ghastly was the wound when Pyll was slain :
Blood streamed from his hair
On the bank of the rapid Ffraw.

Distinguished among all my sons
When they singled out their adversaries,
Pyll rushed with the violence of flames through the
streams of Llifon.

When, mounted on his prancing steed,
He halted at the door of his tent,
The wife of Pyll gloried in her husband.

Gwên ! how joyous did I behold thee last night !
Thou hadst no roof to cover thee,
But didst traverse, cold, the banks of Morlas.

O Gwên ! thou that wert dreadful in thine anger !
My thoughts are bloody because thou art slain :
Relentless was he that slew thee.

O Gwên ! sire of a powerful progeny !
Thou wert the attack of an eagle
At the mouths of mighty rivers.

Let the waves cease to roar, the rivers to flow,
Since this fatal deed has been perpetrated !
Alas ! my Gwên ! in my trembling age have I lost thee.

My son was a hero : the sun was below Gwên.
He was the nephew of Urien.
He was slain by the Ford of Morlas.

I had four-and-twenty sons ;
All leaders of armies, all decked with the golden
torques :
Gwên was the bravest of them all.

I had four-and-twenty sons,
All princely chiefs, all decked with chains of gold.
But compared with Gwên, the rest were children.

These were my sons,
The favourites of bards ;
And fair is their renown.

LLYWARCH HËN. TR. EDWARD JONES.

Dwrdwy.

THE PRAISE OF OWAIN GLYNDWR.

CAMBRIA's princely eagle, hail !

Of Gruffudd Vychan's noble blood !

Thy high renown shall never fail,

Owain Glyndwr, great and good !

Lord of Dwrdwy's fertile vale,

Warlike, high-born Owain, hail !

Dwrdwy, whose wide-spreading streams,

Reflecting Cynthia's midnight beams,

Whilom led me to thy bower ;

Alas ! in an unguarded hour.

For high in blood, with British beverage hot,

My awful distance I forgot ;

But soon my generous chief forgave

The rude presumption of his slave.

But leave me not, illustrious lord !

Thy peaceful bower and hospitable board

Are ill exchanged for scenes of war,

Though Henry calls thee from afar.

My prayers, my tears, were vain ;

He flew like lightning to the hostile plain.

While with remorse, regret, and woe,

I saw the godlike hero go ;

I saw, with aching heart,

The golden beam depart.

His glorious image in my mind

Was all that Owain left behind.

Wild with despair, and woe-begone,

Thy faithful bard is left alone,

To sigh, to weep, to groan !

Thy sweet remembrance, ever dear,

Thy name, still ushered by a tear,

My inward anguish speak ;

How couldst thou, cruel Owain, go,
And leave the bitter streams to flow
 Down Gruffudd's furrowed cheek ?
I heard (who has not heard thy fame ?)
With ecstasy I heard thy name,
Loud echoed by the trump of war,
Which spoke thee brave, and void of fear ;
Yet of a gentle heart possessed,
That bled within thy generous breast,
Wide o'er the sanguine plain to see
The havoc of hostility.

Still with good omens may'st thou fight,
And do thy injured country right !
Like great Pendragon shalt thou soar,
Who bade the din of battle roar,
What time his vengeful steel he drew
His brother's grandeur to renew,
 And vindicate his wrongs ;
His gallant actions still are told
By youthful bards, by Druids old,
 And grateful Cambria's songs.

On sea, on land, thou still didst brave
The dangerous cliff and rapid wave ;
Like Urien, who subdued the knight,
And the fell dragon put to flight,
 Yon moss-grown fount beside ;
The grim, black warrior of the flood,
The dragon, gorged with human blood,
 The water's scaly pride,
Before his sword the mighty fled :
But now he's numbered with the dead.
O, may his great example fire
My noble patron to aspire
To deeds like his ! impetuous fly,
And bid the Saxon squadrons die :
So shall thy laurelled bard rehearse
Thy praise in never-dying verse ;

Shall sing the prowess of thy sword,
Beloved and victorious lord.

In future times thy honoured name
Shall emulate brave Urien's fame !
Surrounded by the numerous foe,
Well didst thou deal the unequal blow,
How terrible thy ashen spear,
Which shook the bravest heart with fear.

Yon hostile towers beneath !
More horrid than the lightning's glance,
Flashed the red meteors from thy lance,
The harbinger of death.
Dire and more dire the conflict grew ;
Thousands before thy presence flew ;
While borne in thy triumphal car,
Majestic as the god of war,
'Midst charging hosts unmoved you stood,
Or waded through a sea of blood.

Immortal fame shall be thy meed
Due to every glorious deed ;
Which latest annals shall record,
Beloved and victorious lord !
Grace, wisdom, valour, all are thine,
Owain Glyndwrwy divine !
Meet emblem of a two-edged sword,
Dreaded in war, in peace adored !
Steer thy swift ships to Albion's coast
Pregnant with thy martial host.
Thy robes are white as driven snow,
And virtue smiles upon thy brow ;
But terrible in war thou art,
And swift and certain is the dart
Thou hurlest at a Saxon's heart.

Loud fame has told thy gallant deeds ;
In every word a Saxon bleeds.

Terror and flight together came,
 Obedient to thy mighty name ;
 Death, in the van, with ample stride,
 Hewed thee a passage deep and wide.
 Stubborn as steel, thy nervous chest
 With more than mortal strength possessed ;
 And every excellence belongs
 To the bright subject of our songs.

Strike then your harps, ye Cambrian bards ;
 The song of triumph best rewards
 An hero's toils. Let Henry weep
 His warriors rapt in everlasting sleep :
 Success and victory are thine,
 Owain Glyndwr dwy divine !
 Dominion, honour, pleasure, praise,
 Attend upon thy vigorous days !
 And, when thy evening sun is set.
 May grateful Cambria ne'er forget
 Thy noontide blaze ; but on thy tomb
 Never-fading laurels bloom !
 GRUFFUDD LLWYD. TR. ROBERT WILLIAMS.

Ewias.

EWIAS.

THE Britons, like devout, their messengers direct
 To David, that he would their ancient right protect.
 'Mongst Hatterill's lofty hills, that with the clouds are
 crowned,
 The valley Ewias lies, immured so deep and round,
 As they below, that see the mountains rise so high,
 Might think the straggling herds were gazing in the sky :
 Which in it such a shape of solitude doth bear,
 As Nature at the first appointed it for prayer :
 Where, in an aged cell, with moss and ivy grown,
 In which not to this day the sun hath ever shone,

That reverend British saint, in zealous ages past,
 To contemplation lived ; and did so truly fast,
 As he did only drink what crystal Hodney yields,
 And fed upon the leeks he gathered in the fields.
 In memory of whom, in the revolving year,
 The Welchmen on his day that sacred herb do wear.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

FOR A MONUMENT IN THE VALE OF EWIAS.

HERE was it, stranger, that the patron saint
 Of Cambria passed his age of penitence,
 A solitary man ; and here he made
 His hermitage, the roots his food, his drink
 Of Hodney's mountain stream. Perchance thy youth
 Has read with eager wonder how the Knight
 Of Wales in Ormandine's enchanted bower
 Slept the long sleep ; and, if that in thy veins
 Flow the pure blood of Britain, sure that blood
 Hath flowed with quicker impulse at the tale
 Of David's deeds, when through the press of war
 His gallant comrades followed his green crest
 To victory. Stranger ! Hatterill's mountain heights,
 And this fair vale of Ewias, and the stream
 Of Hodney, to thine afterthoughts will rise
 More grateful, thus associate with the name
 Of David and the deeds of other days.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Flint.

THE SAXONS OF FLINT.

A MAN, like others, formed by God,
 On Sunday morning last I trod
 The streets of Flint ; an ill-built maze,—
 I wish the whole were in a blaze !

An English marriage-feast was there,
Which, like all English feasts, was spare.
Naught there revealed our mountain land,
The generous heart, the liberal hand,—
No hirlas there was passed around
With richly foaming mead high crowned.
The reason why I thither came
Was something for my art to claim,—
An art that oft from prince and lord
Had won its just, its due reward.
With lips inspired I then began
To sing an ode to this mean clan :
Rudely they mocked my song and me,
And loathed my oft-praised minstrelsy.
Alas ! that through my cherished art
Boors should distress and wound my heart.
Fool that I was to think the muse
Could charm corn-dealers, knavish Jews ;
My polished ode forsooth they hissed,
And I 'midst laughter was dismissed.
For William Beisir's bag they bawl,
“ Largess for him ” they loudly squall ;
Each roared with throat at widest stretch
For Will the piper,—low-born wretch !
Will forward steps as best he can,
Unlike a free ennobled man ;
A pliant bag 'tween arm and chest,
While limping on, he tightly prest.
He stares,—he strives the bag to sound ;
He swells his maw, and ogles round ;
He twists and turns himself about,
With fetid breath his cheeks swell out.
What savage boors ! his hideous claws
And glutton's skin win their applause !
With shuffling hand and clumsy mien
To doff his cloak he next is seen ;
He snorted ; bridled in his face,
And bent it down with much grimace ;

Like to a kite he seemed that day,—
 A kite when feathering of his prey !
 The churl did blow a grating shriek,
 The bag did swell, and harshly squeak,
 As does a goose from nightmare crying,
 Or dog crushed by a chest when dying ;
 This whistling box's changeless note
 Is forced from turgid veins and throat ;
 Its sound is like a crane's harsh moan,
 Or like a gosling's latest groan ;
 Just such a noise a wounded goat
 Sends from her hoarse and gurgling throat.
 His unattractive screeching lay
 Being ended, William sought for pay ;
 Some fees he had from this mean band,
 But largess from no noble hand ;
 Some pence were offered by a few,
 Others gave little halfpence too.
 Unheeded by this shabby band,
 I left their feast with empty hand.
 A dire mischance I wish indeed
 On slavish Flint and its mean breed ;
 O, may its furnace be the place
 Which they and piper Will may grace !
 For their ill luck my prayer be told,
 My curses on them, young and old !
 I ne'er again will venture there ;
 May death all further visits spare !

LEWIS GLYN COTHY. TR. M. C. LLEWELYN.

Glamorganshire.

GLAMORGANSHIRE.

THOU Summer ! father of delight,
 With thy dense spray and thickets deep ;
 Gemmed monarch, with thy rapturous light
 Rousing thy subject glens from sleep !

Proud has thy march of triumph been,
Thou prophet, prince of forest green !
Artificer of wood and tree,
Thou painter of unrivalled skill,
Who ever scattered gems like thee,
And gorgeous webs on park and hill ?
Till vale and hill with radiant dyes
Became another Paradise !
And thou hast sprinkled leaves and flowers,
And goodly chains of leafy bowers,
And bid thy youthful warblers sing
On oak and knoll the song of spring,
And blackbird's note of ecstasy
Burst loudly from the woodbine tree,
Till all the world is thronged with gladness,
Her multitudes have done with sadness !
O summer, do I ask in vain ?
Thus in thy glory wilt thou deign
My messenger to be ?
Hence from the bowels of the land
Of wild, wild Gwyneth to the strand
Of fair Glamorgan,—ocean's band,
Sweet margin of the sea !
To dear Glamorgan, when we part,
O, bear a thousand times my heart !
My blessing give a thousand times,
And crown with joy her glowing climes !
Take on her lovely vales thy stand,
And tread and trample round the land,
The beauteous shore whose harvest lies
All sheltered from inclement skies !
Radiant with corn and vineyards sweet,
And lakes of fish and mansions neat,
With halls of stone where kindness dwells
And where each hospitable lord
Heaps for the stranger guest his board,
And where the generous wine-cup swells ;
With trees that bear the luscious pear,

So thickly clustering everywhere,
That the fair country of my love
Looks dense as one continuous grove!—
Her lofty woods with warblers teem,
Her fields with flowers that love the stream,
Her valleys varied crops display,
Eight kinds of corn, and three of hay ;
Bright parlour, with her trefoiled floor !
Sweet garden spread on ocean's shore !
Glamorgan's bounteous knights award
Bright mead and burnished gold to me ;
Glamorgan boasts of many a bard,
Well skilled in harp and vocal glee ;
The districts round her border spread,
From her have drawn their daily bread ;
Her milk, her wheat, her varied stores,
Have been the life of distant shores !
And court and hamlet food have found
From the rich soil of Britain's southern bound.

And wilt thou then obey my power,
Thou summer, in thy brightest hour ?
To her thy glorious hues unfold
In one rich embassy of gold !
Her morns with bliss and splendour light,
And fondly kiss her mansions white ;
Fling wealth and verdure o'er her bowers,
And for her gather all thy flowers !
Glance o'er her castles, white with lime,
With genial glimmering sublime ;
Plant on the verdant coast thy feet,
Her lofty hills, her woodlands sweet ;
O, lavish blossoms with thy hand
O'er all the forests of the land,
And let thy gifts like floods descending
O'er every hill and glen be blending ;
Let orchard, garden, vine, express
Thy fulness and thy fruitfulness,—
O'er all the land of beauty fling

The costly traces of thy wing !

And thus 'mid all thy radiant flowers,
Thy thickening leaves and glossy bowers,
The poet's task shall be to glean
Roses and flowers that softly bloom,
(The jewels of the forest's gloom !)
And trefoils wove in pavement green,
With sad humility to grace,
His golden Ivor's resting-place.

DAVYDD AB GWILYM.

Grongar Hill.

GRONGAR HILL.

SILENT nymph, with curious eye !
Who, the purple eve, dost lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noise of busy man,
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet sings,
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the forest with her tale,—
Come, with all thy various hues,
Come and aid thy sister Muse.
Now, while Phœbus, riding high,
Gives lustre to the land and sky,
Grongar Hill invites my song,—
Draw the landscape bright and strong ;
Grongar, in whose mossy cells
Sweetly musing Quiet dwells ;
Grongar in whose silent shade,
For the modest Muses made,
So oft I have, the evening still,
At the fountain of a rill,
Sat upon a flowery bed,
With my hand beneath my head,

While strayed my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead and over wood,
From house to house, from hill to hill,
Till Contemplation had her fill.

About his checkered sides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind,
And groves and grottos where I lay,
And vistas shooting beams of day.
Wide and wider spreads the vale,
As circles on a smooth canal.
The mountains round, unhappy fate !
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their summits from the skies,
And lessen as the others rise.
Still the prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand woods and meads ;
Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly risen hill.

Now I gain the mountain's brow ;
What a landscape lies below !
No clouds, no vapours, intervene ;
But the gay, the open scene
Does the face of Nature show,
In all the hues of heaven's bow !
And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight.

Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly towering in the skies ;
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires ;
Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain-heads,
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks.

Below me trees unnumbered rise,
Beautiful in various dyes :
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beach, the sable yew,

The slender fir that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs ;
And beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phyllis, queen of love !
Gaudy as the opening dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, steep and high,
Holds and charms the wandering eye.
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood :
His sides are clothed with waving wood,
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful look below ;
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps ;
So both a safety from the wind
In mutual dependence find.
'Tis now the raven's bleak abode ;
'Tis now the apartment of the toad ;
And there the fox securely feeds ;
And there the poisonous adder breeds,
Concealed in ruins, moss, and weeds ;
While, ever and anon, there fall
Huge heaps of hoary mouldered wall.
Yet time has seen,—that lifts the low
And level lays the lofty brow,—
Has seen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of state.
But transient is the smile of Fate !
A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.
And see the rivers how they run,
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun,
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,—
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life to endless sleep !

Thus is Nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wandering thought :
Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view !
The fountain's fall, the river's flow ;
The woody valleys, warm and low ;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky ;
The pleasant seat, the ruined tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower ;
The town and village, dome and farm,—
Each gives each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.

See on the mountain's southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide ;
How close and small the hedges lie !
What streaks of meadow cross the eye !
A step methinks may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem ;
So we mistake the Future's face,
Eyed through Hope's deluding glass ;
As yon summits, soft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which to those who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear ;
Still we tread the same coarse way,
The present's still a cloudy day.

O, may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see ;
Content me with an humble shade,
My passions tamed, my wishes laid ;
For while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul :
'Tis thus the busy beat the air,
And misers gather wealth and care.

Now, even now, my joys run high,
 As on the mountain-turf I lie ;
 While the wanton Zephyr sings,
 And in the vale perfumes his wings ;
 While the waters murmur deep ;
 While the shepherd charms his sheep ;
 While the birds unbounded fly,
 And with music fill the sky,
 Now, even now, my joys run high,
 Be full ye courts ; be great who will ;
 Search for Peace with all your skill :
 Open wide the lofty door,
 Seek her on the marble floor.
 In vain you search ; she is not there !
 In vain you search the domes of Care !
 Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
 On the meads and mountain-heads,
 Along with Pleasure, close allied,
 Ever by each other's side ;
 And often, by the murmuring rill,
 Hears the thrush, while all is still
 Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

JOHN DYER.

Llangollen.

TO THE LADY ELEANOR BUTLER AND THE
 HON. MISS PONSONBY.

COMPOSED IN THE GROUNDS OF PLAS NEWYDD, NEAR
 LLANGOLLEN, 1824.

A STREAM, to mingle with your favourite Dee,
 Along the Vale of Meditation flows ;
 So styled by those fierce Britons, pleased to see
 In Nature's face the expression of repose ;
 Or haply there some pious hermit chose
 To live and die, the peace of heaven his aim ;

To whom the wild, sequestered region owes,
 At this late day, its sanctifying name,
 Glyn Cafaillgaroch, in the Cambrian tongue,
 In ours, the Vale of Friendship, let this spot
 Be named ; where, faithful to a low-roofed cot
 On Deva's banks ye have abode so long ;
 Sisters in love, a love allowed to climb,
 Even on this earth, above the reach of time !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Llannon.

SONG.

FROM thy waves, stormy Llannon I fly ;
 From thy rocks, that are lashed by their tide ;
 From the maid whose cold bosom, relentless as they,
 Has wrecked my warm hopes by her pride !
 Yet lonely and rude as the scene,
 Her smile to that scene could impart
 A charm that might rival the bloom of the vale,—
 But away, thou fond dream of my heart !
 From thy rocks, stormy Llannon, I fly.

Now the blasts of the winter come on,
 And the waters grow dark as they rise !
 But 'tis well !—they resemble the sullen disdain
 That has lowered in those insolent eyes.
 Sincere were the sighs they repress,
 But they rose in the days that are flown !
 Ah, nymph ! unrelenting and cold as thou art,
 My spirit is proud as thine own !
 From thy rocks, stormy Llannon, I fly.

Lo ! the wings of the sea-fowl are spread
 To escape the loud storm by their flight ;
 And these caves will afford them a gloomy retreat
 From the winds and the billows of night ;

Like them, to the home of my youth,
Like them, to its shades I retire ;
Receive me, and shield my vexed spirit, ye groves,
From the pangs of insulted desire !

To thy rocks, stormy Llannon, adieu !

ANNA SEWARD.

Llanwellyn.

THE MAID OF LLANWELLYN.

I'VE no sheep on the mountain, nor boat on the lake,
Nor coin in my coffer to keep me awake,
Nor corn in my garner, nor fruit on my tree,—
Yet the maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me.

Soft tapping, at eve, to her window I came,
And loud bayed the watch-dog, loud scolded the dame ;
For shame, silly Lightfoot ; what is it to thee,
Though the maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me ?

Rich Owen will tell you, with eyes full of scorn,
Threadbare is my coat, and my hosen are torn :
Scoff on, my rich Owen, for faint is thy glee
When the maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me.

The farmer rides proudly to market or fair ;
The clerk, at the alehouse, still claims the great chair ;
But of all our proud fellows, the proudest I'll be,
While the maid of Llanwellyn smiles sweetly on me.

For blithe as the urchin at holiday play,
And meek as the matron in mantle of gray,
And trim as the lady of gentle degree,
Is the maid of Llanwellyn who smiles upon me.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

Llongborth.

BATTLE OF LLONGBORTH.

BEFORE Geraint, the terror of the foe,
I saw steeds fatigued with the toil of battle,
And after the shout was given, how dreadful was the
onset.

At Llongborth I saw the tumult,
And the slain drenched in gore,
And red-stained warriors from the assault of the foe.

Before Geraint, the scourge of the enemy,
I saw steeds white with foam,
And after the shout of battle a fearful torrent.

At Llongborth, I saw the raging of slaughter,
And an excessive carnage,
And warriors blood-stained from the assault of Geraint.

At Llongborth was Geraint slain,
A valiant warrior from the woodlands of Devon,
Slaughtering his foes as he fell.

LLYWARCH HËN. TR. LADY CHARLOTTE GUEST.

Mathraval.

MATHRAVAL.

Now for Mathraval went Prince Madoc forth ;
O'er Menai's ebbing tide, up mountain-paths,
Beside gray mountain-stream and lonely lake,
And through old Snowdon's forest solitude,
He held right on his solitary way.
Nor paused he in that rocky vale where oft
Up the familiar path, with gladder pace,
His steed had hastened to the well-known door,—
That valley o'er whose crags and sprinkled trees

And winding stream so oft his eye had loved
To linger, gazing, as the eve grew dim,
From Dolwyddelan's Tower : alas ! from thence,
As from his brother's monument, he turned
A loathing eye, and through the rocky vale
Sped on. From morn till noon, from noon till eve,
He travelled on his way ; and when at morn
Again the Ocean Chief bestrode his steed,
The heights of Snowdon on his backward glance
Hung like a cloud in heaven. O'er heath and hill
And barren height he rode ; and darker now,
In loftier majesty, thy mountain seat,
Star-loving Idris ! rose. Nor turned he now
Beside Kregennan, where his infant feet
Had trod Ednywain's hall ; nor loitered he
In the green vales of Powys, till he came
Where Warnway rolls its waters underneath
Ancient Mathraval's venerable walls,
Cyveilioc's princely and paternal seat.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Melangell.

MELANGELL.

So for the place of meeting they set forth ;
And now they reached Melangell's lonely church :
Amid a grove of evergreens it stood,
A garden and a grove, where every grave
Was decked with flowers, or with unfading plants
O'ergrown,—sad rue and funeral rosemary.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Menai, the Strait.

THE BATTLE.

THE ravens croaked, and human blood,
 In ruddy flood, poured o'er the land ;
 Then burning houses war proclaimed,
 Churches inflamed and palace halls ;
 While sheets of fire scale the sky,
 And warriors cry, "To battle !"

They clearly heard the conflict's roar
 On Menai's shore, from Seiont's fort.
 Three hundred ships, so heroes say,
 The third of May, were set on fire.
 Ten hundred times as many fled,
 And not a beard stayed on Menai.

OWAIN GWYNEDD. TR. THOMAS STEPHENS.

MENAI STRAIT.

ON CROSSING THE ANGLESEA STRAIT TO BANGOR AT
 MIDNIGHT.

'T WAS night, when from the Druid's gloomy cave,
 Where I had wandered, tranced in thought, alone
 Mid Cromlechs and the Carnedd's funeral stone,
 Pensive and slow I sought the Menai's wave :
 Lulled by the scene, a soothing stillness laid
 Each pang to rest. O'er Snowdon's cloudless brow
 The moon, that full-orbed rose, with peaceful glow
 Beamed on the rocks ; with many a star arrayed,
 Glittered the broad blue sky ; from shore to shore
 O'er the smooth current streamed a silver light,
 Save where along the flood the lonely height
 Of rocky Penmaenmaur deep darkness spread ;
 And all was silence, save the ceaseless roar
 Of Conway bursting on the ocean's bed.

WILLIAM SOTHEY.

Merioneth.

THE CUCKOO'S SONG TO MERIONETH.

WHATE'ER I've seen beneath the stars,
Where fruitful climes abound ;
Of social youths, and streaming jars,
When mirth and wine go round :
All these are only found complete
In fair Mervinia's sweet retreat.

Mervinia's rocks perhaps are seen
To threaten want and dearth ;
Cold and barren, void of green,
Yet full of joy and mirth ;
Who thinks the nightingale to hear
On mountains chanting all the year ?

Where greater beauty can you find ?
Each villager has charms !
Discretion's to the housewife joined,
The pleased beholder warms :
In thee, Mervinia, dwell the fair,
Who rule all hearts, or cause despair !

How bright's the salmon in the stream !
How beautiful the thrush !
With wing expanded seems to gleam,
All spangling in the bush :
And yet how far the maids excel,
Who in Mervinia's valleys dwell ?

As sweet as to the feathered kind
To range through every grove ;
As sweet as to the infant-mind
To sip the milk they love ;
Could I, I would explore to thee,
How sweet. Mervinia, thou'rt to me.

O tuneful harp ! melodious sound !
 When friends united are ;
 The odes alternately go round,
 Unthinking of the miser's care.
 How sweet their voices round the fire,
 When fair Mervinians join the lyre !

Although in pleasure's maze I'm lost,
 And range new joys to find ;
 Command what seas and land can boast,
 Uneasy's still my mind :
 To thee, Mervinia, I'll return,
 My soul for thee doth ever burn.
 LEWIS MORRIS. TR. WILLIAM VAUGHAN.

Milford Haven.

MILFORD HAVEN.

YOU goodly sister floods, how happy is your state !
 Or should I more commend your features or your fate,
 That Milford, which this isle her greatest port doth call,
 Before your equal floods is lotted to your fall ?
 Where was sail ever seen, or wind hath ever blown,
 Whence Penbrooke yet hath heard of haven like her
 own ?
 She bids Dungleddy dare Iberia's proudest road,
 And chargeth her to send her challenges abroad
 Along the coast of France, to prove if any be
 Her Milford that dare match : so absolute is she.
 And Clethy coming down from Wrenyvaur her sire
 (A hill that thrusts his head into the etherial fire)
 Her sister's part doth take, and dare avouch as much ;
 And Percily the Proud, whom nearly it doth touch,
 Said he would bear her out, and that they all should
 know.
 And therewithal he struts, as though he scorned to show

His head below the heaven when he of Milford spake :
 But there was not a port the prize durst undertake.
 So highly Milford is in every mouth renowned,
 No haven hath aught good, in her that is not found.
 Whereas the swelling surge, that, with his foamy head,
 The gentler-looking land with fury menaced,
 With his encountering wave no longer there contends ;
 But sitting mildly down like perfect ancient friends,
 Unmoved of any wind which way soe'er it blow,
 And rather seem to smile than knit an angry brow.
 The ships with shattered ribs scarce creeping from the
 seas,
 On her sleek bosom ride with such deliberate ease,
 As all her passed storms she holds but mean and base,
 So she may reach at length this most delightful place,
 By nature with proud cleeves environed about,
 To crown the goodly road : where builds the falcon stout,
 Which we the gentle call ; whose fleet and active wings
 It seems that Nature made when most she thought on
 kings ;
 Which managed to the lure, her high and gallant flight
 The vacant sportful man so greatly doth delight,
 That with her nimble quills his soul doth seem to hover,
 And lie the very pitch that lusty bird doth cover.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

Penmanmawr.

PENMANMAWR.

 THE sun goes down.
 Far off his light is on the naked crags
 Of Penmanmawr, and Arvon's ancient hills ;
 And the last glory lingers yet awhile,
 Crowning old Snowdon's venerable head,
 That rose amid his mountains.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Plynlimmon.

PLYNILLIMON.

PLYNILLIMON's high praise no longer, Muse, defer,
 What once the Druids told, how great those floods should
 be

That here (most mighty hill) derive themselves from thee.
 The bards with fury rapt, the British youth among,
 Unto the charming harp thy future honour song
 In brave and lofty strains ; that in excess of joy,
 The beldam and the girl, the grandsire and the boy,
 With shouts and yearning cries, the troubled air did
 load

(As when with crowned cups unto the Elia god
 Those priests his orgies held ; or when the old world
 saw

Full Phœbe's face eclipsed, and thinking her to daw,
 Whom they supposed fallen in some enchanted swound,
 Of beaten tinkling brass still plied her with the sound),
 That all the Cambrian hills, which high'st their heads do
 bear

With most obsequious shows of low subjected fear,
 Should to thy greatness stoop : and all the brooks that
 be

Do homage to those floods that issued out of thee.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

Rhyadr, the River.

THE RIVER RHYADR.

FOAMING and frothing from mountainous height
 Roaring like thunder, the Rhyadr falls ;
 Though its silvery splendour the eye may delight,
 Its fury the heart of the bravest appals.

FROM THE WELSH. TR. GEORGE BARROW.

Rivers of Wales.

RIVERS OF WALES.

AND as each one is praised for her peculiar things,
 So only she is rich in mountains, meres, and springs,
 And holds herself as great in her superfluous waste,
 As others by their towns and fruitful tillage graced.
 And therefore, to recount her rivers from their fons,
 Abridging all delays, Mervinia thus begins :

“ Though Dovy, which doth far her neighbouring
 floods surmount

(Whose course for hers alone Montgomery doth account),
 Hath Angell for her own, and Keriog she doth clear,
 With Towin, Gwedall then, and Dulas, all as dear,
 Those tributary streams she is maintained withall ;
 Yet, boldly may I say, her rising and her fall
 My country calleth hers, with many another brook,
 That with their crystal eyes on the Vergivian look.
 To Dovy next, of which Desunny seaward drives,
 Lingorrill goes alone : but plenteous Avon strives
 The first to be at sea ; and faster her to hie,
 Clear Kessilgum comes in, with Hergum by and by.
 So Derry Moothy draws, and Moothy calleth Caine,
 Which in one channel meet in going to the main,
 As to their utmost power to lend her all their aids :
 So Atro by the arm Lanbeder kindly leads.
 And Velenrid the like, observing the other's law,
 Calls Cunnell ; she again fair Drurid forth doth draw,
 That from their mother Earth, the rough Mervinia, pay
 Their mixed plenteous springs unto the lesser bay
 Of those two noble arms into the land that bear,
 Which through Gwinethia be so famous everywhere,
 On my Carnarvan side by nature made my mound,
 As Dovy doth divide the Cardiganian ground.
 The pearly Conwayne's head, as that of holy Dee,
 Renowned rivers both, their rising have in me :

So Lavern and the Lue, themselves that headlong throw
 Into the spacious lake, where Dee unmixed doth flow.
 Trowerrin takes his stream here from a native linn ;
 Which, out of Pimblemere when Dee himself doth win,
 Along with him his lord full courteously doth glide :
 So Rudock riseth here, and Cleator that do guide
 Him in his rugged path, and make his greatness way,
 Their Dee into the bounds of Denbigh to convey.”

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

St. Asaph.

OUR LADY'S WELL.

A BEAUTIFUL spring in the woods near St. Asaph, formerly covered in with a chapel, now in ruins. It was dedicated to the Virgin, and, according to Pennant, much the resort of pilgrims.

FOUNT of the woods ! thou art hid no more
 From heaven's clear eye, as in time of yore.
 For the roof hath sunk from thy mossy walls,
 And the sun's free glance on thy slumber falls ;
 And the dim tree shadows across thee pass,
 As the boughs are swayed o'er thy silvery glass ;
 And the reddening leaves to thy breast are blown,
 When the autumn wind hath a stormy tone ;
 And thy bubbles rise to the flashing rain, —
 Bright fount ! thou art nature's own again !

Fount of the vale ! thou art sought no more
 By the pilgrim's foot, as in time of yore,
 When he came from afar, his beads to tell,
 And to chant his hymn at Our Lady's Well.
 There is heard no Ave through thy bowers,
 Thou art gleaming lone midst thy water flowers !
 But the herd may drink from thy gushing wave,
 And there may the reaper his forehead lave,
 And the woodman seeks thee not in vain, —
 Bright fount ! thou art nature's own again !

Fount of the virgin's ruined shrine !
 A voice that speaks of the past is thine !
 It mingles the tone of a thoughtful sigh
 With the notes that ring through the laughing sky ;
 'Midst the mirthful song of the summer bird,
 And the sound of the breeze, it will yet be heard ! —
 Why is it that thus we may gaze on thee,
 To the brilliant sunshine sparkling free ?
 'Tis that all on earth is of Time's domain, —
 He hath made thee nature's own again !

Fount of the chapel with ages gray !
 Thou art springing freshly amidst decay ;
 Thy rites are closed and thy cross lies low,
 And the changeful hours breathe o'er thee now.
 Yet if at thine altar one holy thought
 In man's deep spirit of old hath wrought ;
 If peace to the mourner hath here been given,
 Or prayer from a chastened heart to heaven, —
 Be the spot still hallowed while Time shall reign,
 Who hath made thee nature's own again !

FELICIA HEMANS.

St. David's.

ST. DAVID'S.

So Gresholme far doth stand :
 Sealme, Stockholme, with Saint Bride, and Gatholme,
 nearer land
 (Which with their veiny breasts entice the gods of sea,
 That with the lusty isles do revel every day),
 As crescent-like the land her breadth here inward bends,
 From Milford, which she forth to old Menevia sends ;
 Since, holy David's seat ; which of especial grace
 Doth lend that nobler name to this unnobler place.
 Of all the holy men whose fame so fresh remains,
 To whom the Britons built so many sumptuous fanes,

This saint before the rest their patron still they hold :
Whose birth their ancient bards to Cambria long fore-
told ;

And seated here a see, his bishopric of yore,
Upon the furthest point of this unfruitful shore ;
Selected by himself, that far from all resort
With contemplation seemed most fitly to comport ;
That, void of all delight, cold, barren, bleak, and dry,
No pleasure might allure, nor steal the wandering eye :
Where Ramsey with those rocks, in rank that ordered
stand

Upon the furthest point of David's ancient land,
Do raise their rugged heads (the seaman's noted marks),
Called, of their mitred tops, The Bishop and his Clarks ;
Into that channel cast, whose raging current roars
Betwixt the British sands and the Hibernian shores :
Whose grim and horrid face doth pleased heaven neglect,
And bears bleak winter still in his more sad aspect.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

Skirid.

SKIRID.

A HILL NEAR ABERGAVENNY.

SKIRID ! remembrance thy loved scene renews ;
Fancy, yet lingering on thy shaggy brow,
Beholds around the lengthened landscape glow,
Which charmed, when late the day-beam's parting hues
Purpled the distant cliff. The crystal stream
Of Usk bright winds the verdant meads among ;
The dark heights lower with wild woods o'erhung ;
Pale on the gray tower falls the twilight gleam,
And frequent I recall the sudden breeze,
Which, as the sun shot up his last pale flame,
Shook every light leaf shivering on the trees :
Then, bathed in dew, meek evening silent came,

While the low wind, that faint and fainter fell,
Soft murmured to the dying day—Farewell!

WILLIAM SOTHEY.

Snowdon.

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. EVAN EVANS.

MR. EVANS died suddenly in the month of May 1789: some say that he perished on a mountain; others say that he died at or near his native home; but none deny that poverty and sorrow hastened the death of our talented but unfortunate author.

ON Snowdon's haughty brow I stood,
And viewed afar old Menai's flood;
Carnarvon Castle, eagle-crowned,
And all the beauteous prospect round;
But soon each gay idea fled,
For Snowdon's favourite bard was dead.
Poor Bard, accept one genuine tear,
And read thy true eulogium here;
Here in my heart, that rues the day
Which stole Eryri's pride away.
But, lo, where seen by Fancy's eye
His visionary form glides by;
Pale, ghastly pale, that hollow cheek;
That frantic look does more than speak,
And tells a tale so full of woe,
My bosom swells, my eyes o'erflow.
On Snowdon's rocks, unhomed, unfed,
The tempest howling round his head,
Far from the haunts of men, alone,
Unheard, unpitied, and unknown,
To want and to despair a prey,
He pined and sighed his soul away.
Ungrateful countrymen, your pride,
Your glory, wanted bread, and died!

Whilst ignorance and vice are fed,
 Shall wit and genius droop their head ?
 Shall fawning sycophants be paid
 For flattering fools, while thou art laid
 On thy sick-bed, the mountain heath,
 Waiting the slow approach of death,
 Beneath inhospitable skies,
 Without a friend to close thine eyes ?
 Thus shall the chief of bards expire,
 The master of the British lyre,
 And shall thy hapless relics rot,
 Unwept, unhallowed, and forgot ?
 No ! while one grateful Muse remains,
 And Pity dwells on Cambria's plains,
 Thy mournful story shall be told,
 And wept, till time itself grows old.

ROBERT WILLIAMS.

ERYRI WEN.

"SNOWDON was held as sacred by the ancient Britons as Parnassus was by the Greeks and Ida by the Cretans. It is still said that whosoever slept upon Snowdon would wake inspired, as much as if he had taken a nap on the hill of Apollo. The Welsh had always the strongest attachment to the tract of Snowdon. Our princes had, in addition to their title, that of Lord of Snowdon."—PENNANT.

THEIRS was no dream, O monarch hill,
 With heaven's own azure crowned !
 Who called thee—what thou shalt be still,
 White Snowdon !—holy ground.

They fabled not, thy sons who told
 Of the dread power enshrined
 Within thy cloudy mantle's fold
 And on thy rushing wind !

It shadowed o'er thy silent height,
 It filled thy chainless air,

Deep thoughts of majesty and might
Forever breathing there.

Nor hath it fled ! the awful spell
Yet holds unbroken sway,
As when on that wild rock it fell
Where Merddin Emrys lay.

Though from their stormy haunts of yore
Thine eagles long have flown,
As proud a flight the soul shall soar
Yet from thy mountain throne !

Pierce then the heavens, thou hill of streams !
And make the snows thy crest !
The sunlight of immortal dreams
Around thee still shall rest.

Eryri ! temple of the bard,
And fortress of the free !
'Midst rocks which heroes died to guard,
Their spirit dwells with thee !

FELICIA HEMANS.

SNOWDON.

COLD is the snow on Snowdon's brow,
It makes the air so chill ;
For cold, I trow, there is no snow
Like that of Snowdon's hill.

A hill most chill is Snowdon's hill,
And wintry is his brow ;
From Snowdon's hill the breezes chill
Can freeze the very snow.

FROM THE WELSH. TR. GEORGE BARROW.

SNOWDON.

IN one of those excursions (may they ne'er
Fade from remembrance !) through the northern tracts
Of Cambria ranging with a youthful friend,
I left Bethgelert's huts at couching-time,
And westward took my way, to see the sun
Rise from the top of Snowdon. To the door
Of a rude cottage at the mountain's base
We came, and roused the shepherd who attends
The adventurous stranger's steps, a trusty guide ;
Then, cheered by short refreshment, sallied forth.

It was a close, warm, breezeless summer night,
Wan, dull, and glaring, with a dripping fog
Low-hung and thick that covered all the sky ;
But, undiscouraged, we began to climb
The mountain-side. The mist soon girt us round,
And, after ordinary travellers' talk
With our conductor, pensively we sank
Each into commerce with his private thoughts :
Thus did we breast the ascent, and by myself
Was nothing either seen or heard that checked
Those musings or diverted, save that once
The shepherd's lureher, who, among the crags,
Had to his joy unearthed a hedgehog, teased
His coiled-up prey with barkings turbulent.
This small adventure, for even such it seemed
In that wild place and at the dead of night,
Being over and forgotten, on we wound
In silence as before. With forehead bent
Earthward, as in opposition set
Against an enemy, I panted up
With eager pace, and no less eager thoughts.
Thus might we wear a midnight hour away,
Ascending at loose distance each from each,
And I, as chanced, the foremost of the band ;
When at my feet the ground appeared to brighten,

And with a step or two seemed brighter still :
Nor was time given to ask or learn the cause,
For instantly a light upon the turf
Fell like a flash, and lo ! as I looked up,
The moon hung naked in a firmament
Of azure without cloud, and at my feet
Rested a silent sea of hoary mist.
A hundred hills their dusky backs upheaved
All over this still ocean ; and beyond,
Far, far beyond, the solid vapours stretched,
In headlands, tongues, and promontory shapes,
Into the main Atlantic, that appeared
To dwindle, and give up his majesty,
Usurped upon far as the sight could reach.
Not so the ethereal vault ; encroachment none
Was there, nor loss ; only the inferior stars
Had disappeared, or shed a fainter light
In the clear presence of the full-orbed moon,
Who from her sovereign elevation, gazed
Upon the billowy ocean as it lay
All meek and silent, save that through a rift—
Not distant from the shore whereon we stood,
A fixed, abysmal, gloomy, breathing-place—
Mounted the roar of waters, torrents, streams
Innumerable, roaring with one voice !
Heard over earth and sea, and, in that hour,
For so it seemed, felt by the starry heavens.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

BETH GÊLERT ; OR, THE GRAVE OF THE
GREYHOUND.

THE spearmen heard the bugle sound,
And cheerly smiled the morn ;
And many a brach and many a hound
Obeyed Llewelyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a lustier cheer :
“ Come, Gêlert, come, wert never last
Llewelyn’s horn to hear.

“ O, where doth faithful Gêlert roam,
The flower of all his race,
So true, so brave,—a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase ?”

’Twas only at Llewelyn’s board
The faithful Gêlert fed ;
He watched, he served, he cheered his lord,
And sentineled his bed.

In sooth he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John ;
But now no Gêlert could be found,
And all the chase rode on.

And now, as o’er the rocks and dells
The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowdon’s craggy chaos yells
The many-mingled cries !

That day Llewelyn little loved
The chase of hart and hare ;
And scant and small the booty proved,
For Gêlert was not there.

Unpleased Llewelyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal seat,
His truant Gêlert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But, when he gained his castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood ;
The hound all o’er was smeared with gore,
His lips, his fangs, ran blood.

Llewelyn gazed with fierce surprise ;
Unused such looks to meet,
His favourite checked his joyful guise,
And crouched and licked his feet.

Onward, in haste, Llewelyn passed,
And on went Gêlert too ;
And still, where'er his eyes he cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view.

O'erturned his infant's bed he found,
With blood-stained covert rent ;
And all around the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He called his child,—no voice replied,—
He searched with terror wild ;
Blood, blood, he found on every side,
But nowhere found his child.

“ Hell-hound ! my child's by thee devoured,”
The frantic father cried ;
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gêlert's side.

His suppliant looks, as prone he fell,
No pity could impart ;
But still his Gêlert's dying yell
Passed heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gêlert's dying yell,
Some slumberer wakened nigh :
What words the parent's joy could tell
To hear his infant's cry !

Concealed beneath a tumbled heap
His hurried search had missed,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
The cherub boy he kissed.

Nor scath had he, nor harm, nor dread,
But the same couch beneath,
Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead,
Tremendous still in death.

Ah, what was then Llewelyn's pain !
For now the truth was clear ;
His gallant hound the wolf had slain
To save Llewelyn's heir :

Vain, vain was all Llewelyn's woe ;
" Best of thy kind, adieu !
The frantic blow which laid thee low
This heart shall ever rue."

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture decked ;
And marbles storied with his praise
Poor Gêlert's bones protect.

There never could the spearman pass,
Or forester, unmoved ;
There oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewelyn's sorrow proved.

And there he hung his horn and spear,
And there, as evening fell,
In fancy's ear he oft would hear
Poor Gêlert's dying yell.

And, till great Snowdon's rocks grow old,
And cease the storm to brave,
The consecrated spot shall hold
The name of " Gêlert's Grave."

WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER.

Swansea.

ROSE AYLMER.

AH, what avails the sceptred race !
 Ah, what the form divine !
 What every virtue, every grace !
 Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
 May weep, but never see,
 A night of memories and of sighs
 I consecrate to thee.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Teg-Engle.

TEG-ENGLE.

MOYLEVENNILL with her sight that never is sufficed,
 Now with excessive joy so strongly is surprised,
 That thus he proudly spake : " On the Gwynethian
 ground
 (And look from east to west) what country is there
 crowned
 As thou, Tegenia, art ? that, with a vale so rich
 (Cut thorough with the Cluyd, whose graces me bewitch),
 The fruitfull'st of all Wales, so long hast honoured been :
 As also by thy spring, such wonder who dost win,
 That naturally remote, six British miles from sea,
 And rising on the firm, yet in the natural day
 Twice falling, twice doth fill, in most admired wise.
 When Cynthia from the east unto the south doth rise,
 That mighty Neptune flows, then strangely ebbs thy
 well ;
 And when again he sinks, as strangely she doth swell."

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

Tivy, the River.

THE RIVER TIVY.

WHEN as the salmon seeks a fresher stream to find
(Which hither from the sea comes yearly by his kind,
As he in season grows), and stems the watery tract
Where Tivy, falling down, doth make a cataract,
Forced by the rising rocks that there her course oppose,
As though within their bounds they meant her to inclose ;
Here, when the labouring fish doth at the foot arrive,
And finds that by his strength but vainly he doth strive,
His tail takes in his teeth ; and bending like a bow,
That's to the compass drawn, aloft himself doth throw :
Then springing at his height, as doth a little wand,
That bended end to end, and flerted from the hand,
Far off itself doth cast ; so doth the salmon vault.
And if at first he fail, his second summersaut
He instantly assays ; and from his nimble ring,
Still yarking, never leaves, until himself he fling
Above the streamful top of the surrounded heap.

More famous long ago than for the salmon's leap,
For beavers Tivy was, in her strong banks that bred,
Which else no other brook of Britain nourished :
Where nature, in the shape of this now-perished beast,
His property did seem to have wondrously exprest ;
Being bodied like a boat, with such a mighty tail
As served him for a bridge, a helm, or for a sail,
When kind did him command the architect to play,
That his strong castle built of branched twigs and clay
Which, set upon the deep, but yet not fixed there,
He eas'ly could remove as it he pleased to steer
To this side or to that ; the workmanship so rare,
His stuff wherewith to build, first being to prepare,
A foraging he goes, to groves or bushes nigh,
And with his teeth cuts down his timber ; which laid by
He turns him on his back, his belly laid abroad,

When with what he hath got, the other do him load,
 Till lastly by the weight his burthen he have found.
 Then, with his mighty tail his carriage having bound
 As carters do with ropes, in his sharp teeth he gript ;
 Some stronger stick : from which the lesser branches
 stript,

He takes it in the midst ; at both the ends, the rest,
 Hard holding with their fangs, unto the labour prest,
 Going backward, towards their home their loaded car-
 riage led,
 From whom those first here born were taught the useful
 sled.

Then builded he his fort with strong and several fights
 His passages contrived with such unusual sleights,
 That from the hunter oft he issued undiscerned,
 As if men from this beast to fortify had learned ;
 Whose kind, in her decayed, is to this Isle unknown.
 Thus Tivy boasts this beast peculiarly her own.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

FAIR TIVY.

FAIR Tivy, how sweet are thy waves gently flowing,
 Thy wild oaken woods, and green eglantine bowers,
 Thy banks with the blush-rose and amaranth glowing,
 While friendship and mirth claim these labourless
 hours !

Yet weak is our vaunt while something we want
 More sweet than the pleasure which prospects can give ;
 Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan ;
 Love can alone make it blissful to live.

How sweet is the odour of jasmine and roses,
 That Zephyr around us so lavishly flings !
 Perhaps for Bleanpant fresh perfume he composes,
 Or tidings from Bronwith auspiciously brings ;
 Yet weak is our vaunt while something we want

More sweet than the pleasure which odours can give :
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan ;
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

How sweet was the strain that enlivened the spirit,
And cheered us with numbers so frolic and free !
The poet is absent : be just to his merit ;
Ah ! may he in love be more happy than we ;
For weak is our vaunt while something we want
More sweet than the pleasure the Muses can give :
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan ;
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

How gay is the circle of friends round a table,
Where stately Kilgarran o'erhangs the brown dale ;
Where none are unwilling, and few are unable,
To sing a wild song or repeat a wild tale !
Yet weak is our vaunt while something we want
More sweet than the pleasure that friendship can give :
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan ;
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

No longer then pore over dark Gothic pages,
To cull a rude gibberish from Neatheam or Brooke ;
Leave year-books and parchments to gray-bearded sages ;
Be nature and love and fair woman our book ;
For weak is our vaunt while something we want
More sweet than the pleasure that learning can give :
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan ;
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

Admit that our labours were crowned with full measure,
And gold were the fruit of rhetorical flowers,
That India supplied us with long-hoarded treasure,
That Dinevor, Slebeck, and Coidsmore were ours ;
Yet weak is our vaunt while something we want
More sweet than the pleasure that riches can give :
Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan ;
Love can alone make it blissful to live.

O, say that, preferring fair Thames to fair Tivy,
 We gained the bright ermine robes, purple and red,
 And peeped through long perukes, like owlets through ivy ;
 Or say that bright coronets blazed on our head ;
 Yet weak is our vaunt while something we want
 More sweet than the pleasure that honours can give :
 Come, smile, damsels of Cardigan ;
 Love can alone make it blissful to live.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

LAST WORDS OF CADWALLON.

THERE is a tradition that Dafydd y Garreg-wen, a famous Welsh bard, being on his death-bed, called for his harp, and composed the sweet melancholy air to which these verses are united, requesting that it might be performed at his funeral.

DINAS EMLINN, lament ; for the moment is nigh,
 When mute in the woodlands thine echoes shall die :
 No more by sweet Teivi Cadwallon shall rave,
 And mix his wild notes with the wild dashing wave.

In spring and in autumn thy glories of shade
 Unhonoured shall flourish, unhonoured shall fade ;
 For soon shall be lifeless the eye and the tongue
 That viewed them with rapture, with rapture that sung.

Thy sons, Dinas Emlinn, may march in their pride,
 And chase the proud Saxon from Prestatyn's side ;
 But where is the harp shall give life to their name,
 And where is the bard shall give heroes their fame ?

And O, Dinas Emlinn ! thy daughters so fair,
 Who heave the white bosom and wave the dark hair ;
 What tuneful enthusiast shall worship their eye,
 When half of their charms with Cadwallon shall die ?

Then adieu, silver Teivi ! I quit thy loved scene,
 To join the dim choir of the bards who have been ;

With Lewarch, and Meilor, and Merlin the Old,
And sage Taliessin, high harping to hold.

And adieu, Dinas Emlinn ! still green be thy shades,
Unconquered thy warriors and matchless thy maids !
And thou, whose faint warblings my weakness can tell,
Farewell, my loved harp ! my last treasure, farewell !
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Towy, the River.

BANKS OF THE TOWY.

MUSING on thoughts like these, did Madoc roam
Alone along the Towy's winding shore.
The beavers in its bank had hollowed out
Their social place of dwelling and had dammed
The summer current, with their perfect art
Of instinct, erring not in means nor end.
But as the floods of spring had broken down
Their barrier, so its breaches unrepaired
Were left ; and round the piles, which, deeper driven,
Still held their place, the eddying waters whirled.
Now in those habitations desolate
One sole survivor dwelt : him Madoc saw,
Labouring alone, beside his hermit house ;
And in that mood of melancholy thought,—
For in his boyhood he had loved to watch
Their social work, and for he knew that man
In bloody sport had well-nigh rooted out
The poor community,—the ominous sight
Became a grief and burden. Eve came on ;
The dry leaves rustled to the wind and fell
And floated on the stream ; there was no voice
Save of the mournful rooks, who overhead
Winged their long line ; for fragrance of sweet flowers,
Only the odour of the autumnal leaves ;—

All sights and sounds of sadness. And the place
To that despondent mood was ministrant.
Among the hills of Gwyneth, and its wilds,
And mountain glens, perforce he cherished still
The hope of mountain liberty ; they braced
And knit the heart and arm of hardihood :
But here, in these green meads, by these low slopes
And hanging groves, attempered to the scene,
His spirit yielded.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Twydee.

TWYDEE.

Go, roam through this isle ; view her oak-bosomed
towers,
View the scenes which her Stowes and her Blenheims
impart ;
See lawns, where proud wealth has exhausted its powers,
And nature is lost in the mazes of art :
Far fairer to me
Are the shades of Twydee,
With her rocks, and her floods, and her wild blossomed
bowers.

Here mountain on mountain exultingly throws,
Through storm, mist, and snow, its bleak crags to the
sky ;
In their shadow the sweets of the valley repose,
While streams gay with verdure and sunshine steal by ;
Here bright hollies bloom
Through the deep thicket's gloom,
And the rocks wave with woodbine and hawthorn and
rose.

'Tis eve ; and the sun faintly glows in the west,
But thy flowers, fading Skyrrid, are fragrant with dew,

And the Usk, like a spangle in nature's dark vest,
Breaks, in gleams of far moonlight, more soft on the
view ;

By valley and hill
All is lovely and still,

And we linger, as lost, in some isle of the blest.

O, how happy the man who from fashion's cold ray
Flies to shades sweet as these, with the one he loves
best !

With the smiles of affection to gladden their day,
And the nightingale's vespers to lull them to rest ;

While the torments of life,
Its ambition and strife,

Pass, like storms heard at distance, unheeded away,

WILLIAM PETER.

Usk, the River.

BRECON BRIDGE.

Low to himself beneath the sun,
While soft his dusky waters run,
With ripple calm as infant's breath,
An ancient song Usk murmureth,
By the bridge of Aberhonddu.

'Tis not of deeds of old, the song,
Llewellyn's fate, or Gwalia's wrong ;
But how, while we have each our day
And then are not, he runs for aye.

He sees the baby dip its feet
Within his limped waters sweet :
And hears when youth and passion speak
What strikes to flame the maiden's cheek.

Then manhood's colours tamed to gray,
With his fair child the father gay :

And then old Age, who creeps to view
The stream his feet in boyhood knew.

From days before the iron cry
Of Roman legions rent the sky,
Since man with wolf held brutish strife,
Usk sees the flow and ebb of life.

As mimic whirlpools on his face,
Orb after orb, each other chase,
And gleam and intersect and die,
Our little circles eddy by.

But those fair waters run for aye
While to himself,—Where'er they stray,
All footsteps lead at last to Death,
His ancient song, Usk murmureth
By the bridge of Aberhonddu.

FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE.

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